

FEATURE

COMICS

QUALITY
COMICS
GROUP
I.C.C.
8

AUGUST
No. 125

The **DOLL MAN**
meets his DEADLY enemy,
The UNDERTAKER!

10¢



BLIMPY



LALA PALOOZA



RUSTY RYAN



PERKY



This Quality Comics classic was published with a cover date of August 1948 and was scanned at 200 dpi (with the exceptions of the front, back, & inside covers, which were scanned at 300 dpi, blurred and reduced to 200 dpi size, which is 66.67% their original size). FEATURE COMICS #125 is 52 pages long (including the covers).

The first story features DOLL MAN versus the Undertaker. This is followed by a humor feature, LALA PALOOZA. Next is "The Maestro of Murder" starring that swingin' hep-cat, SWING SISSON. A funny animal feature starring ROSCOE follows. The next humor story stars BLIMPY, a blue-skinned genie. RUSTY RYAN then stars in an adventure story. A 2-page DOLL MAN text story follows that. Three humor features, BIG TOP, "Garbled Nursery Rhymes" starring PERKY, and OFFICER SHENANIGAN round out the issue.

SCAN MORE GOLDEN AGE COMICS!



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SWING SISSON



POISON IVY



BIG TOP



ROSCOE



SHENANIGAN

FEATURE

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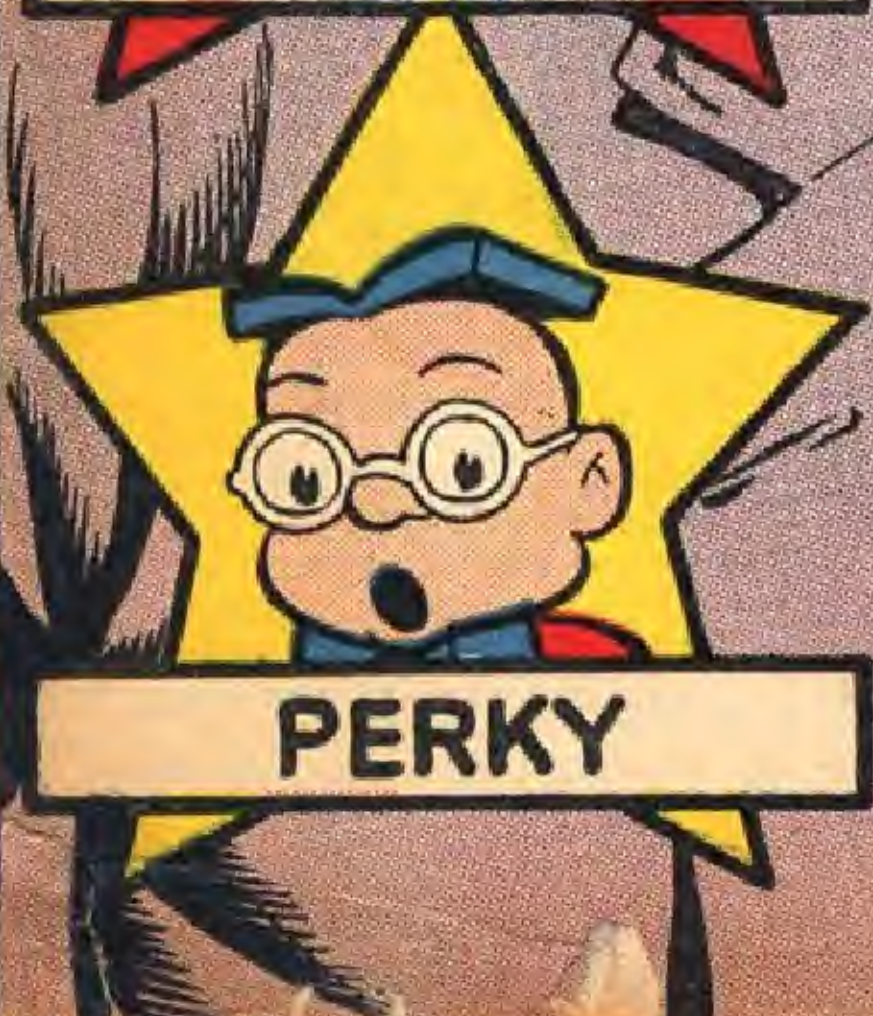
BLIMPY



LALA PALOOZA



RUSTY RYAN



PERKY



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Shoots BB's, Steel Darts, Hard Hitting .177 Pellets

IT SHOTS ALL THREE—regular BB's, metal PELLETS or STEEL DARTS. It has a great variety of uses from ordinary target work to hitting objects. The darts can be used over and over again. Summer or winter, spring or fall—this gun will be YOUR EVER FAITHFUL COMPANION. Plenty of fun with this pistol!

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BB's, 3 pkgs. for 25c .177 Pellets, 500, \$1.50 Steel Darts, pkg. 35c Paper Targets, 100 for 35c Holster, 50c

\$3.49

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AT LAST—AN AIR PISTOL AT A LOW PRICE. Sensational offer for those who want the thrill of shooting a real AIR PISTOL either INDOORS or OUTDOORS. A great gun that will give you hours and hours of fun. A BEAUTY IN LOOKS and a WONDER IN PERFORMANCE. Silent shooting—economical to operate. Modeled in size and style after the famous German Luger gun. Low priced ammunition saves you expense. Learn to shoot safely—do not aim at any object you do not want to hit. Order direct from us by mail. Prompt delivery guaranteed for all supplies and guns.



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FULL SIZE .22 CALIBER RIFLE

Low Priced Powerful Rifle for Hunting and Target Shooting! Wonderful, beautifully styled HIGH POWERED, HIGH ACCURACY precision-made bolt action .22 caliber rifle. Excellent for small game hunting and target shooting. Full length 18-inch barrel for maximum accuracy; big 38-inch length overall. Polished expertly finished heavy walnut stock and fore-arm. With safety lock for added protection. Carefully rifled barrel. Fitted with knife pattern front sights; adjustable open rear sights. Has features of \$25.00 rifle. Loads and fires standard .22 cal. bullets, long, long rifle, bird shot and blank cartridges—five different cartridges. You'll be proud to own and shoot this rifle.

Price Postpaid. (Nothing More to Pay.) Only... **\$11.95**

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Easy to build at low cost. 30 m.p.h. 75 m. p. gal. Build with or without streamline body. Plans give passenger model & commercial model for packages. Compares with factory-built models in looks, performance, sturdiness.

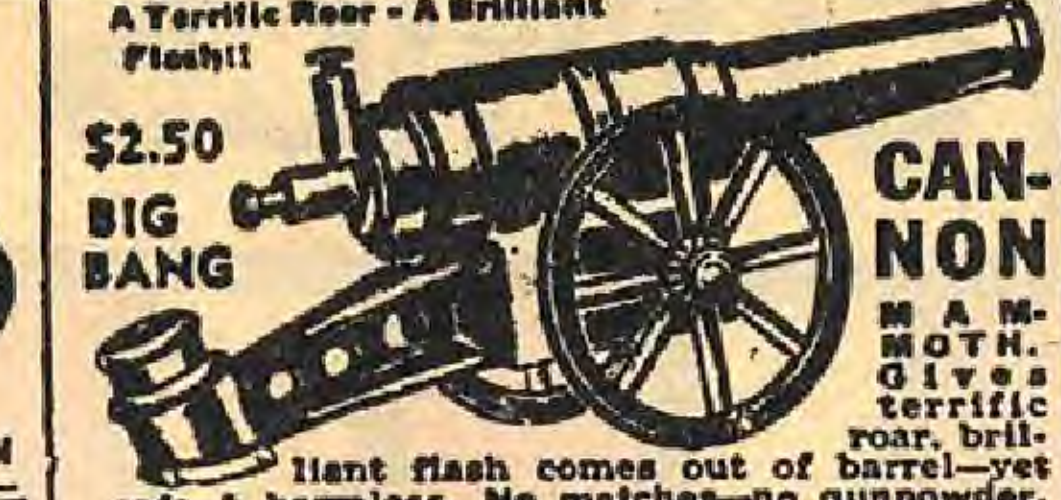
Complete plans **\$1.00**



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Talk, Smoke, Smile, Drink With Mask On!

SENSATIONALLY REALISTIC! Really disguise yourself, quickly and completely! Modern science has perfected famous RUBBER MASKS which seem to "come to life". Your own expressions and facial movements are reflected in them. Natural looking. Originally made for theatrical work soft, pliable latex. Ridiculously human. Covers entire head right down to collar. Specify type: Glamour Girl, Monkey, Comic Man, Old Lady, Mad Man. Price Each Only... **\$2.95**



BIG BANG

A Terrific Boom - A Brilliant Flash!

\$2.50

Flashlight

CANON

MA M-MOTH. Gives a terrific roar, brilliant flash comes out of barrel—yet safe & harmless. No matches—no gunpowder. 50 shots without reloading. Uses BANG-SITE. Beautifully designed; extra heavy metal; 9-in. long; 2 1/4-lbs. **\$2.50**

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See Craters On Moon! See objects 250 diameters larger! Imagine moon 250 times wider and bigger—aren't thousands of times larger! See rings of Saturn, moons of Jupiter, double stars. Amazing magnification of distant objects. Easy to build in one evening. Complete lens kit. Finished lenses; just mount and it's ready!! **Lens Kit... \$2.98**



500 Shot Repeater AIR PISTOL

\$2.95

SET

500 SHOT. Safe, accurate target pistol. Harmless. Famous Daisy quality. Shoots .118 shot. 10-in. blued steel gun. Single sliding motion cocks gun. With tube of 500 shot target cards and spinner target. **\$2.95**

TARGETEER AIR PISTOL... \$2.95

Targeteer Shot. Per Tube 20c; 3 Tubes 50c

MILITARY RINGS

Massive, jumbo oversize men's military rings. Available in 4 styles. STATE SIZE & DESIGN. Chromium... **89c**

Sterling Silver... **\$2.49**

Rolled gold... **\$2.95**

Marine Navy Army Air Force



2-WAY WRIST RADIO

Receives regular broadcasts up to about 100 miles and actually transmits



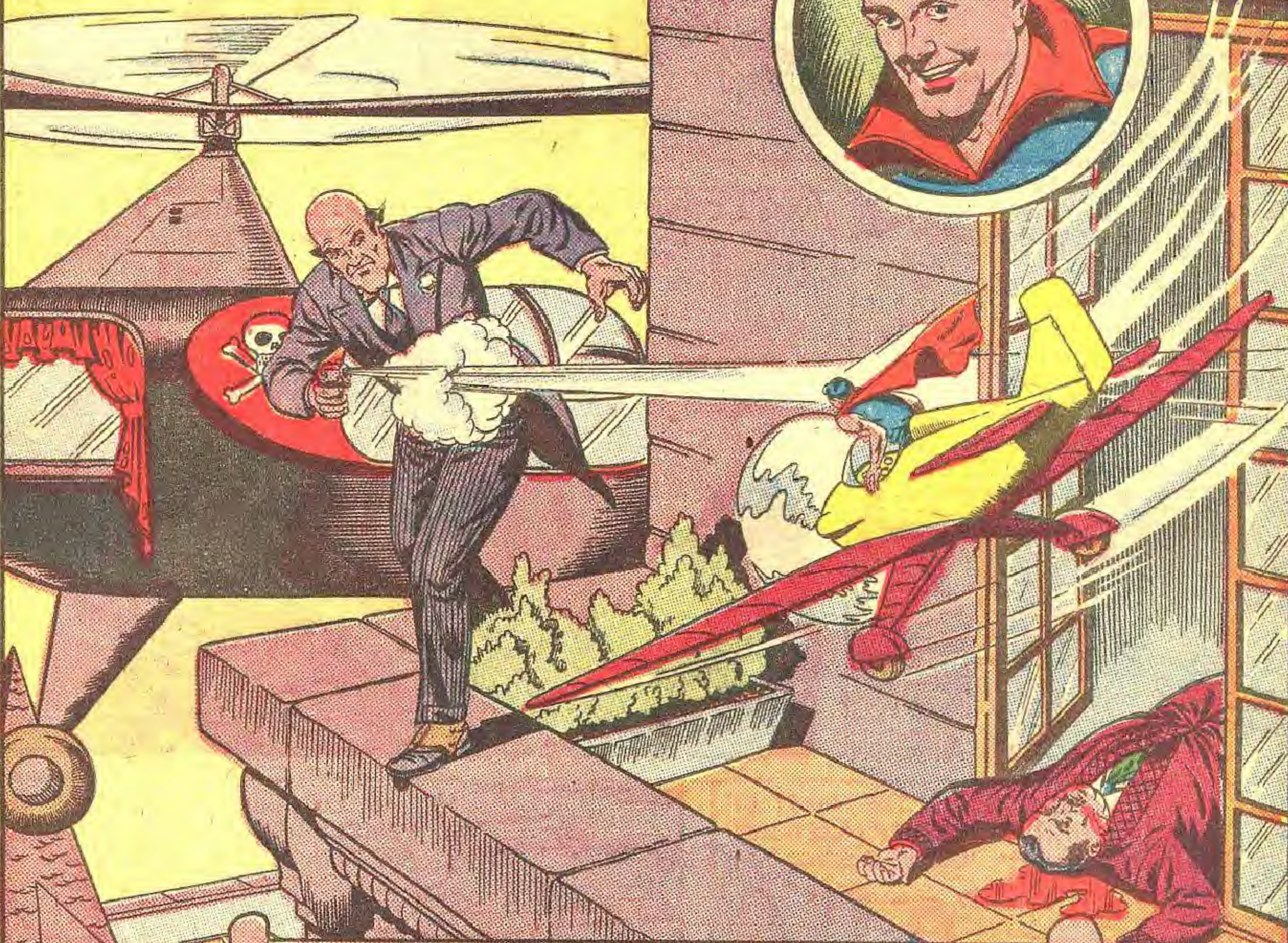
150 SHOT WATER PISTOL

Shoots 150 long, powerful shots with one loading. Automatic style. Large water capacity in handle. Repeater. Shoot water, ink, perfume, etc. Quickly filled. Full size gun. Each only... **89c**

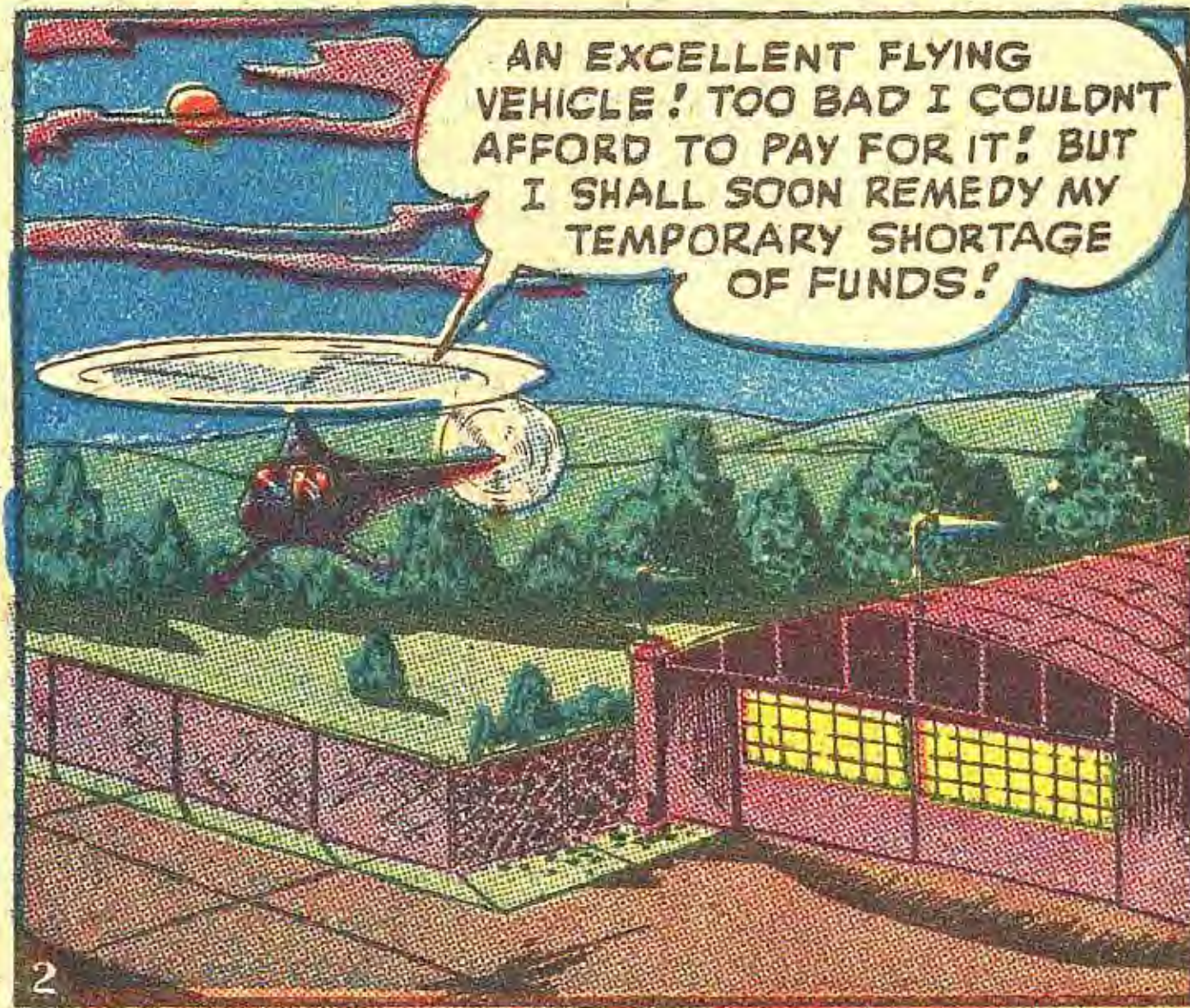
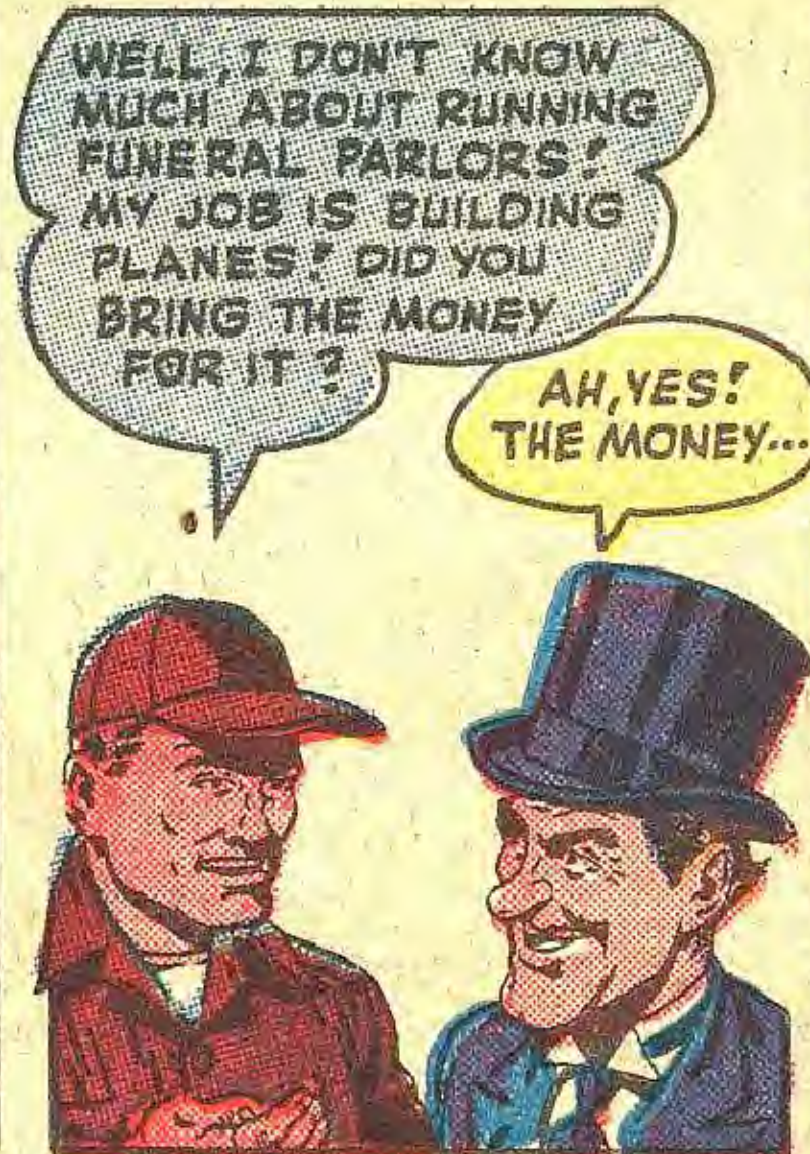
SURE WIN DICE

WIN ALL - WHY TAKE CHANCES?

The DOLL MAN

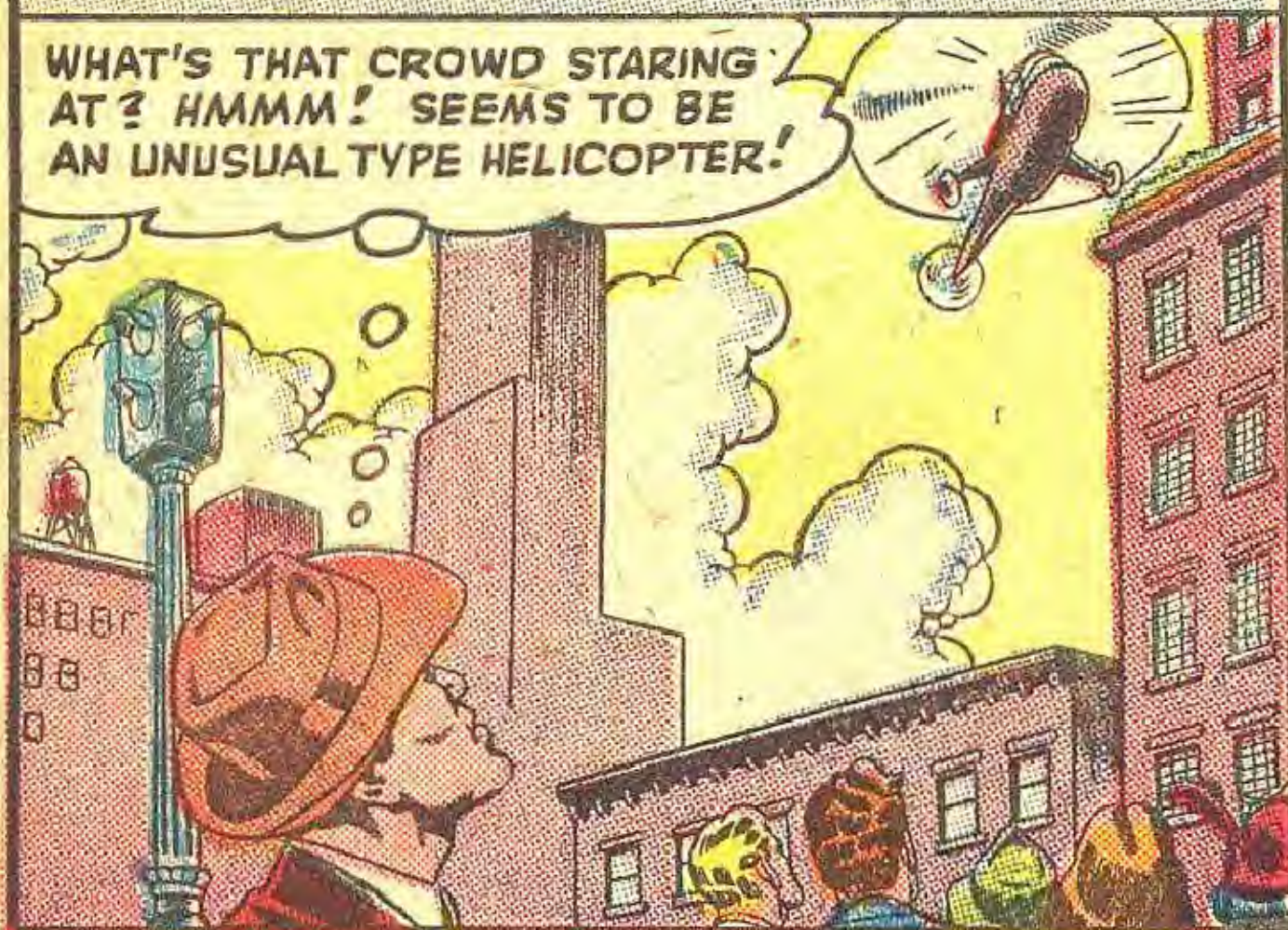


YES, it's the DOLL MAN'S old enemy, the mournful and sinister master of murder whom men know as **THE UNDERTAKER!** **T**HE UNDERTAKER has a passion for dead things, and when his aerial hearse came calling there was always a corpse ready for it ... even if the UNDERTAKER had to commit murder to make sure of a cargo!

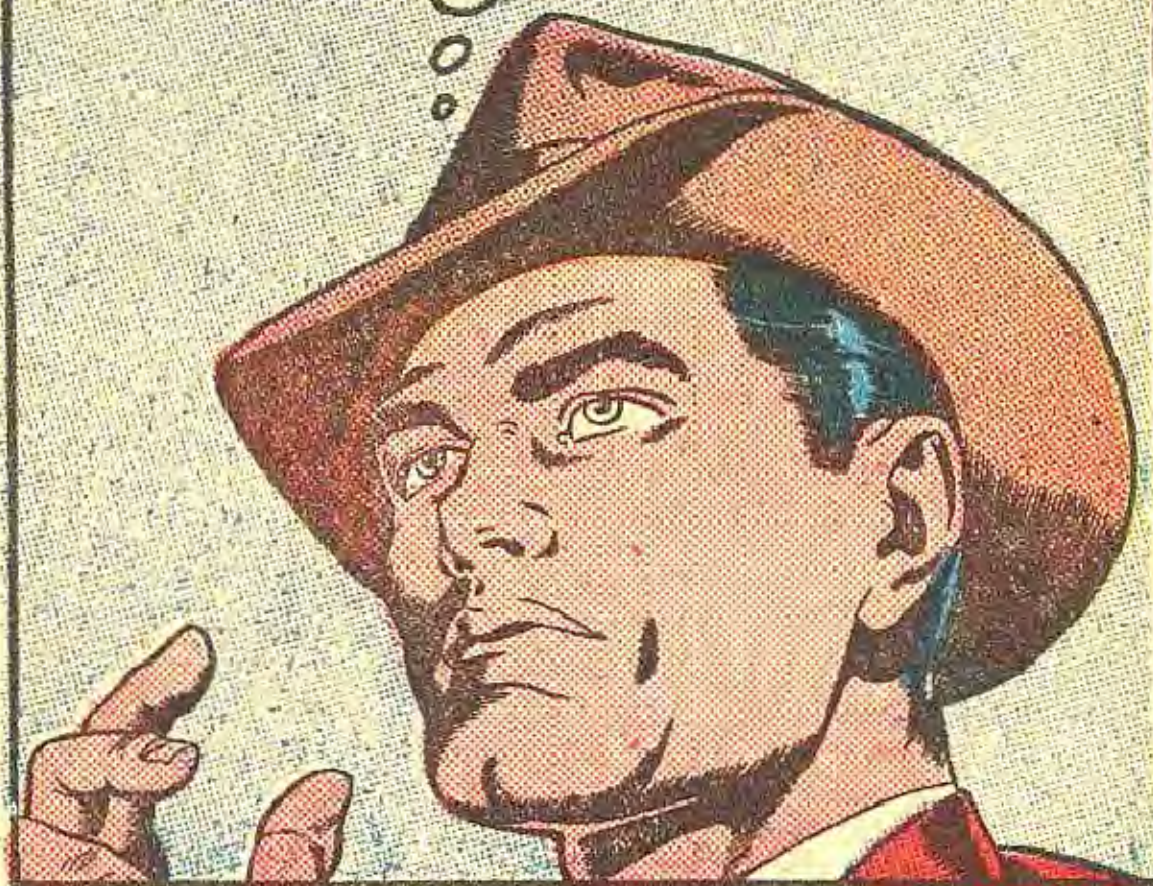


Meanwhile, as Darrel Dane (alias the DOLL MAN) is passing on the street below...

WHAT'S THAT CROWD STARING AT? HMMM! SEEMS TO BE AN UNUSUAL TYPE HELICOPTER!



THAT SKULL AND CROSSBONES INSIGNIA! IT-IT LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND OF A HEARSE! SOMETHING'S QUEER ABOUT THIS!



Moments later, in an alleyway, Darrel Dane exercises his unusual will power to compress the molecules of his body... and becomes the dynamic **DOLL MAN**!



HEARSE'S DON'T USUALLY PAY AERIAL VISITS! AND THEY CERTAINLY DON'T CALL AT THE TOP FLOOR OF AN OFFICE BUILDING!

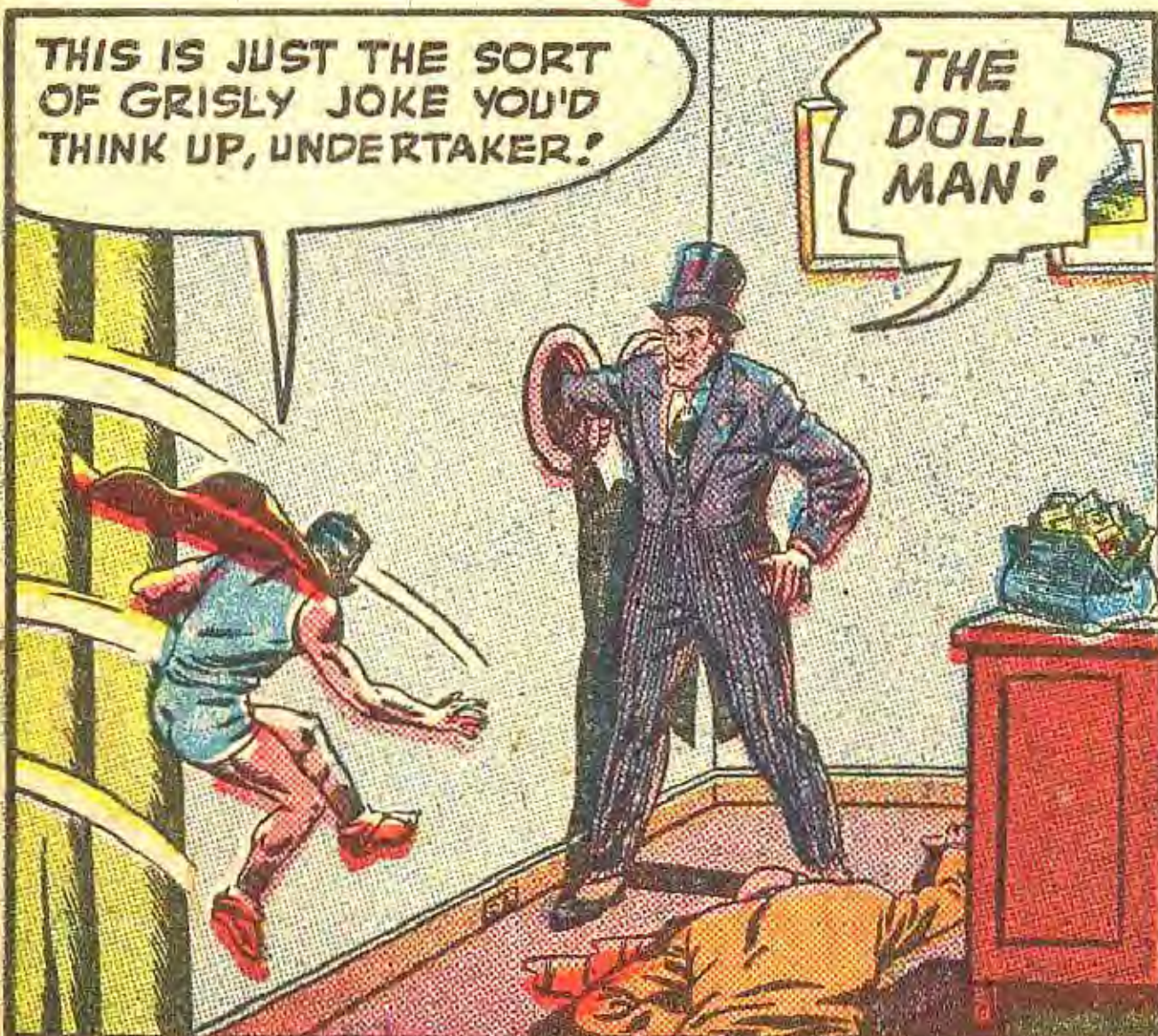


I THOUGHT THAT WOULD BE THE ANSWER!



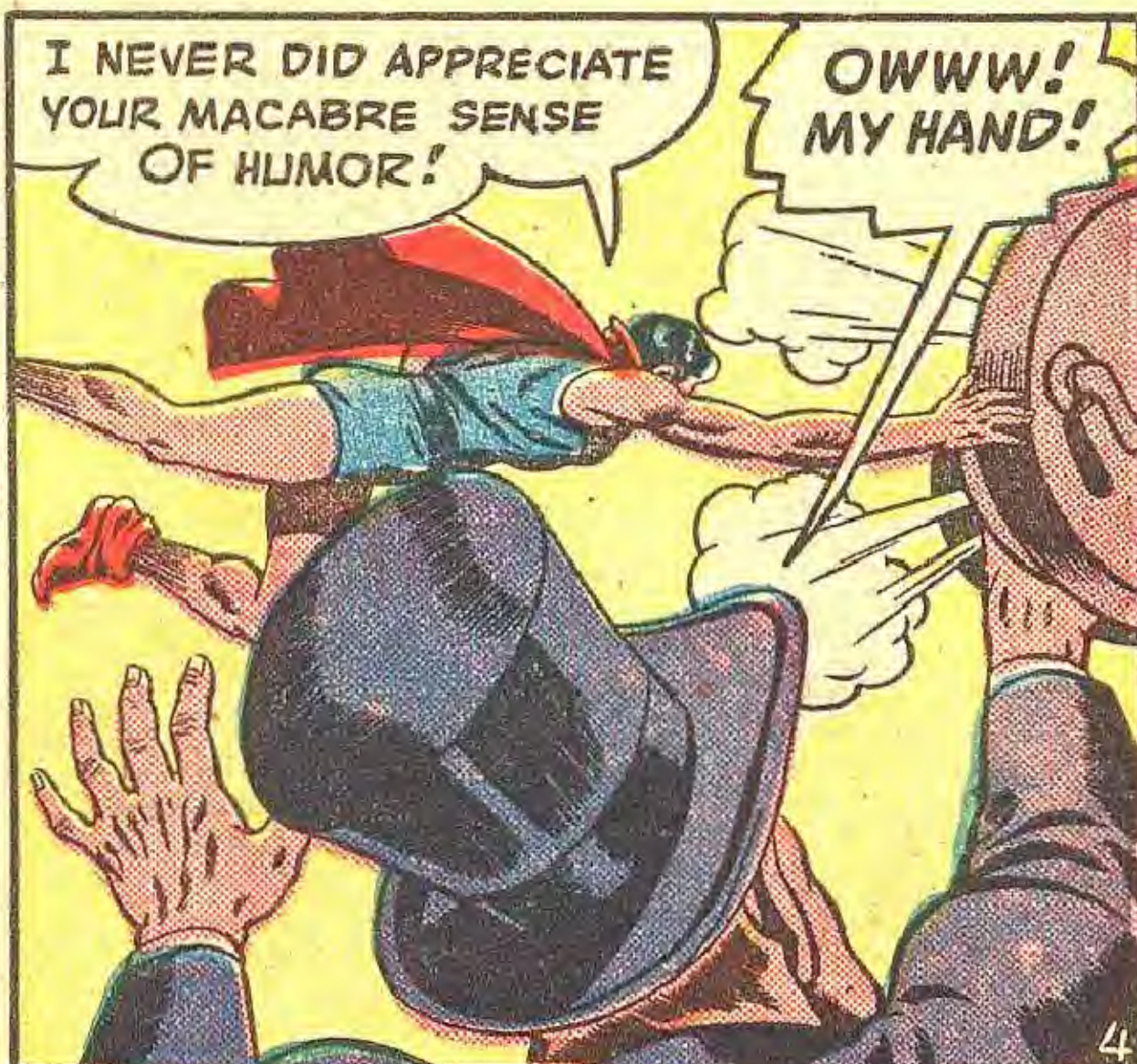
THIS IS JUST THE SORT OF GRISLY JOKE YOU'D THINK UP, UNDERTAKER!

THE DOLL MAN!

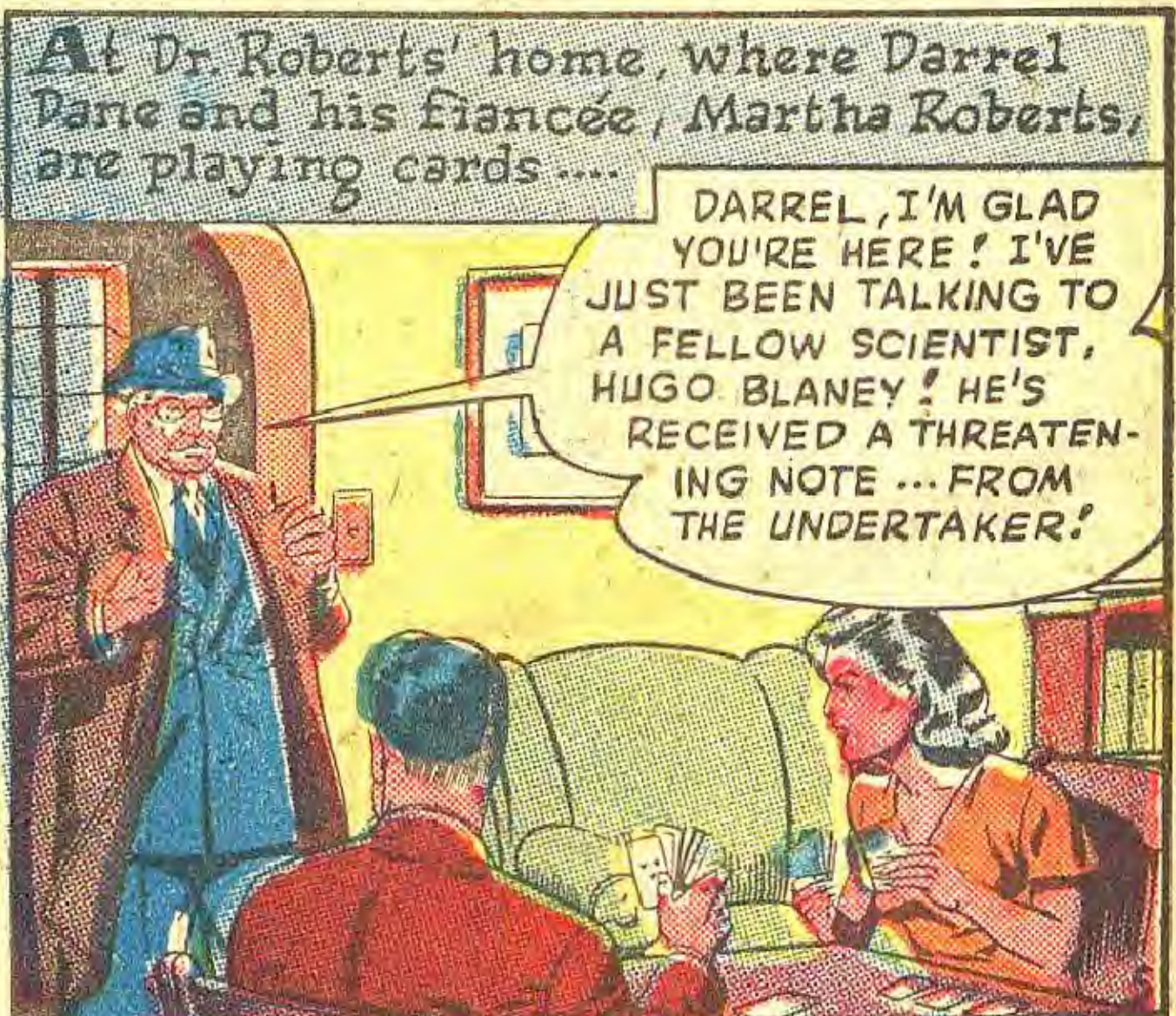
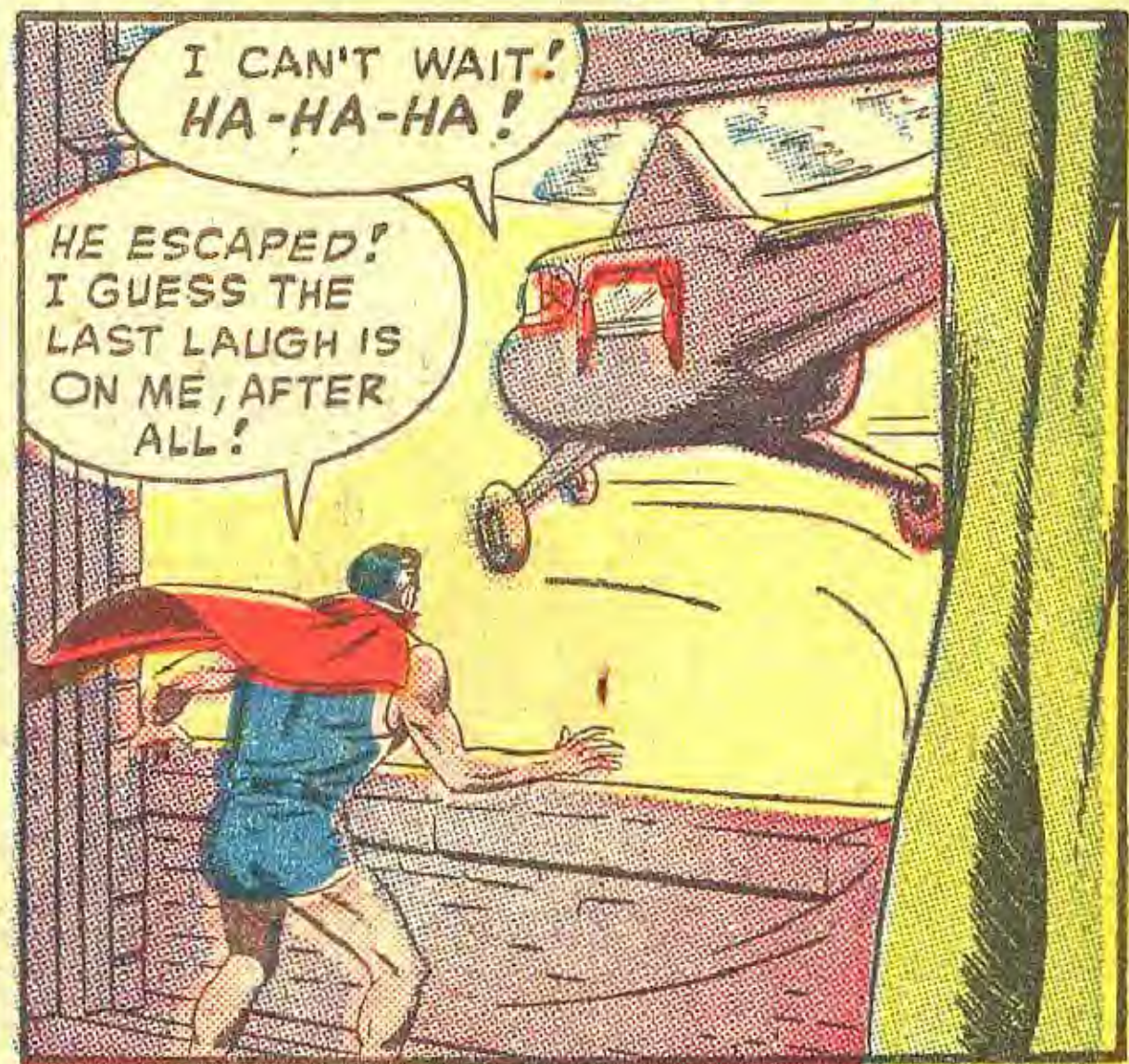
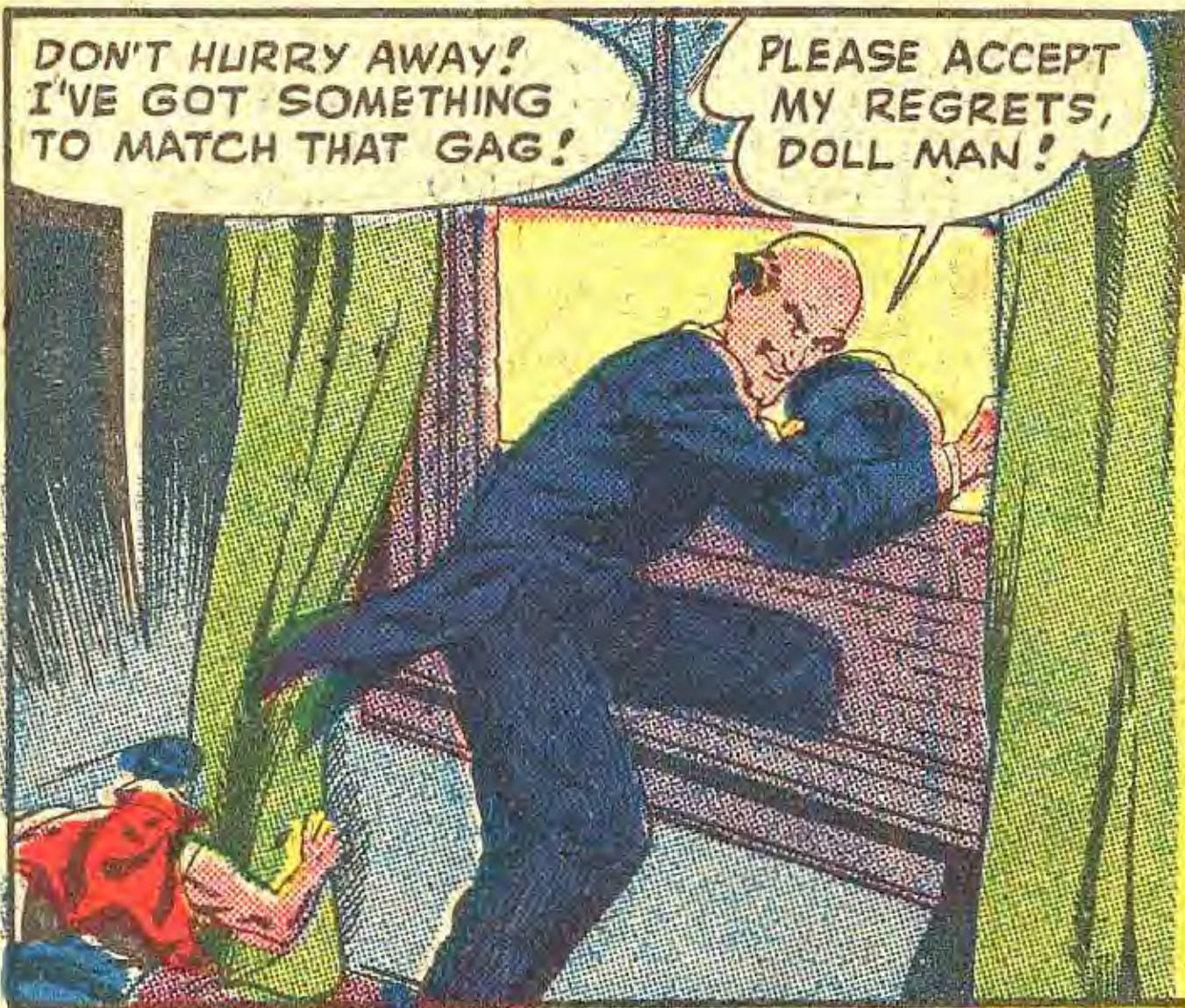


I NEVER DID APPRECIATE YOUR MACABRE SENSE OF HUMOR!

OWWW! MY HAND!

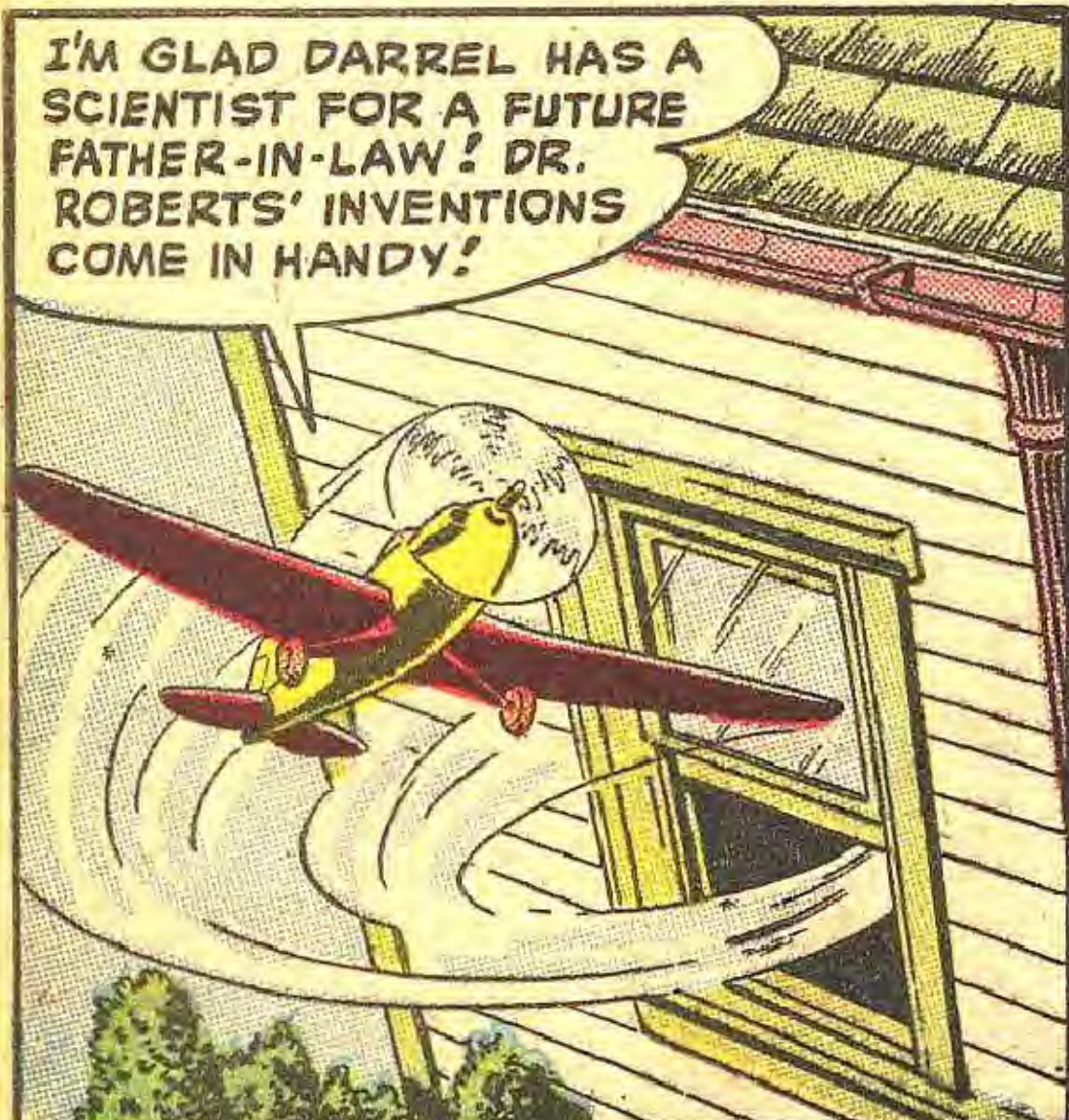


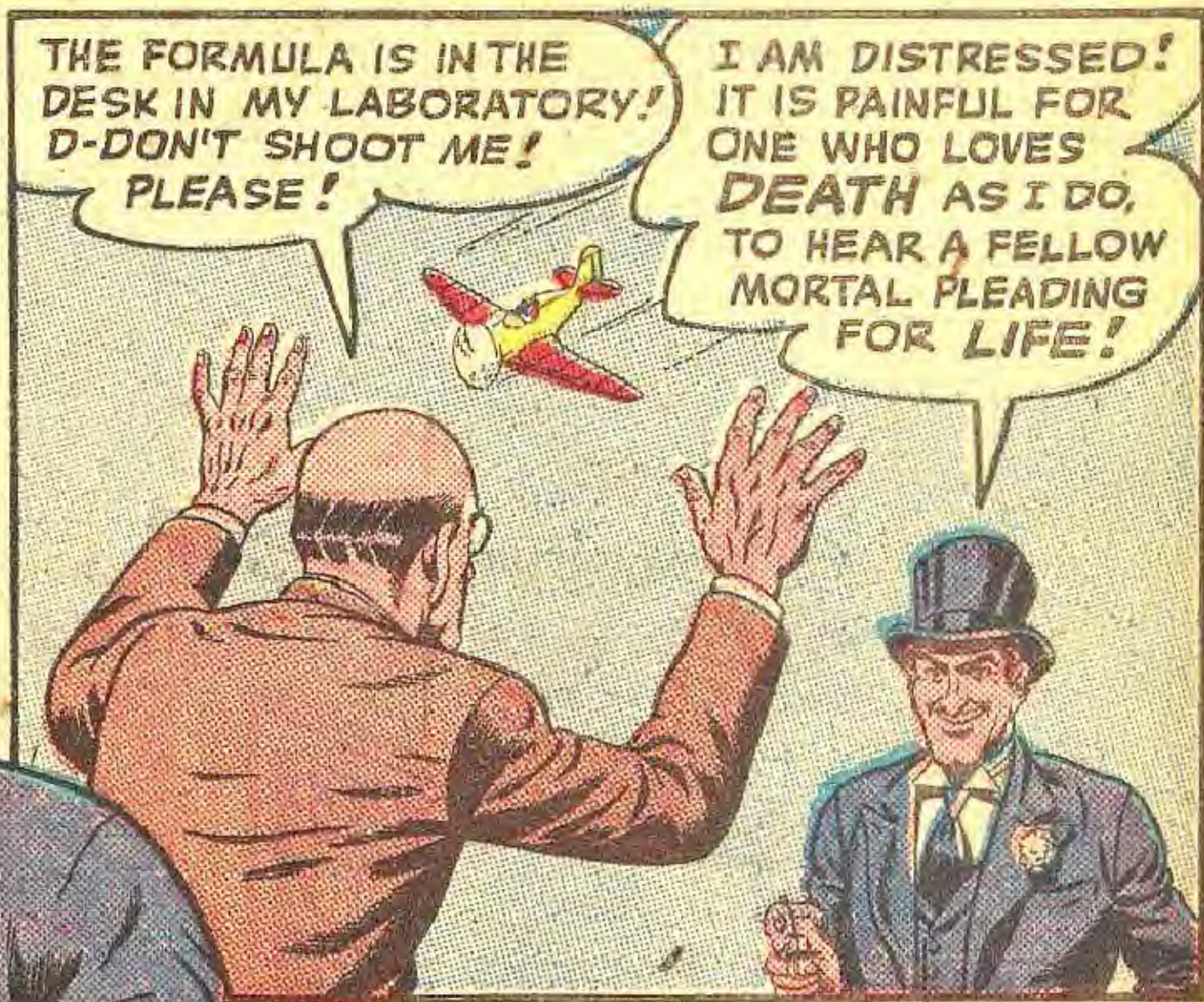
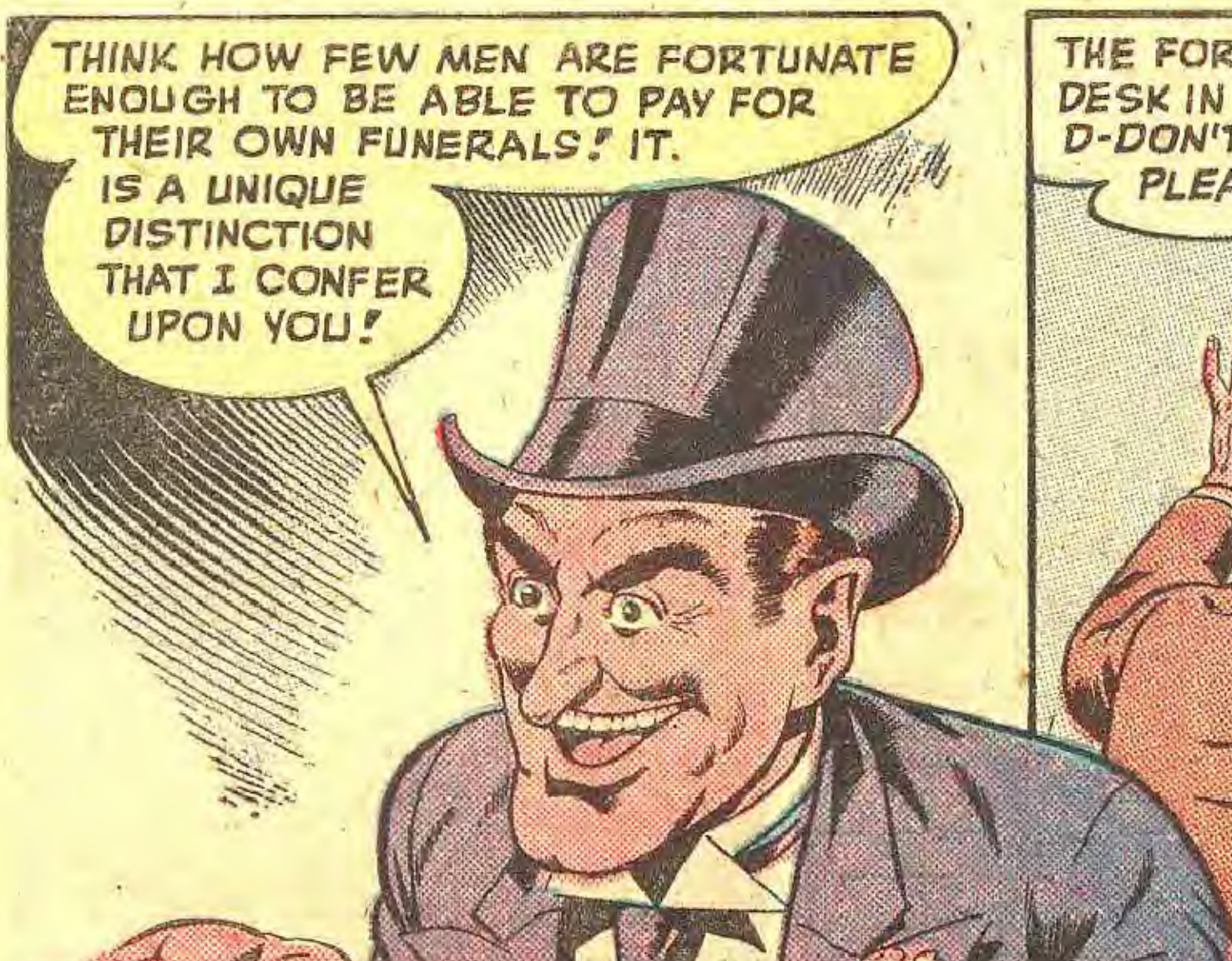
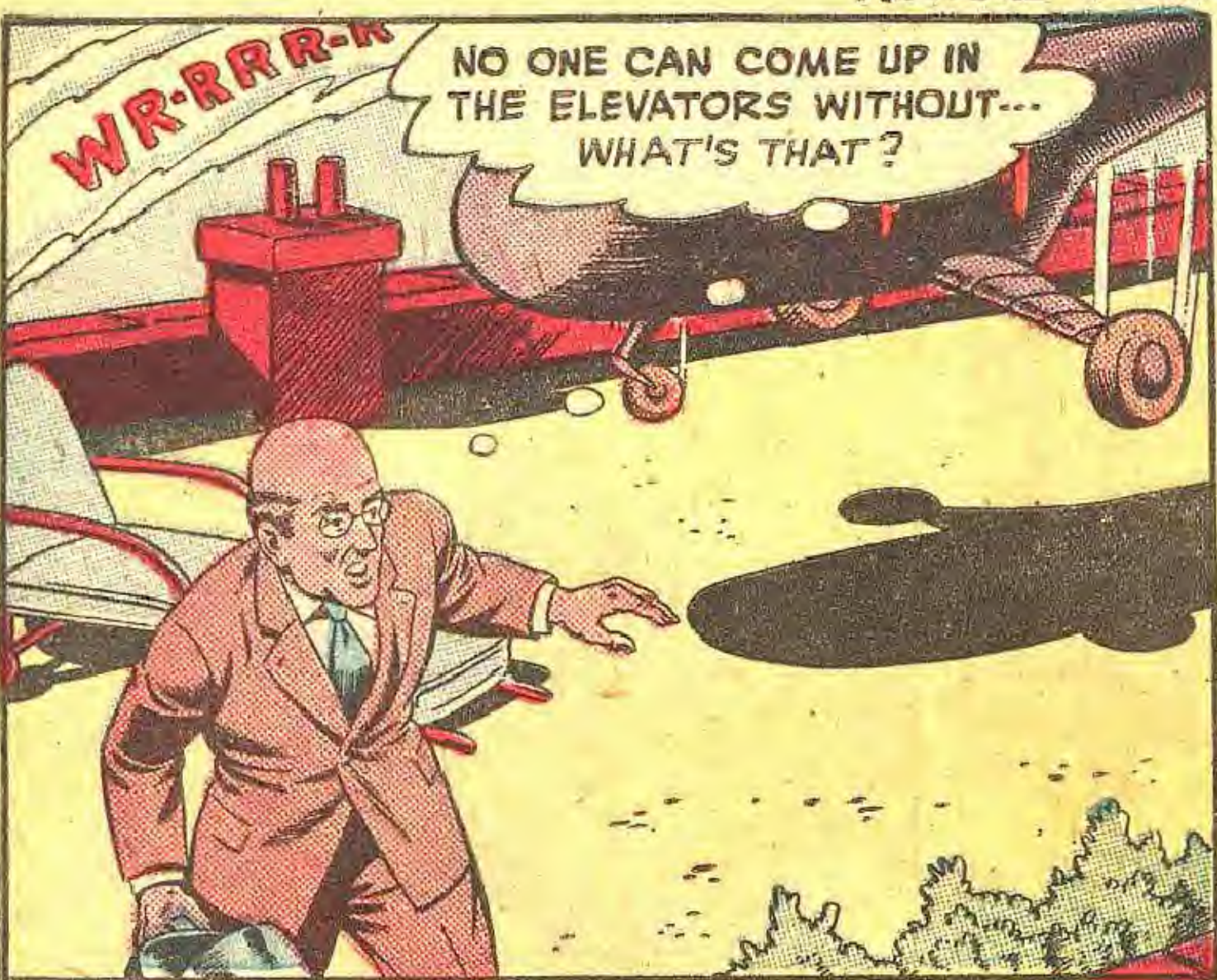
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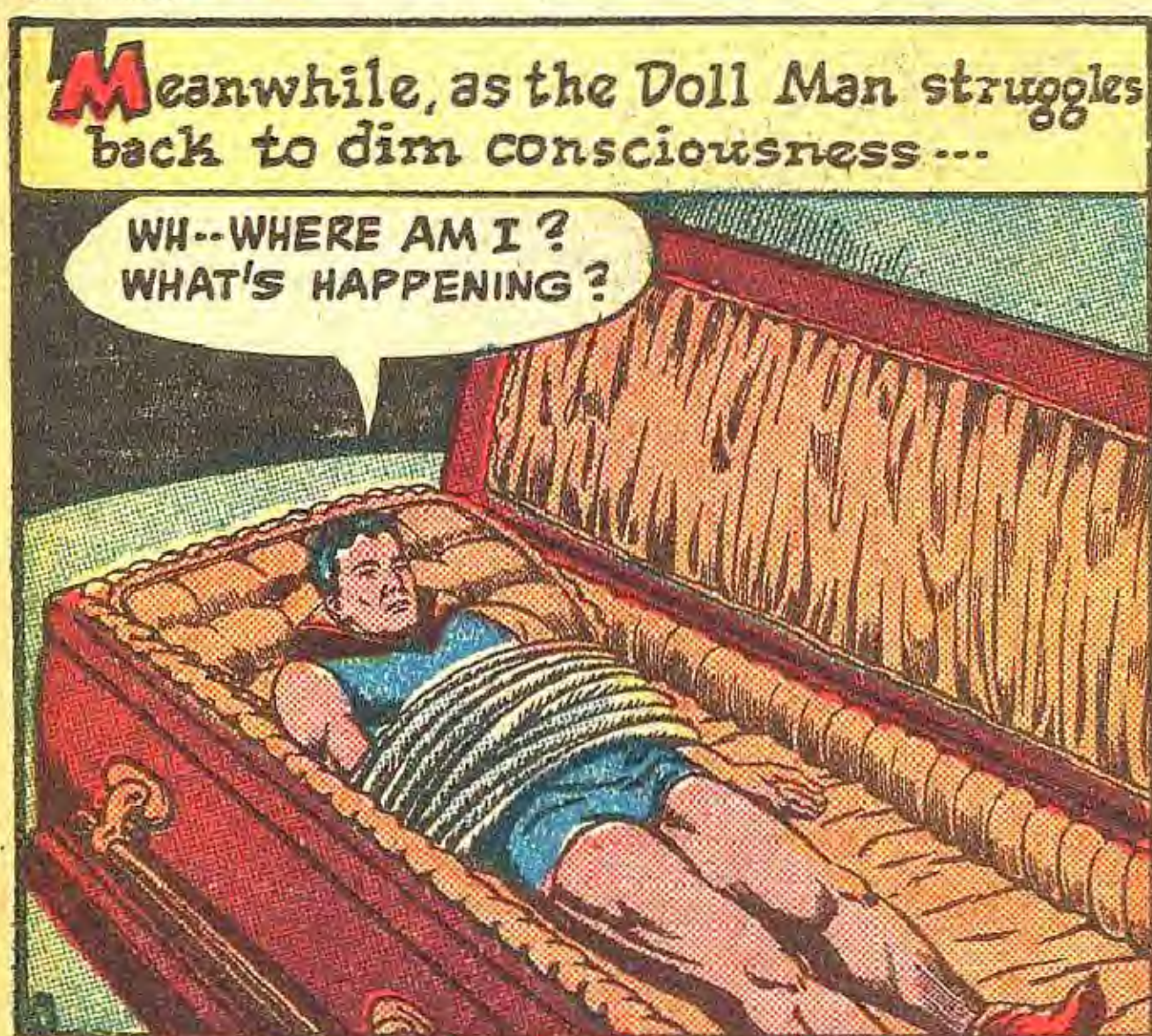
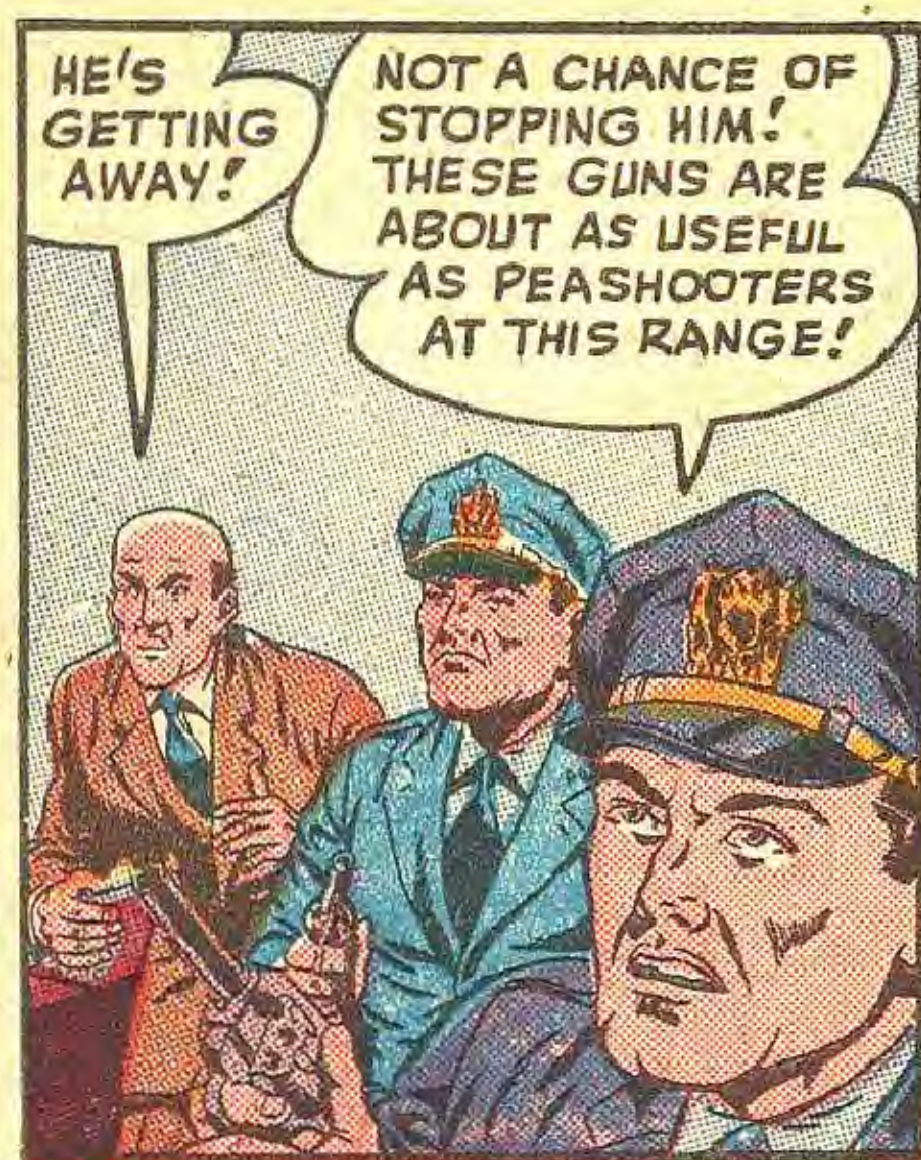


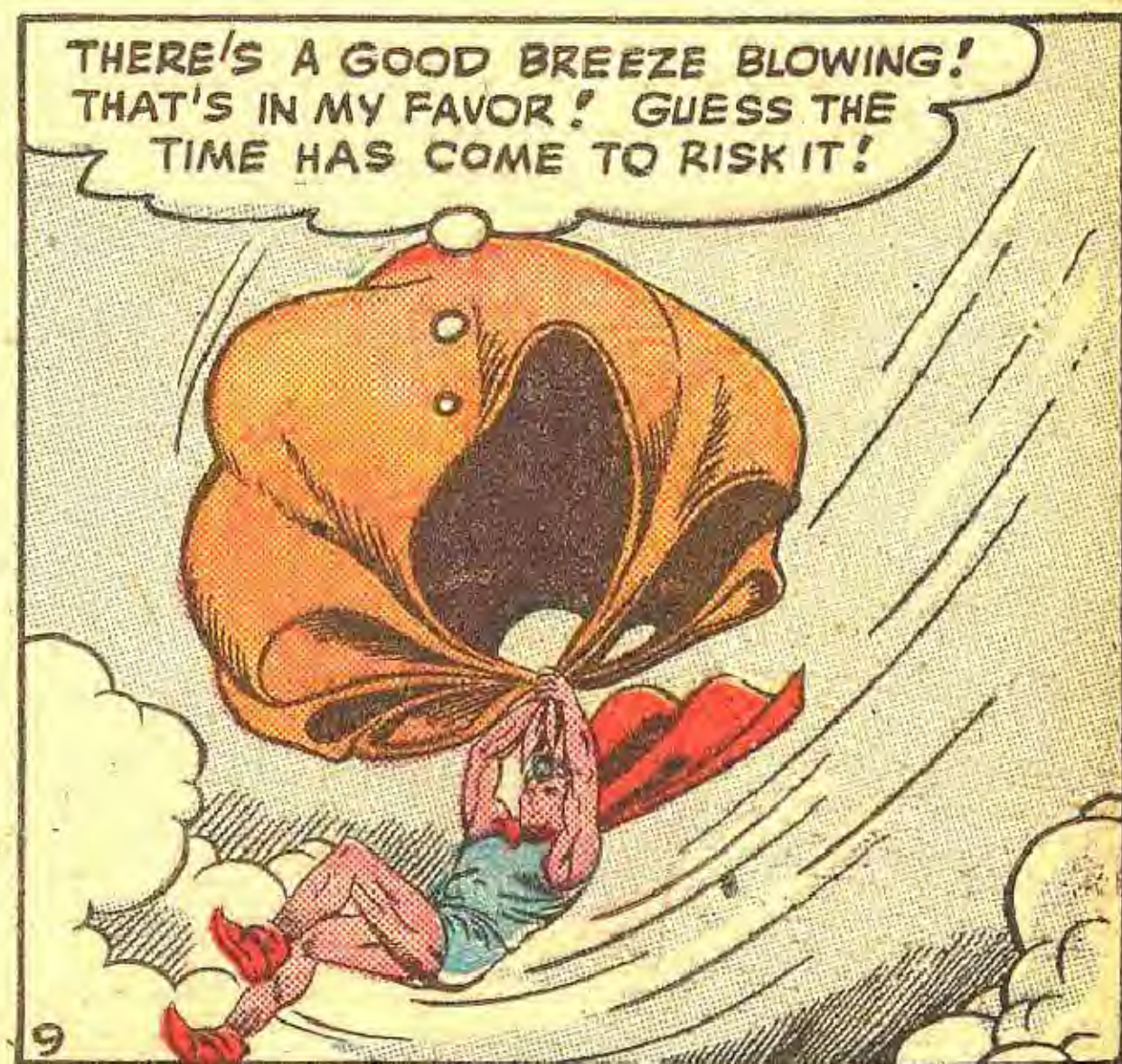
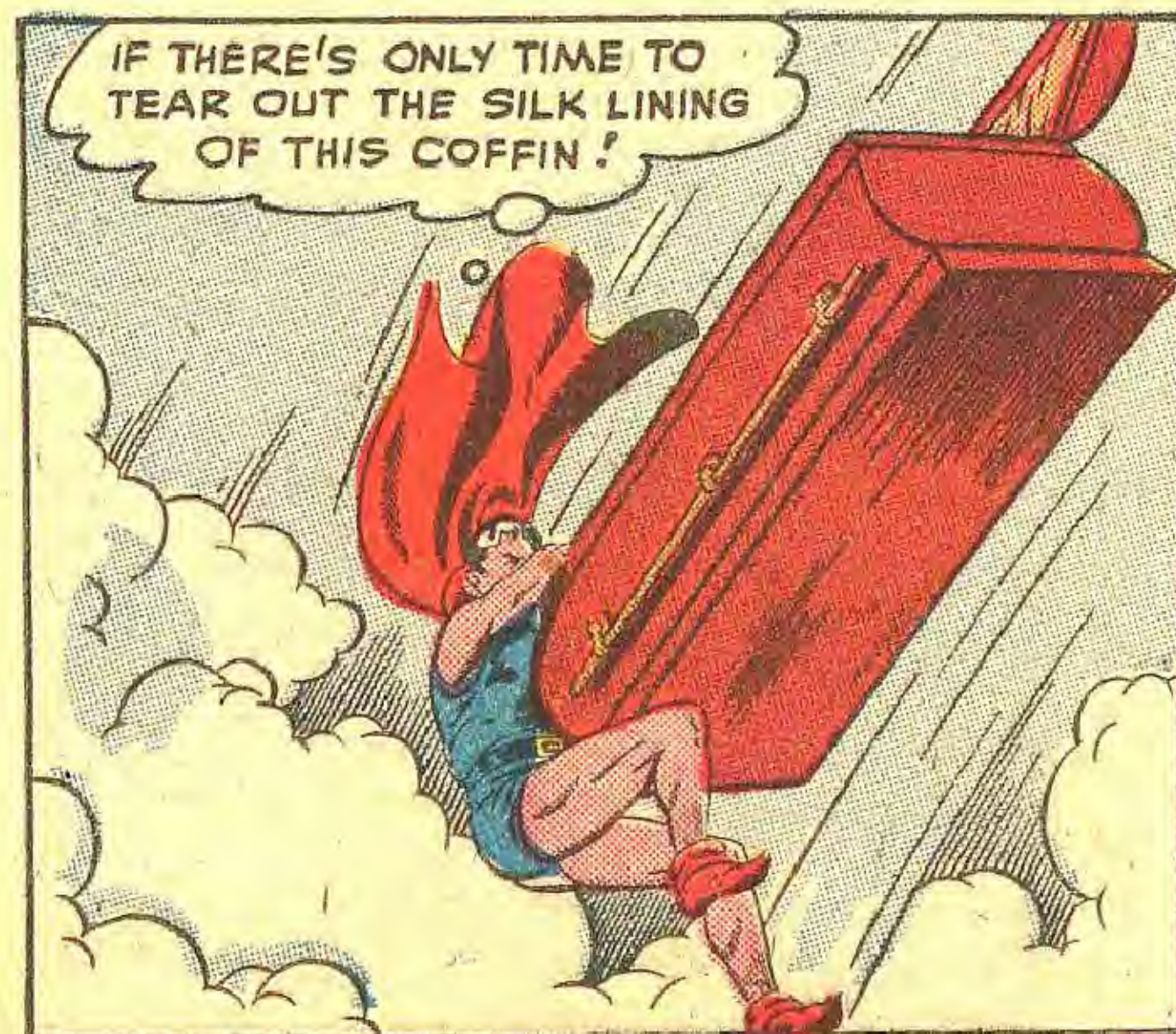
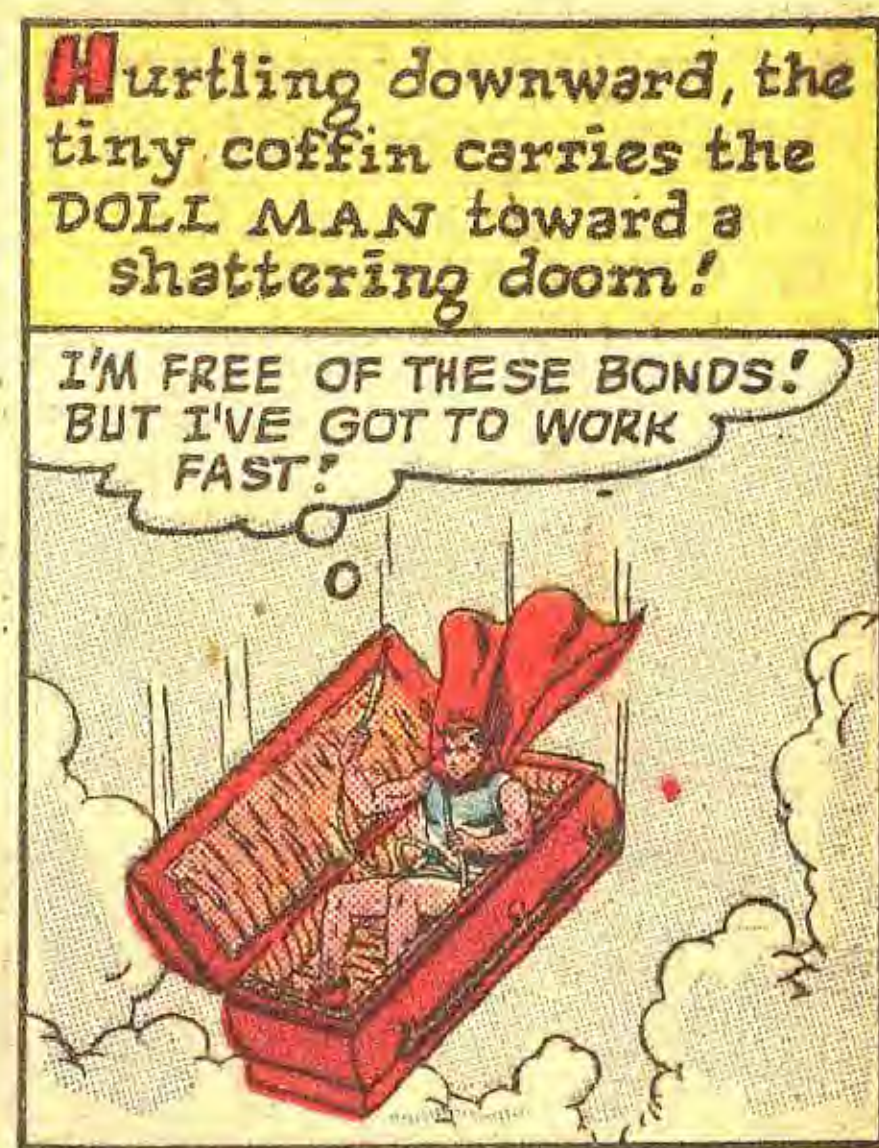
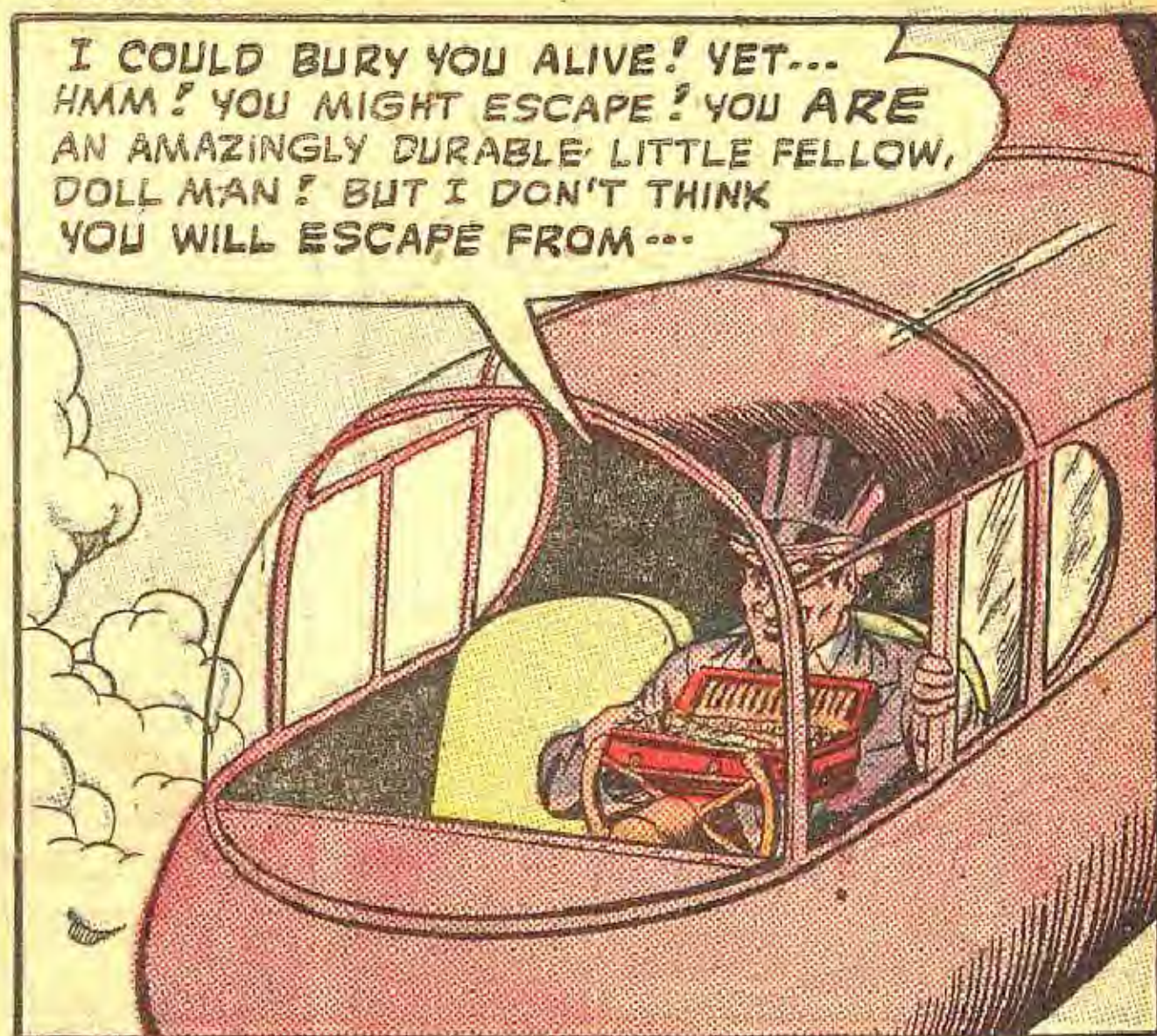
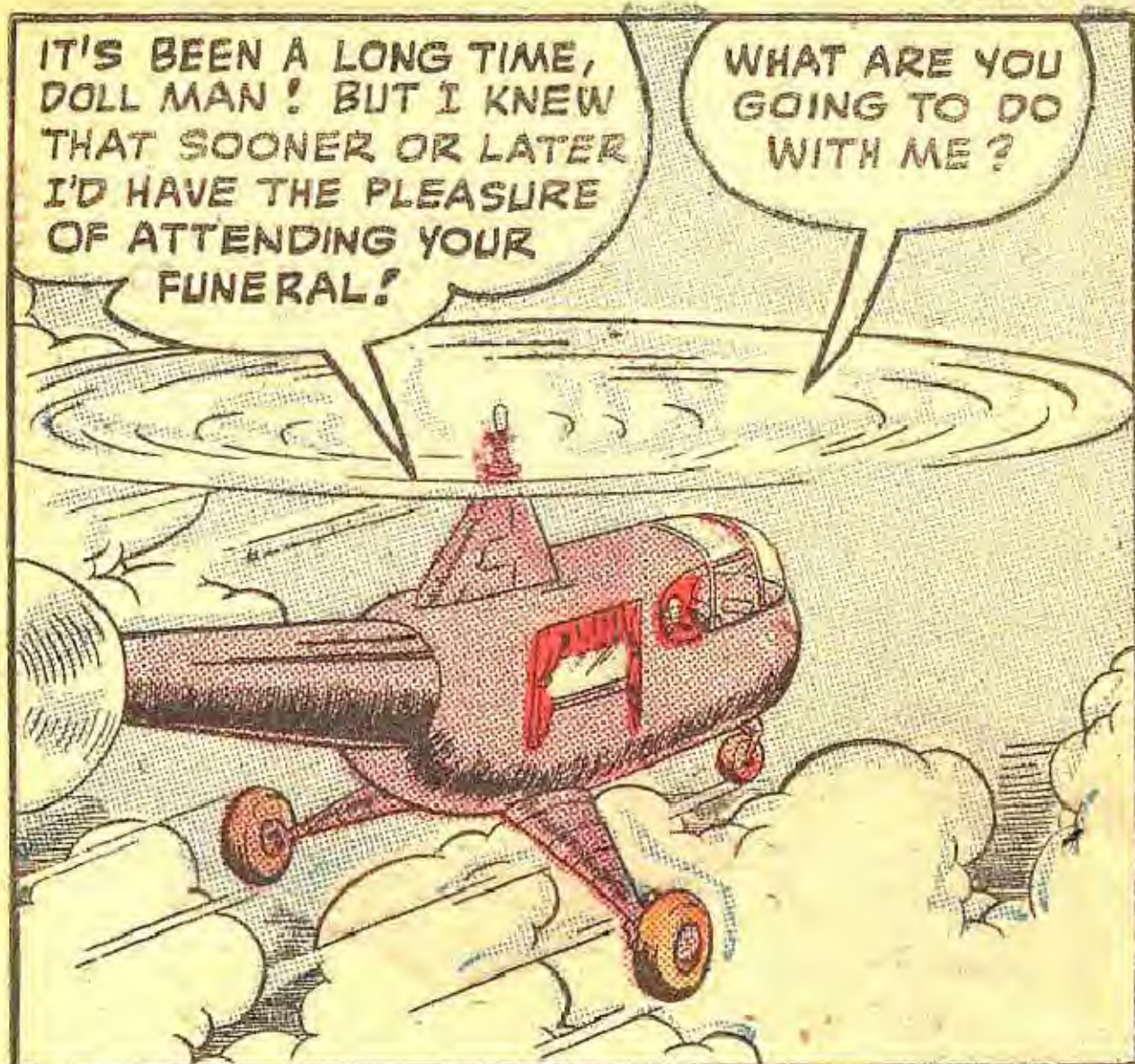


Only Dr. Roberts and Martha know Darrel Dane's secret. And so, moments later...

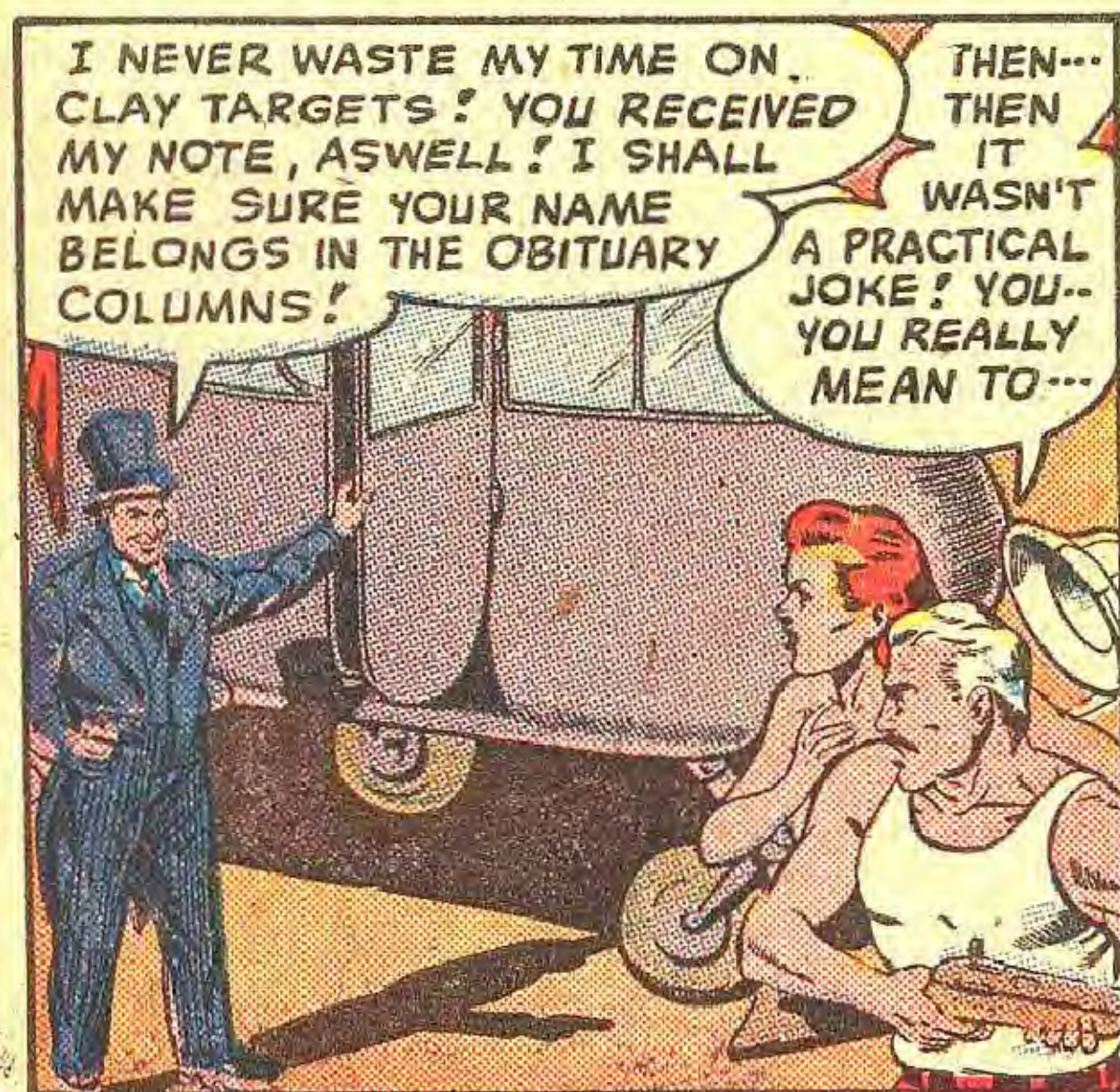
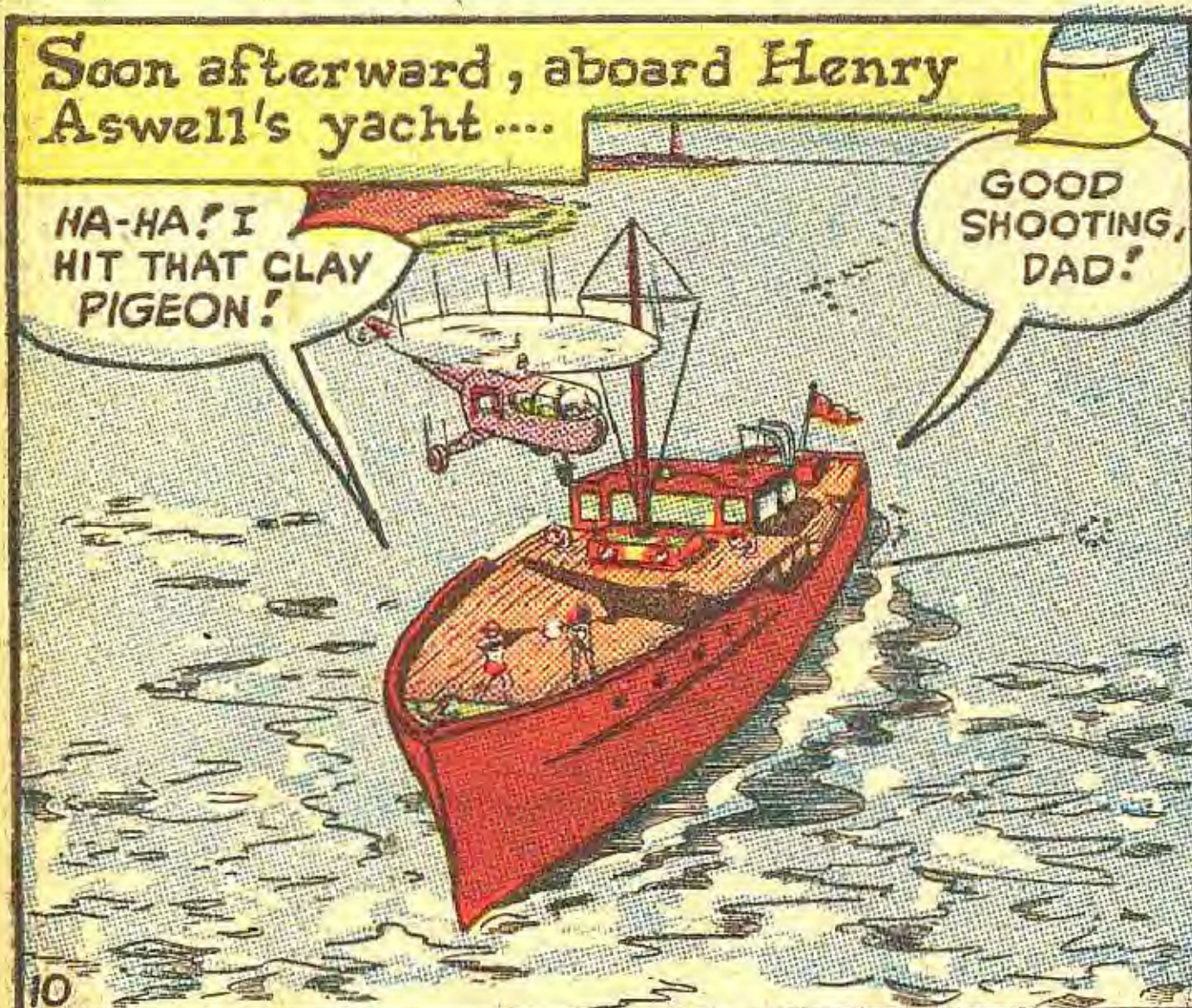


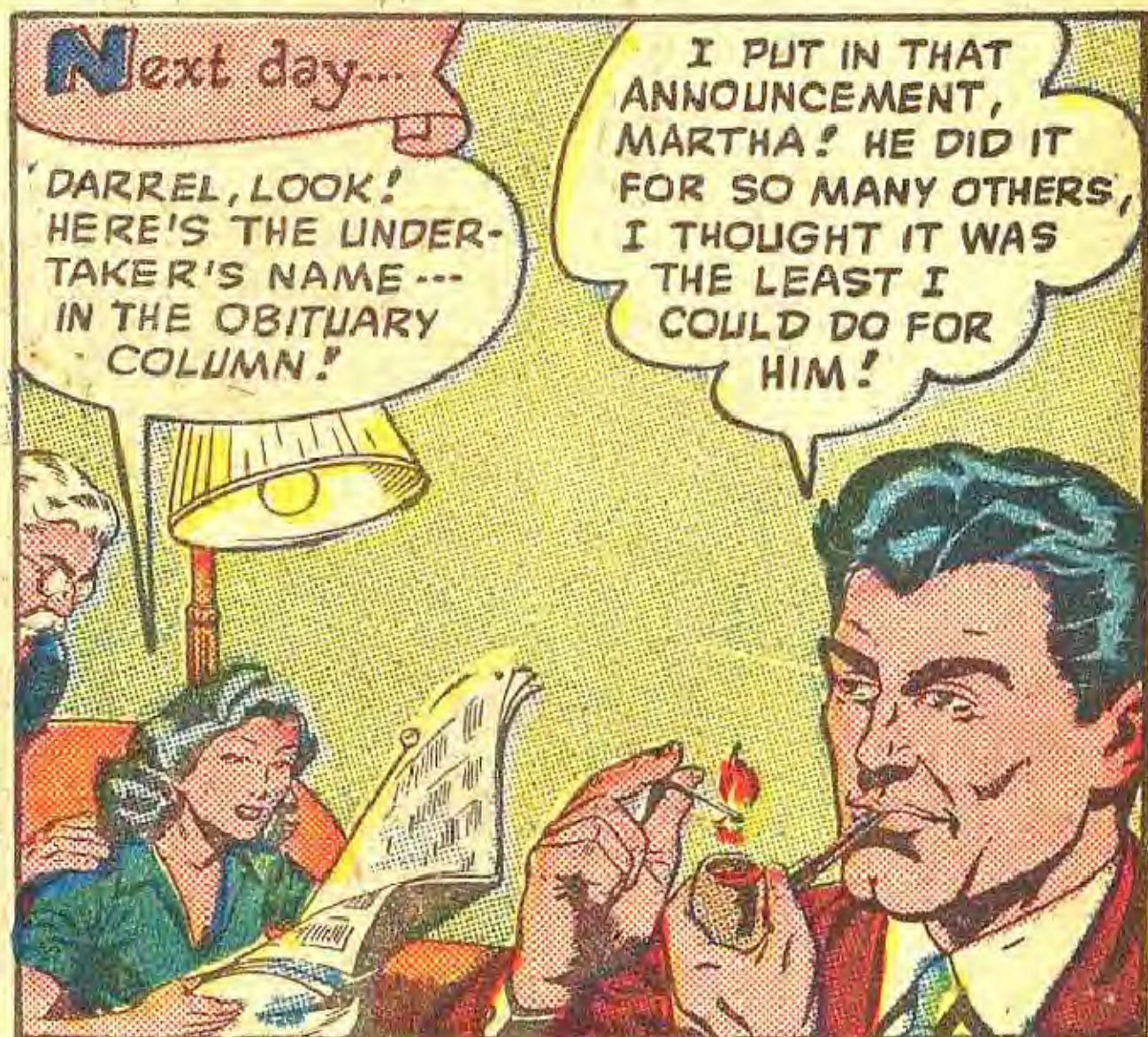
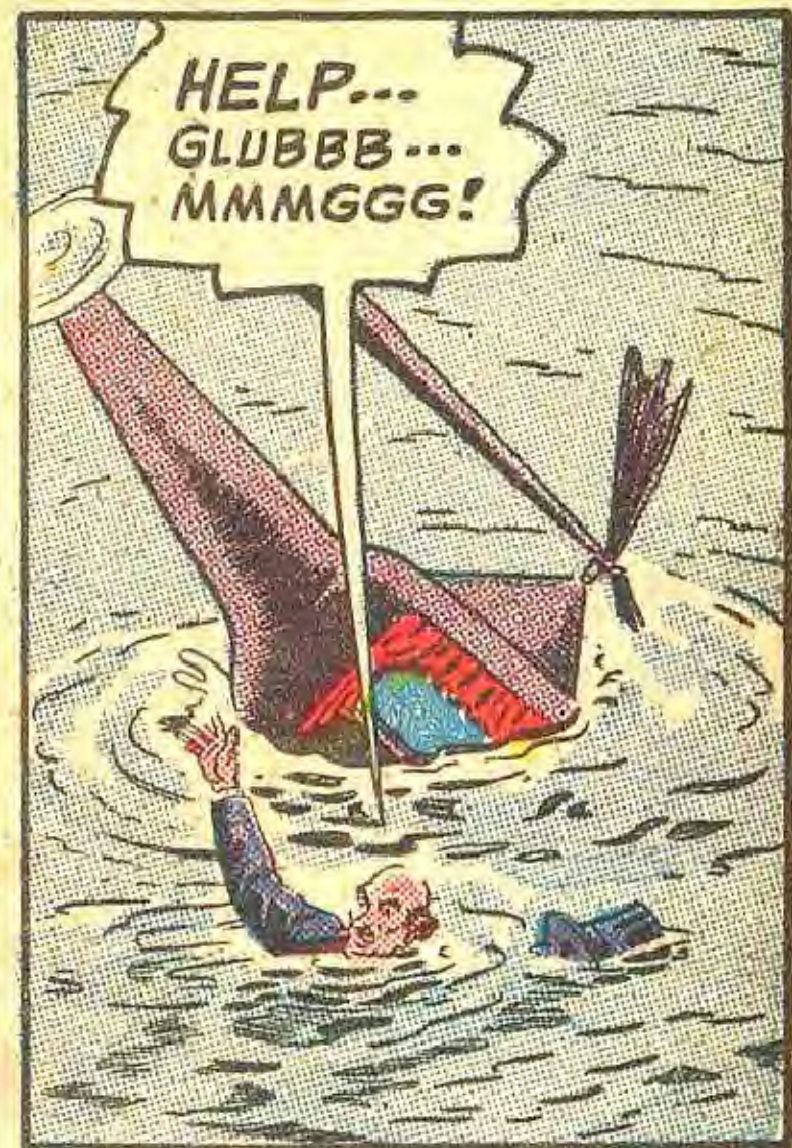
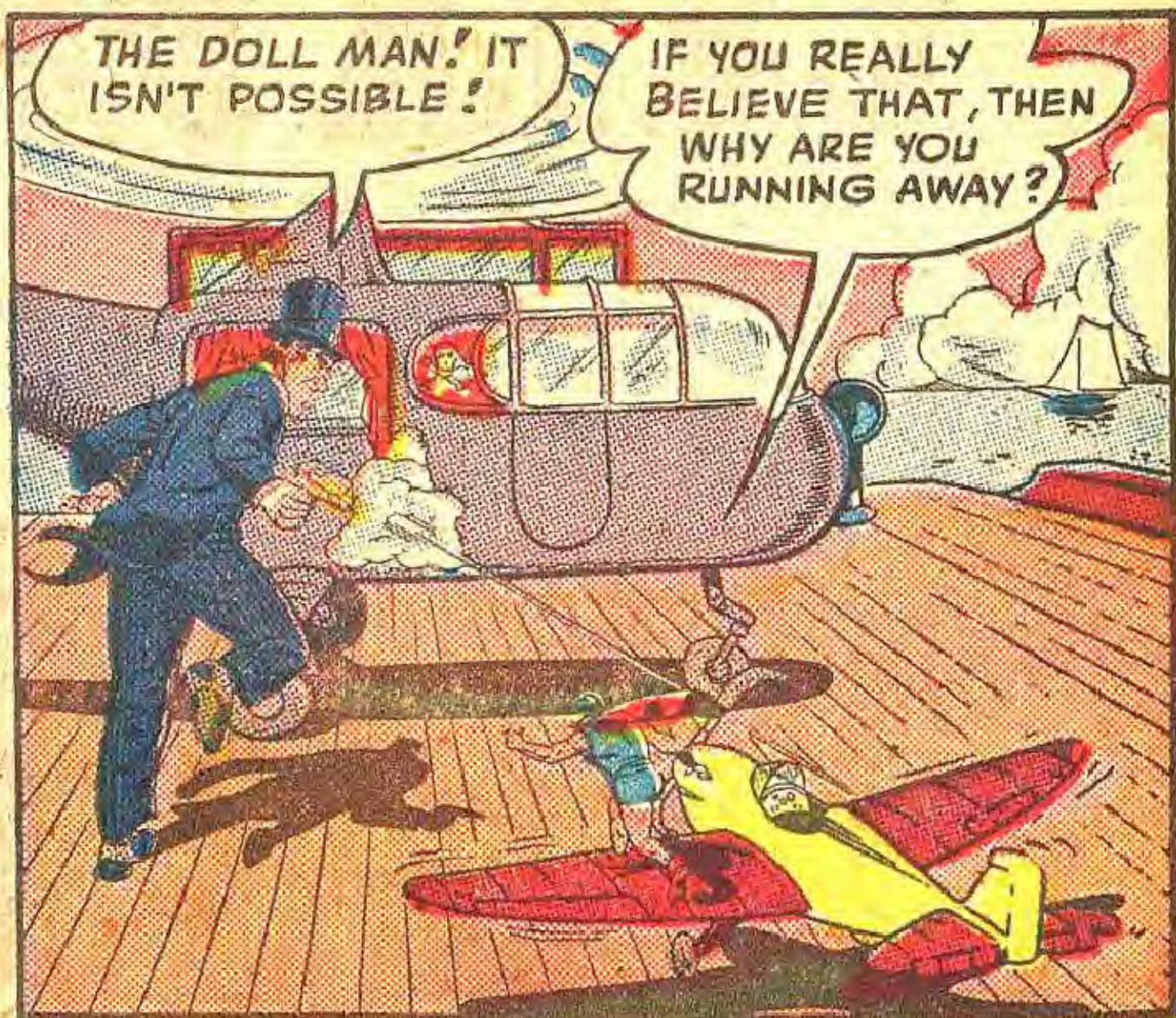




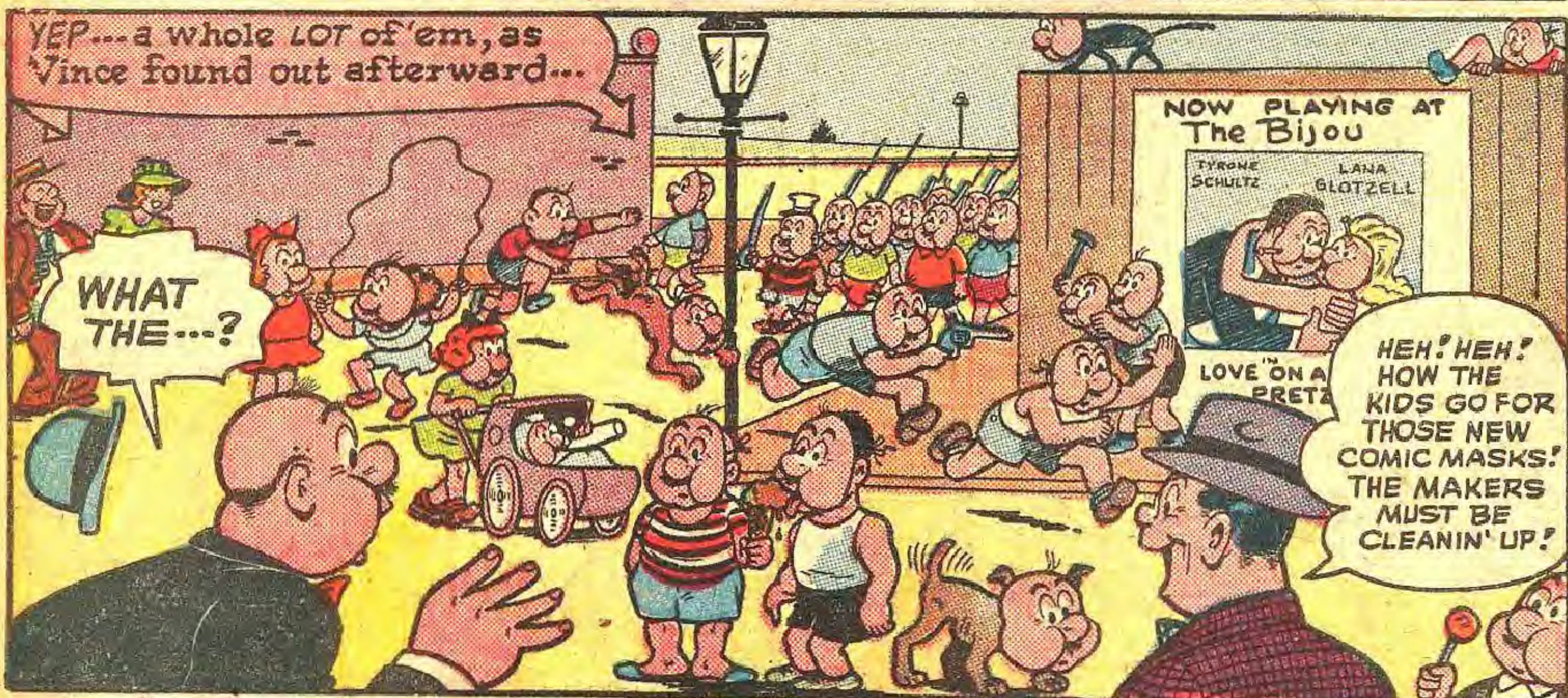
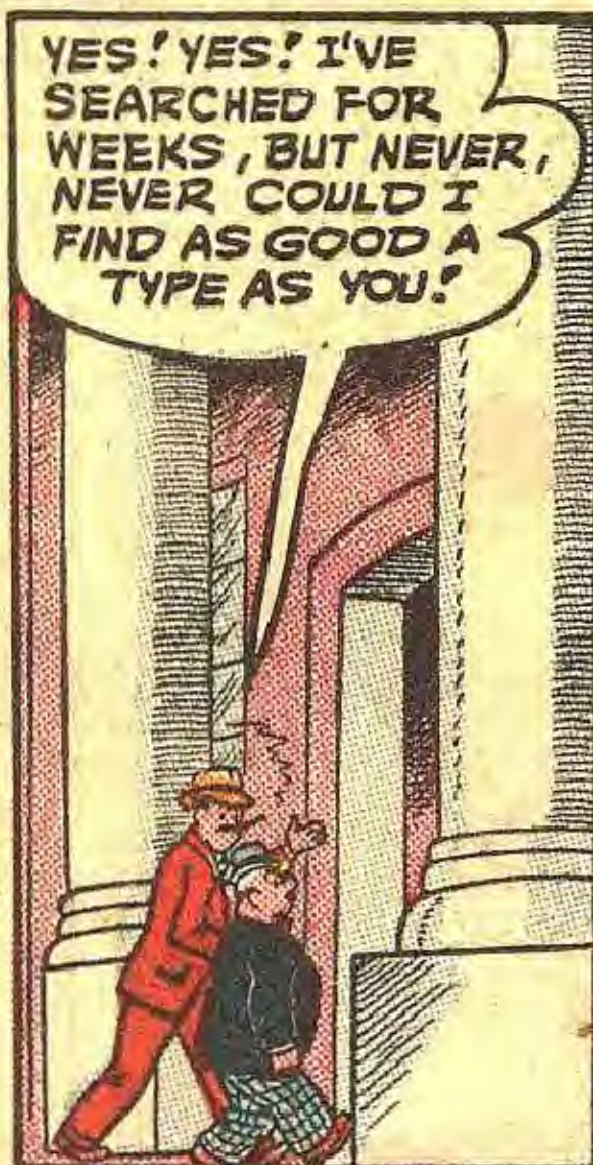


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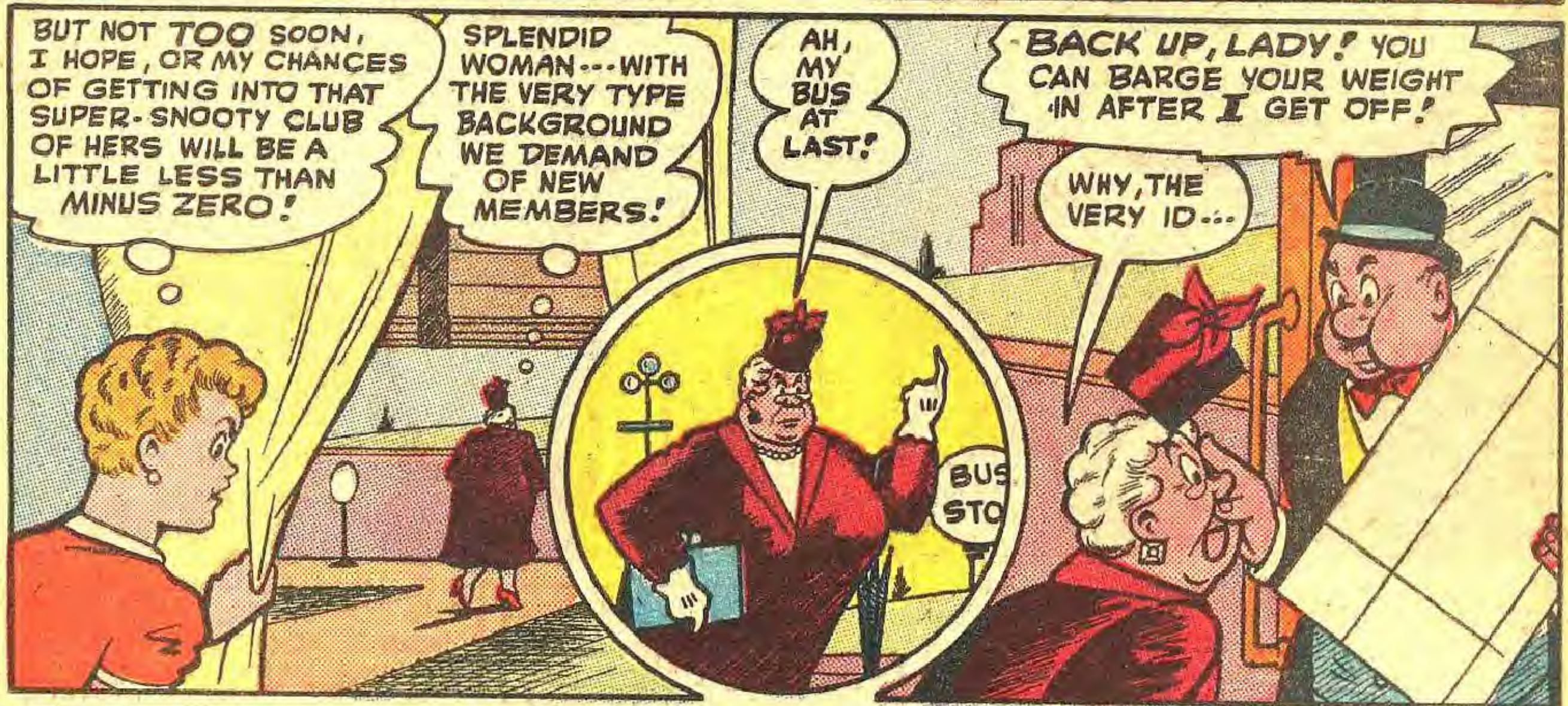




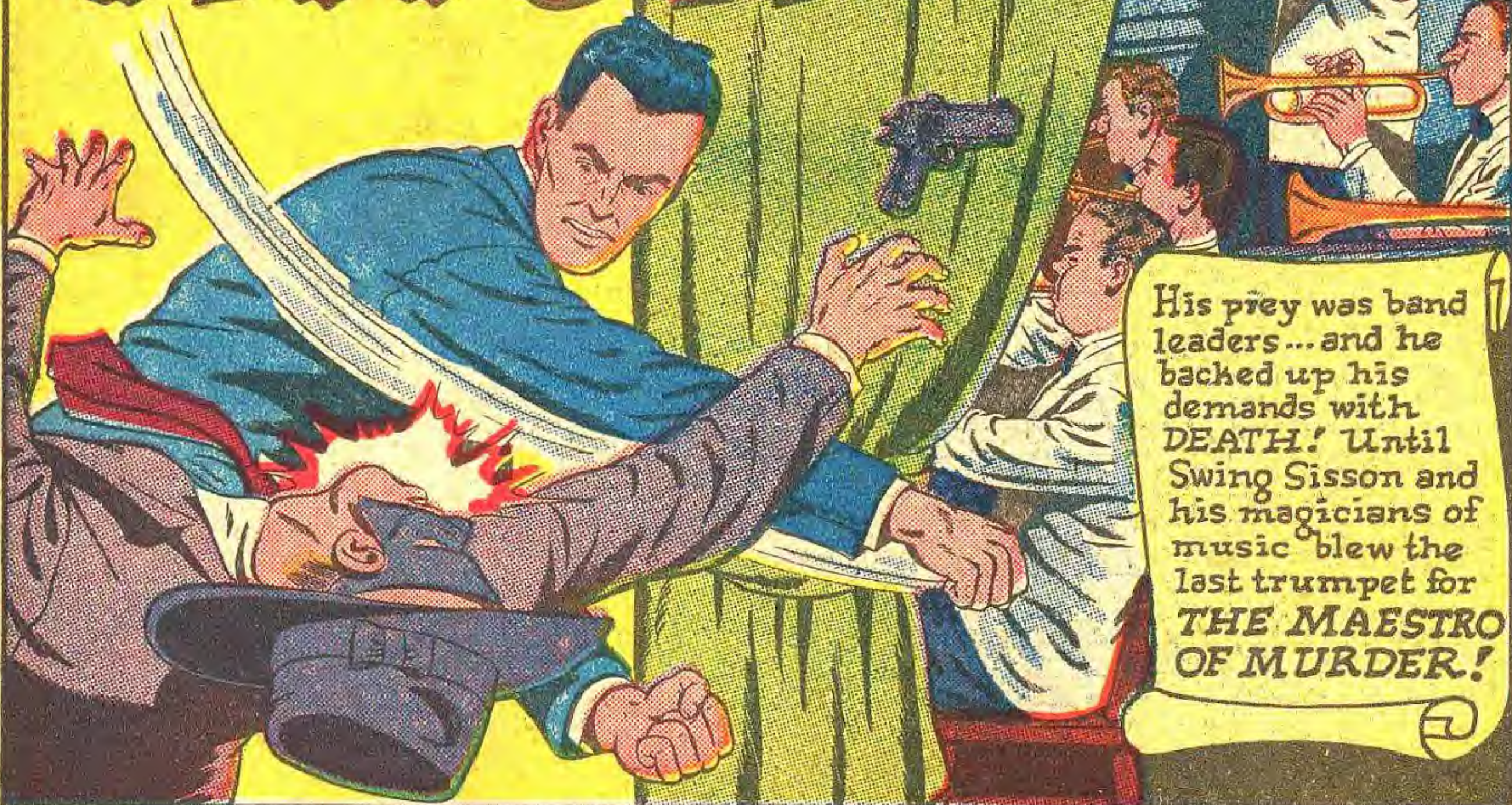
LALA PALOOZA



LALA PALOOZA



SWING SISSON



Between shows at the Club Apache ...

IT ISN'T OFTEN THAT I GET TO SWAP YARNS WITH MY CHIEF RIVAL IN THE BAND BUSINESS. HOW ARE YOU DOING WITH YOUR BUNCH OF NOISEMAKERS, DIGGY VERNON?

NOT BAD! THEY'RE HEP!

WE'RE PLAYING A FOUR-WEEK STAND AT THE GOLD COAST CAFE, STARTING TOMORROW! BUT WHAT WORRIES ME IS THAT I JUST GOT A NOTE FROM THE MAESTRO!

THE GUY WHO'S BEEN BLACK-MAILING BAND LEADERS? I'VE HEARD ABOUT HIM!

HE'S GOT ME WORRIED, SWING! THIS GOLD COAST DATE MEANS A LOT TO ME!



TEN GRAND IS THE PRICE FOR YOU TO OPEN AT THE GOLD COAST! PLAY "YES, YES, YES!" AS YOUR FIRST NUMBER IF YOU'RE GOING TO PAY OFF... THE MAESTRO

I HIRED SONNY ROBBINS AS MY VOCALIST DURING THE GOLD COAST RUN! HE COSTS A FORTUNE, BUT HE'S WORTH IT TO ME! THIS COULD LEAD TO A BIG-TIME RADIO SHOW... PROVIDED THE MAESTRO LEAVES YOU ALONE!

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IN MY SPOT, SWING?

TELL THE MAESTRO TO TAKE A FLYING JUMP IN THE LAKE! THE BOYS AND I FINISH OUR RUN HERE IN A WEEK! THE CLUB APACHE IS CLOSING DOWN FOR REPAIRS...

WE'LL BE ON HAND AT THE GOLD COAST IN CASE YOU NEED ANY HELP!

THANKS A MILLION, SWING! YOU'RE A RIGHT GUY!

Later, when Diggy Vernon opens at the Gold Coast...

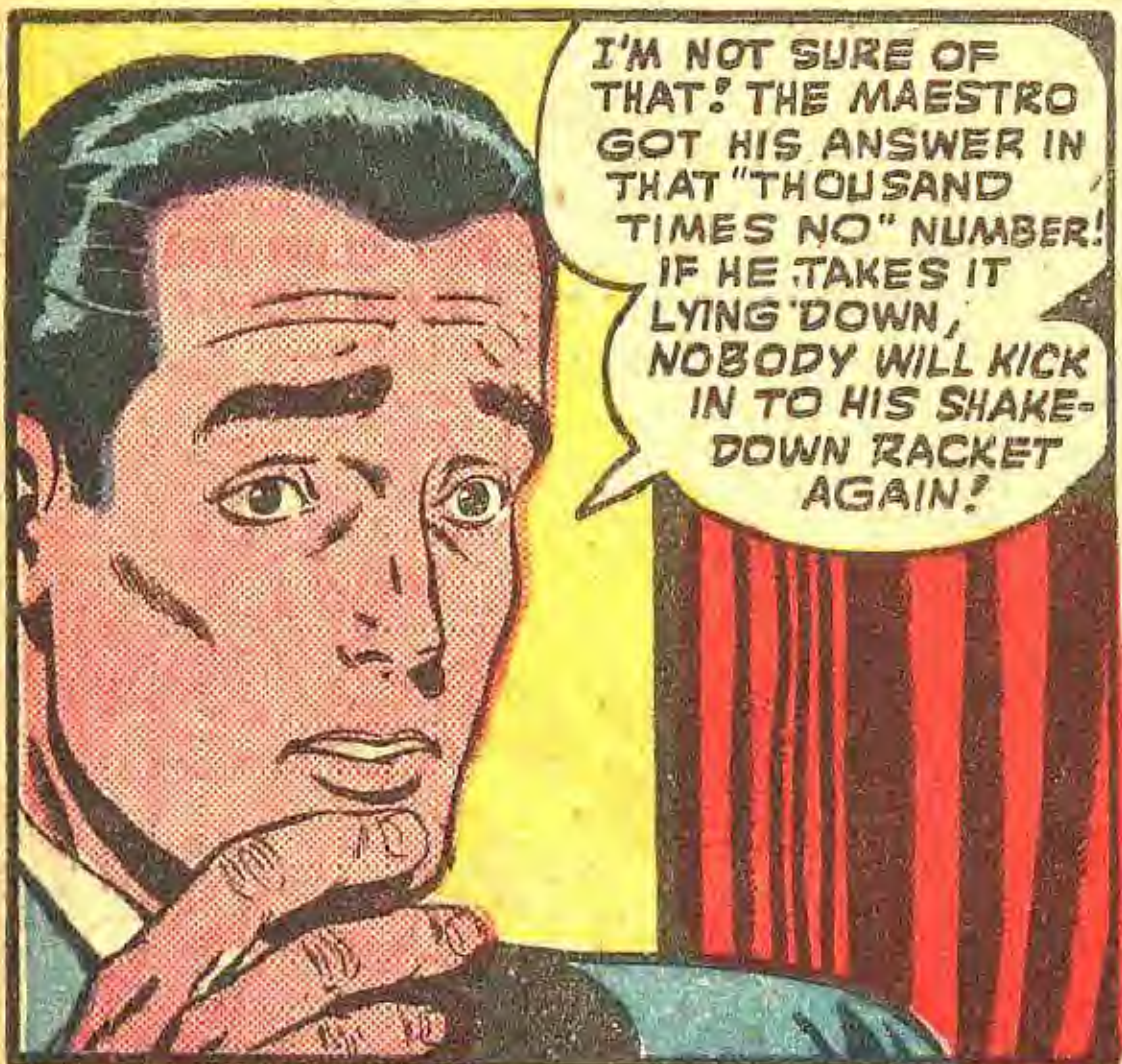
NO, NO, A THOUSAND TIMES NO! ♪♪

THAT SONNY ROBBINS SURE SENDS THE WOMEN! HE PACKS 'EM IN EVERY TIME!

DIGGY'S RIGHT ON THE BEAM, TOO! THAT'S A PRETTY NEAT OUTFIT!

ARE THE BOYS SPOTTED AROUND IN CASE THE MAESTRO TRIES TO STIR UP TROUBLE?

SURE! THAT BLACKMAILER WON'T DARE SHOW HIS FACE!



I'M NOT SURE OF THAT! THE MAESTRO GOT HIS ANSWER IN THAT "THOUSAND TIMES NO" NUMBER! IF HE TAKES IT LYING DOWN, NOBODY WILL KICK IN TO HIS SHAKE-DOWN RACKET AGAIN!



DIGGY'S SWINGING IT OUT! HOW ABOUT A DANCE, BONNIE?

I NEVER HAD A BETTER OFFER IN MY LIFE!



Suddenly....

YOU MADE YOUR CHOICE, VERNON! HERE'S THE PAYOFF... FOR YOU!

THE MAESTRO!



BANG! BANG!

AGHHH!

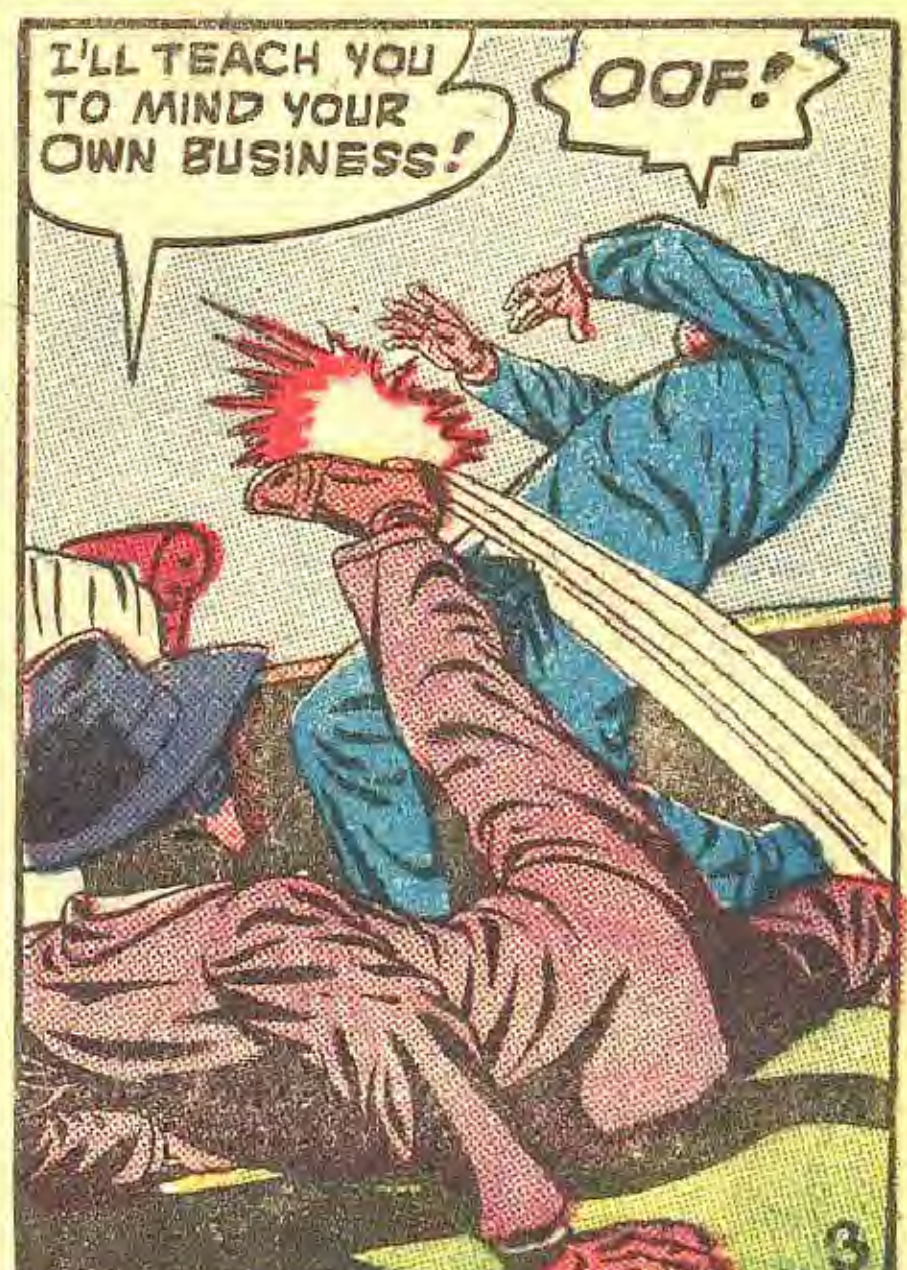


I NEVER THOUGHT HE'D GAMBLE ON A KILLING!



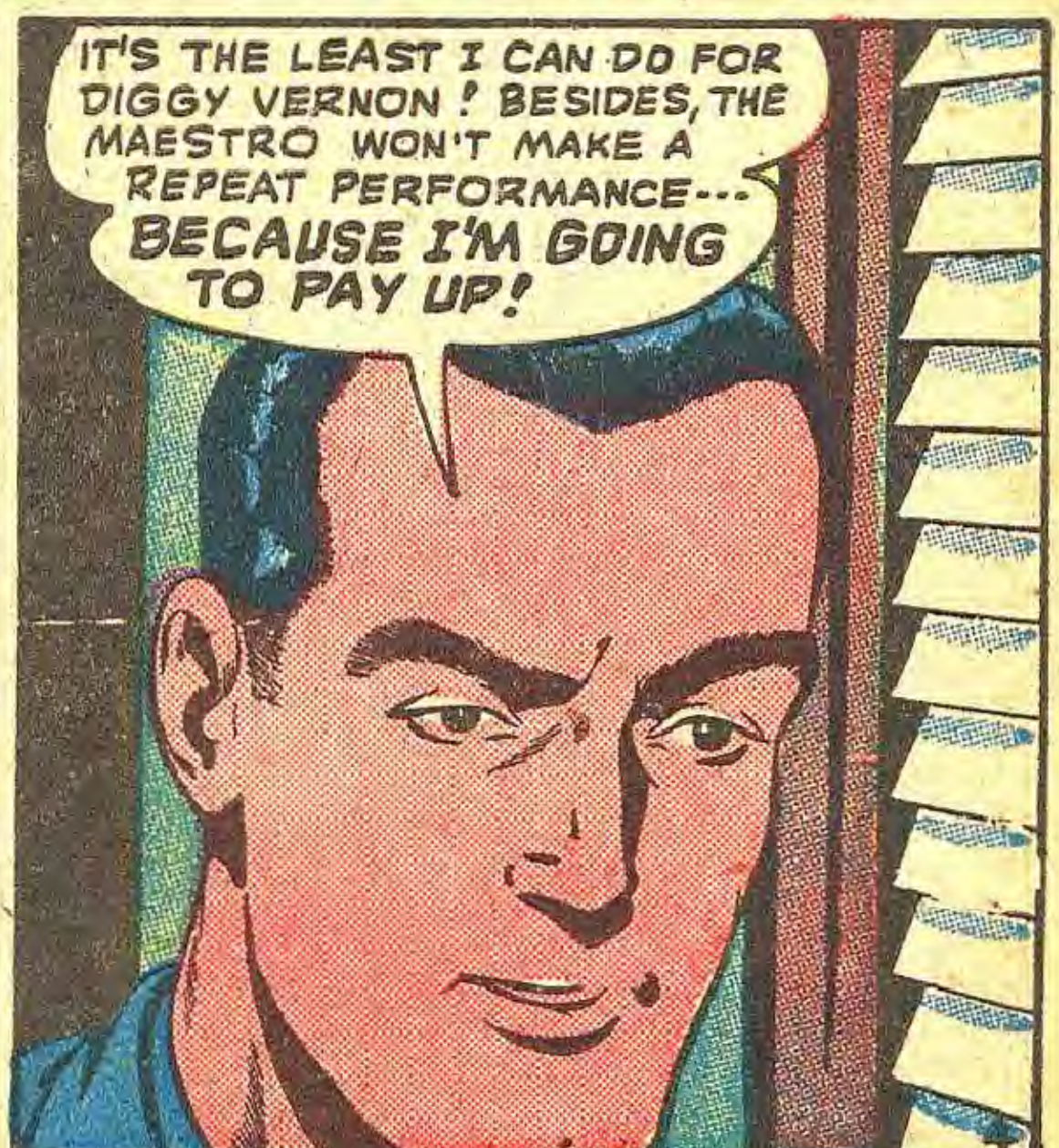
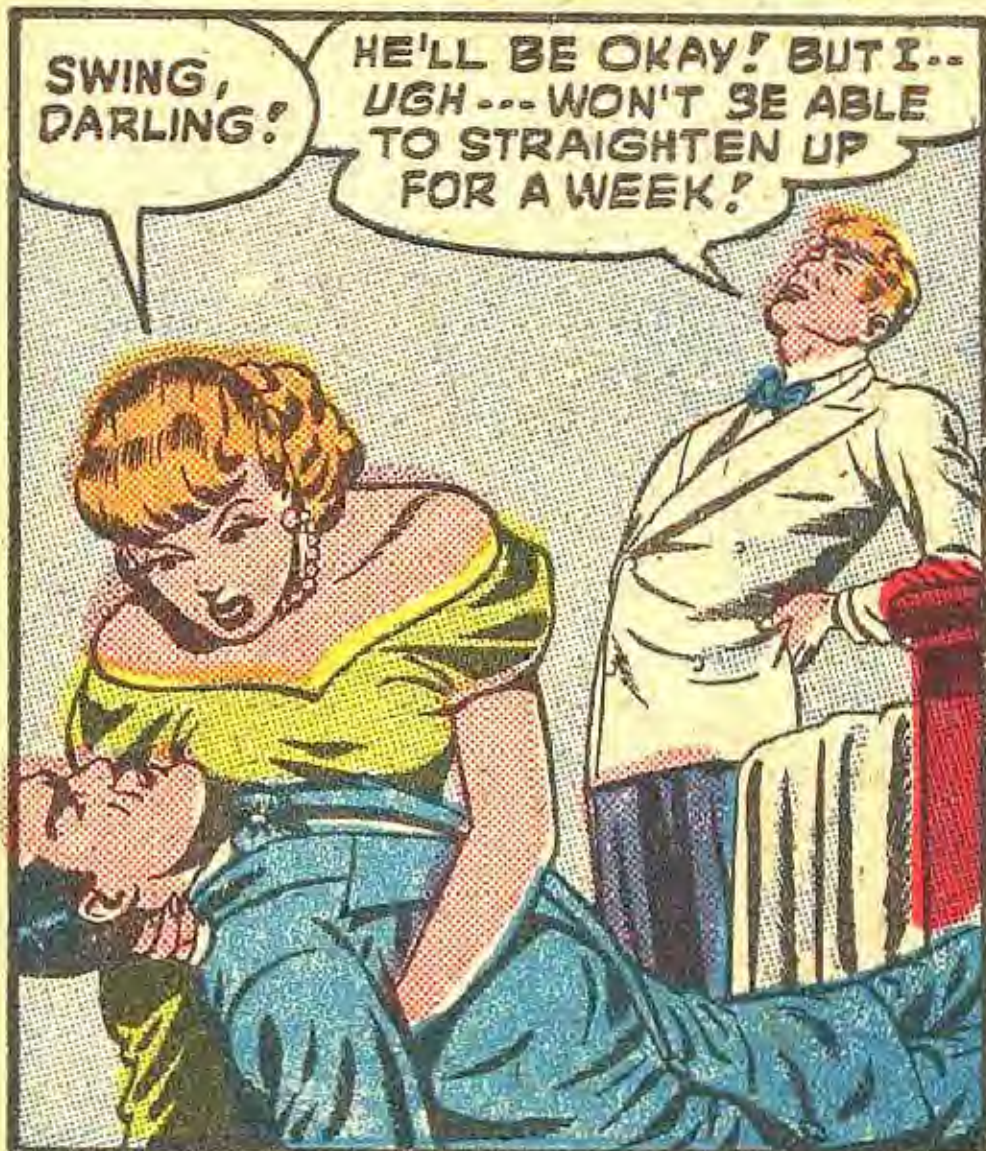
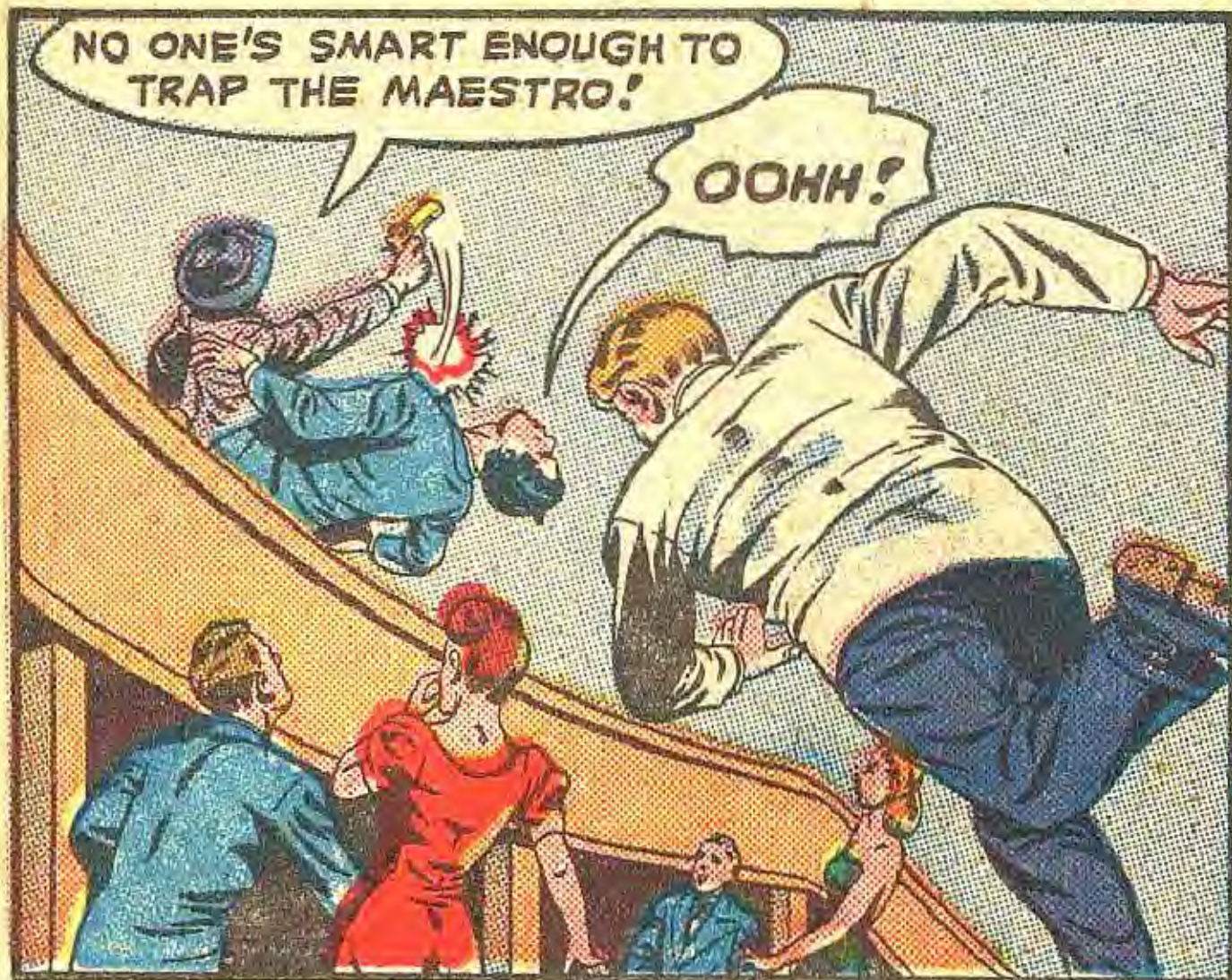
THIS IS ONE GAMBLE YOU WON'T WIN!

UGHH!



I'LL TEACH YOU TO MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!

OOF!

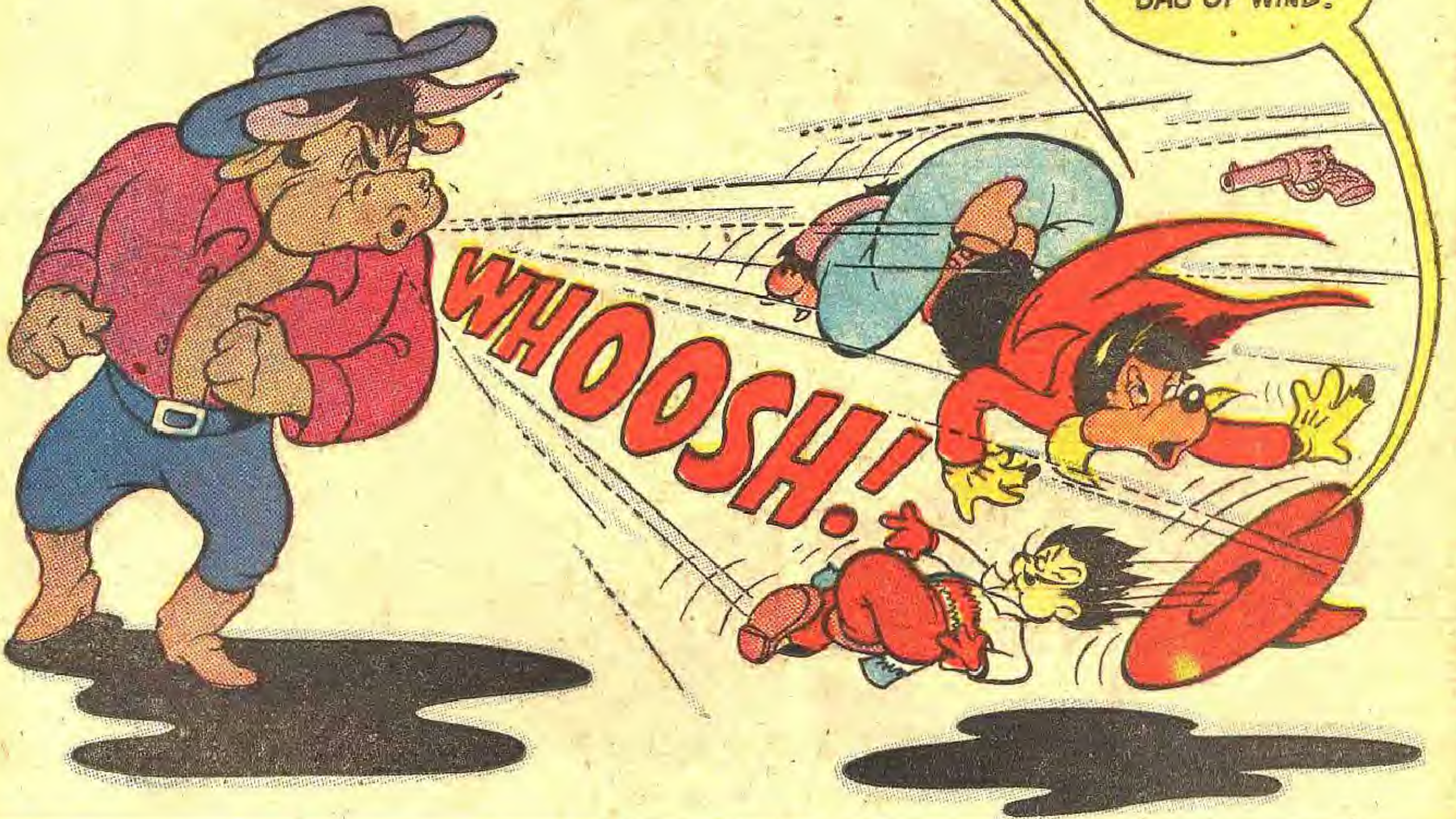




ROSCOE

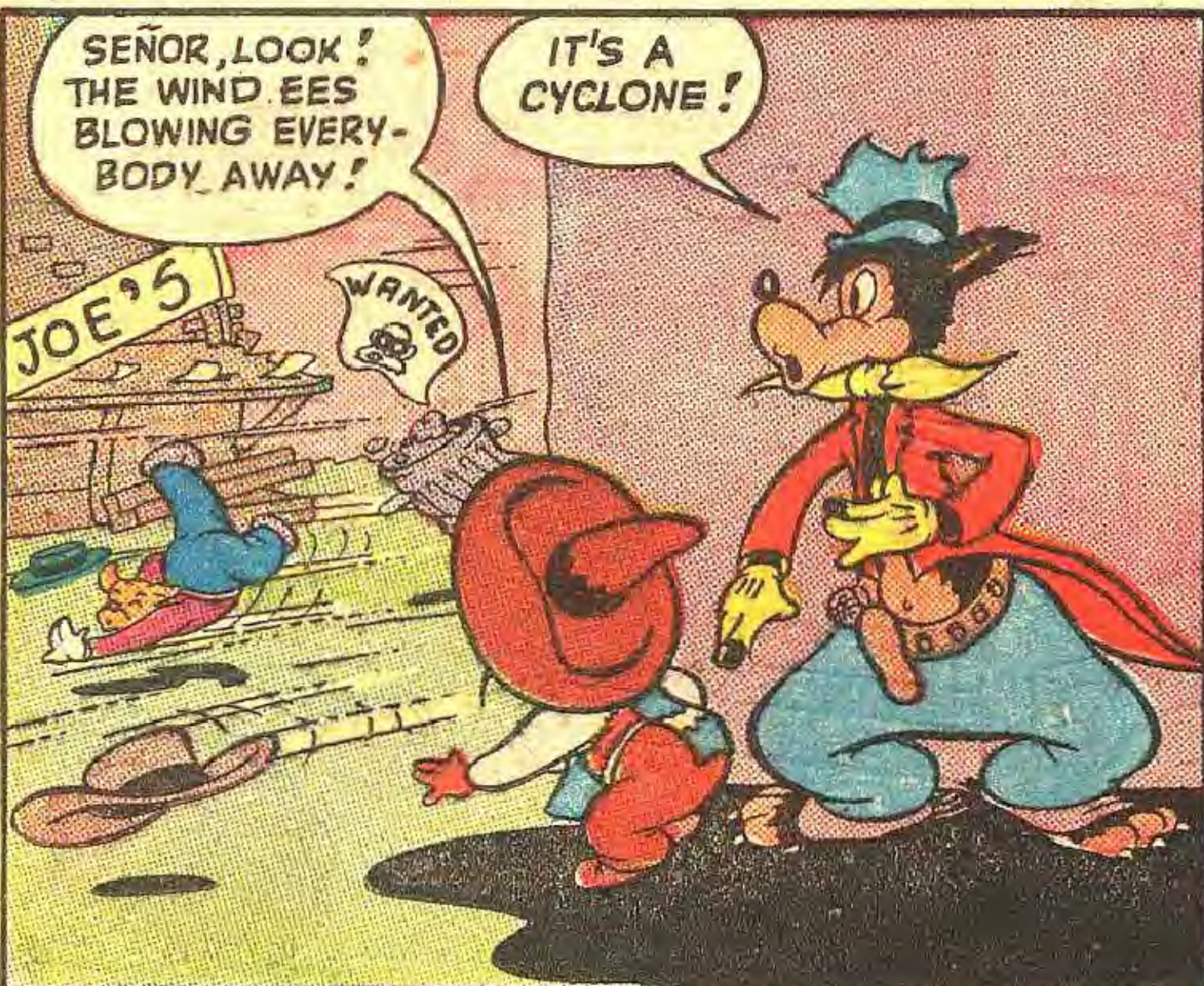
PEDRO PUFFO
SURE IS A BLOW-
HARD, EL POPO!

SI, SEÑOR
ROSCOE! HE
EES ONE BEEG
BAG OF WIND!



SEÑOR, LOOK!
THE WIND EES
BLOWING EVERY-
BODY AWAY!

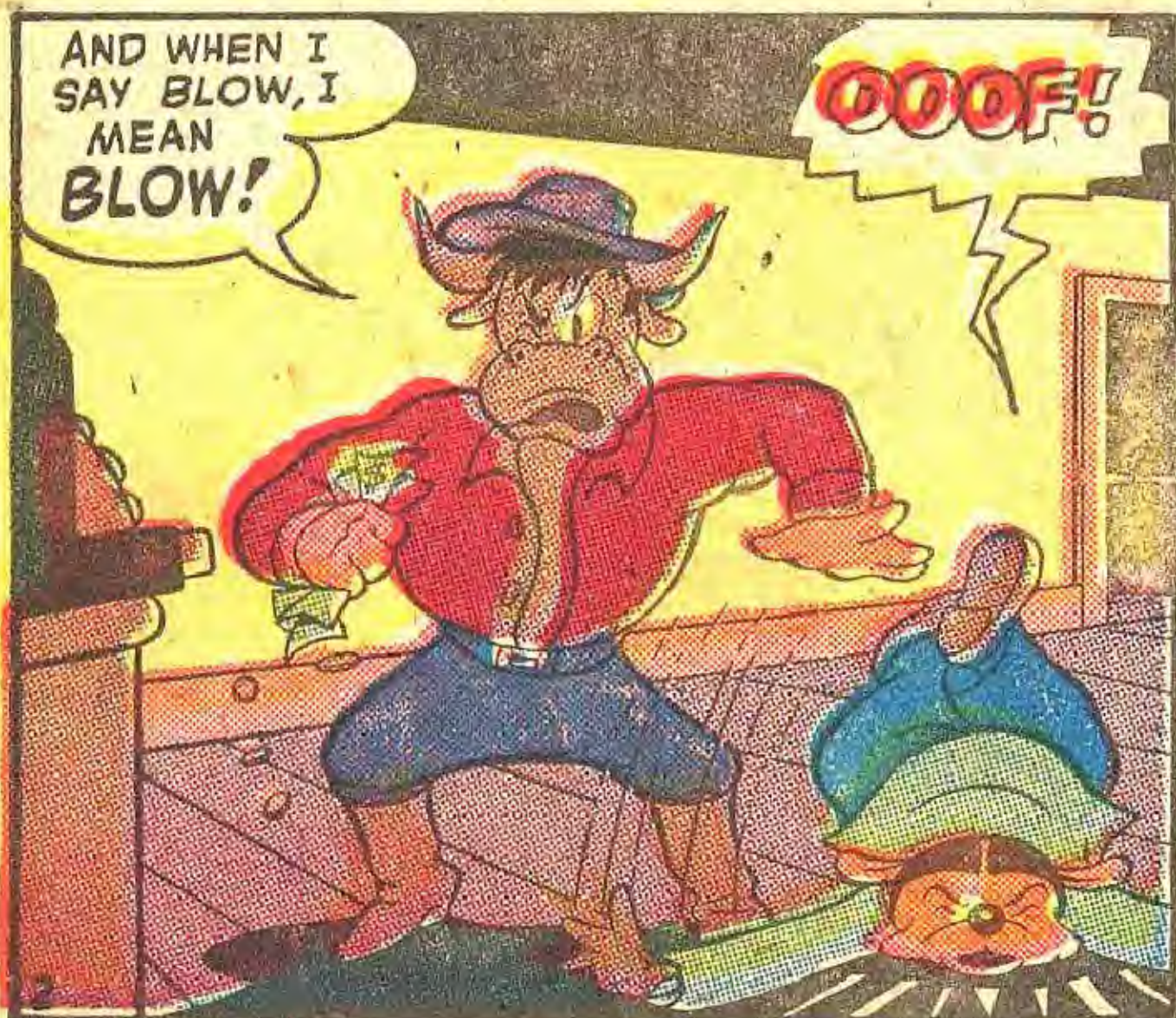
IT'S A
CYCLONE!

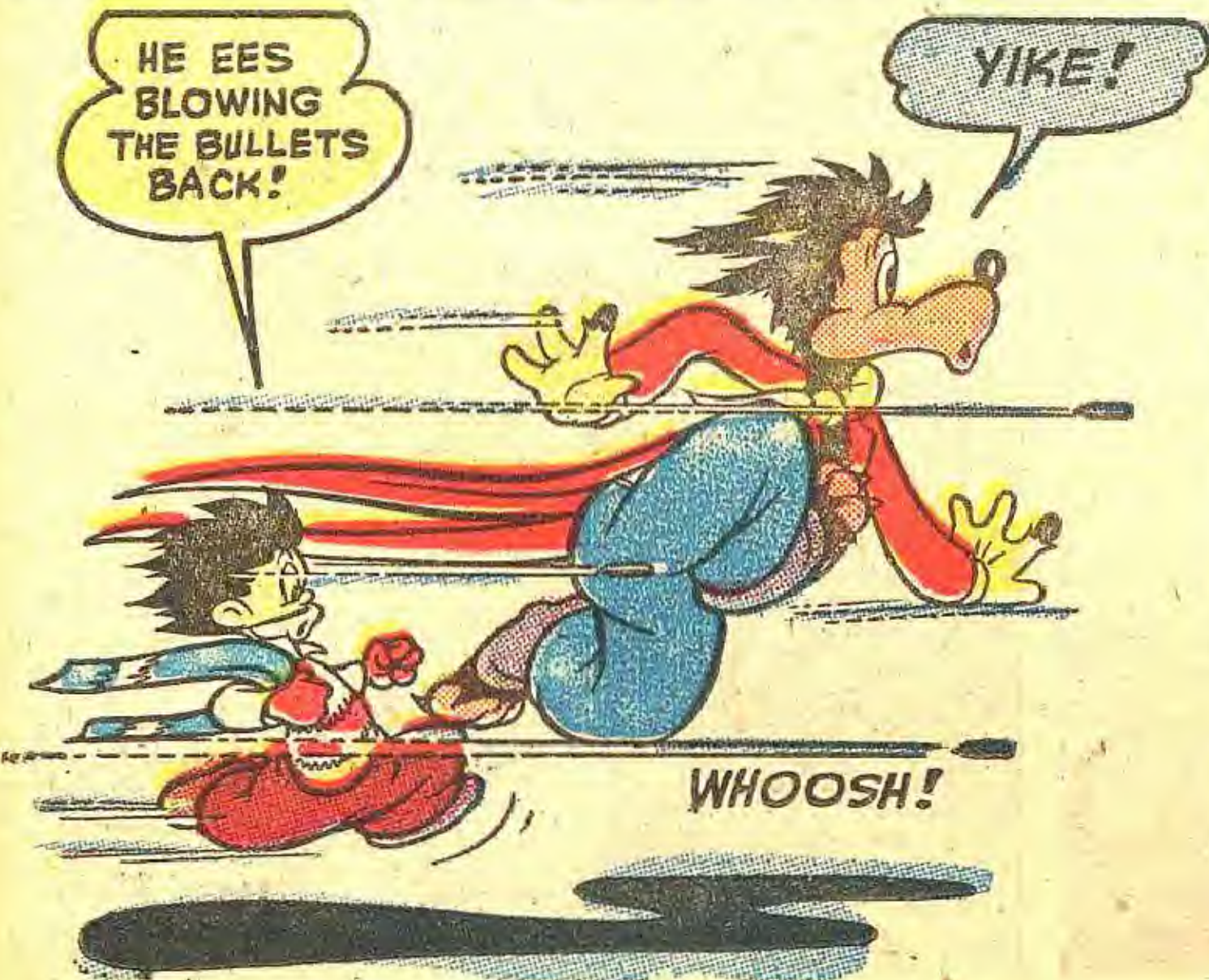


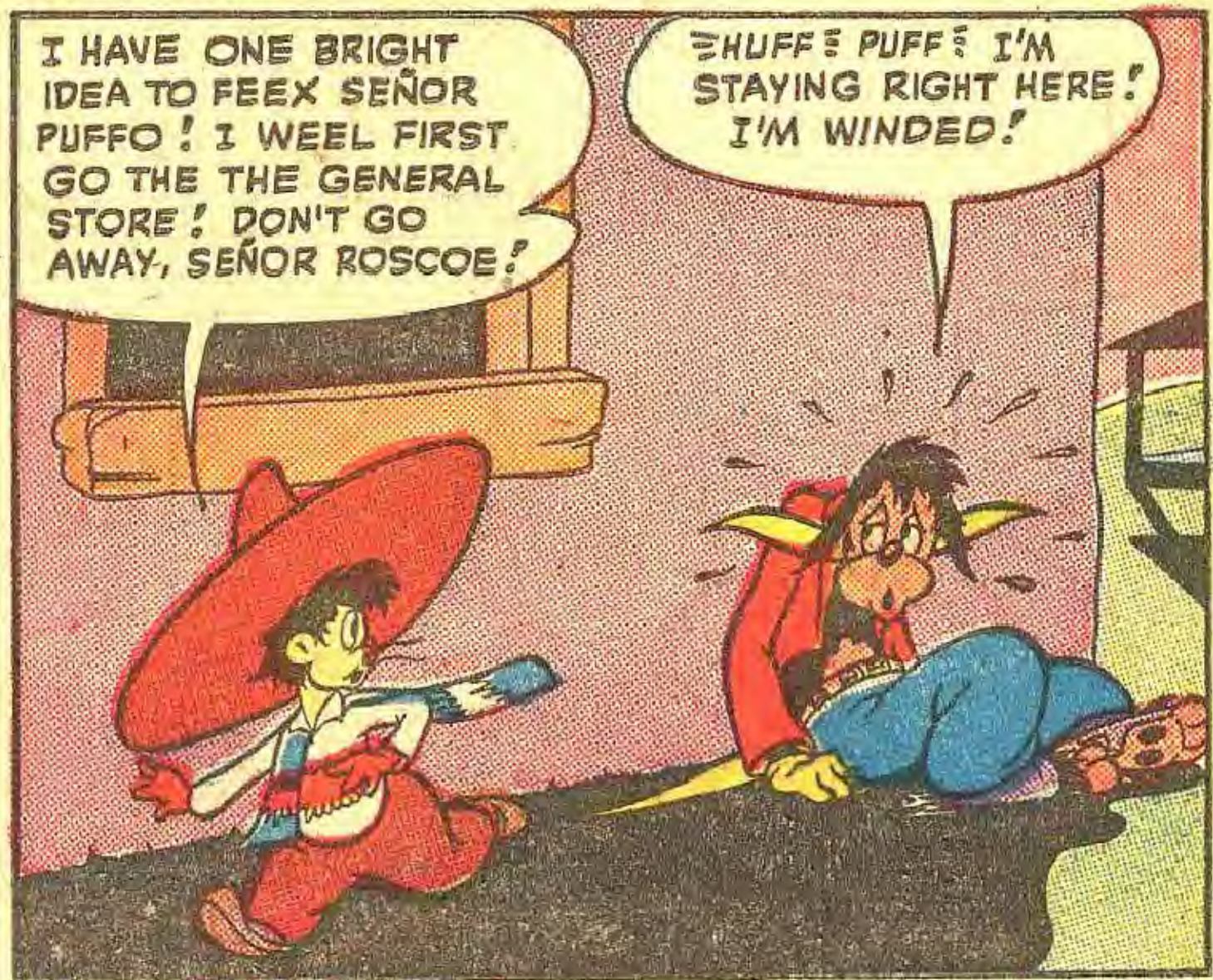
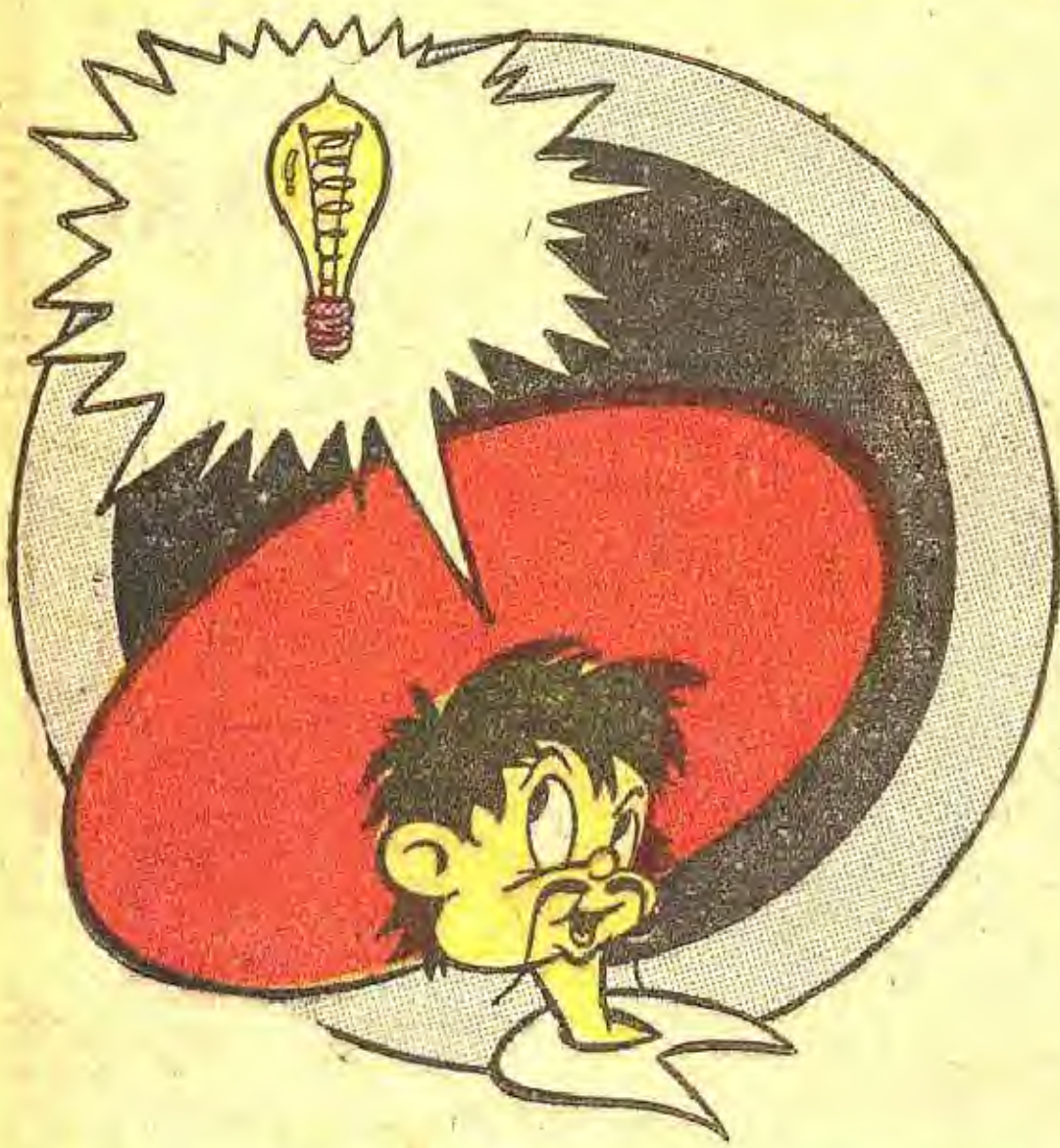
RUN FOR YOUR
LIFE, EL POPO!

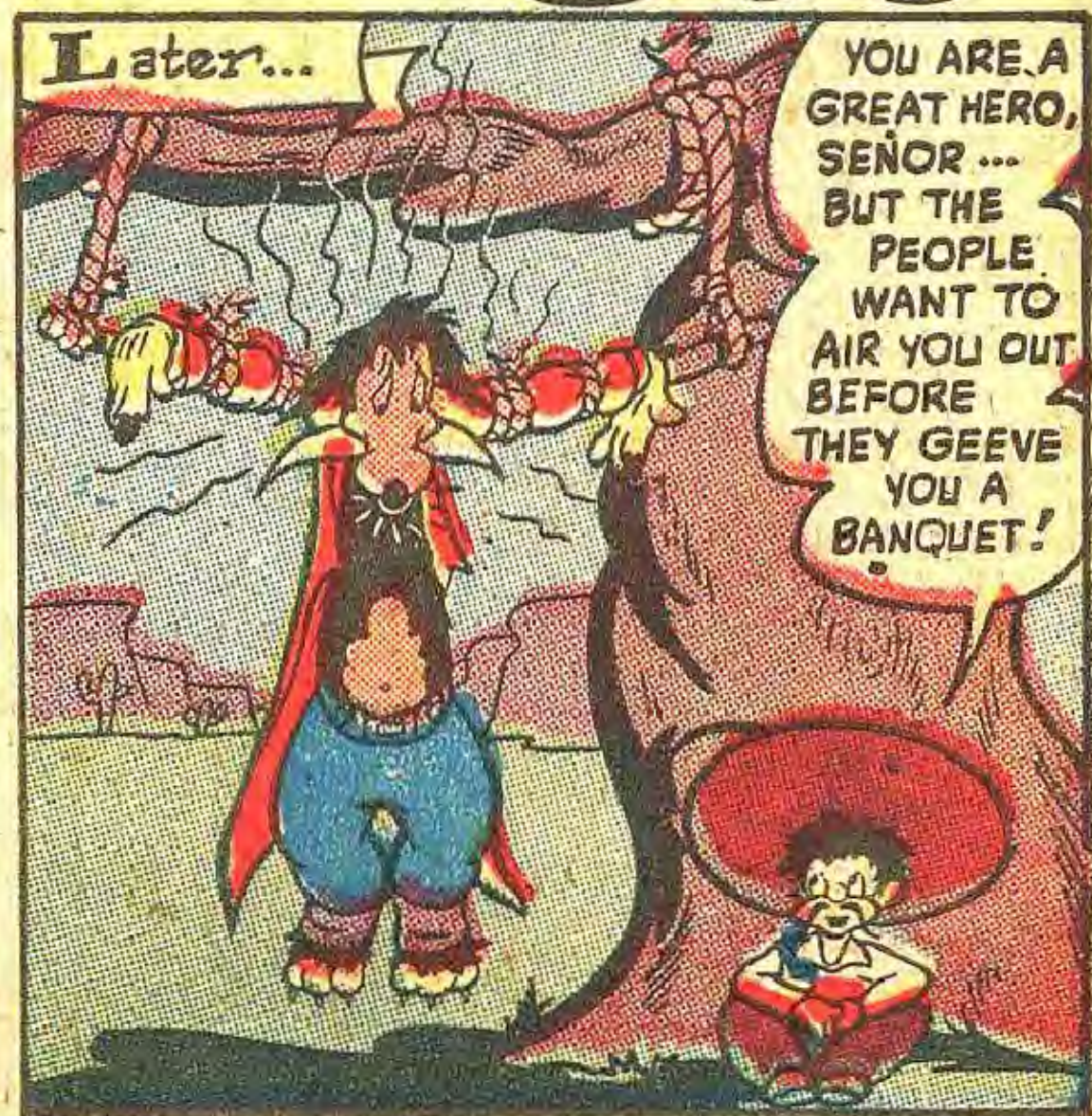
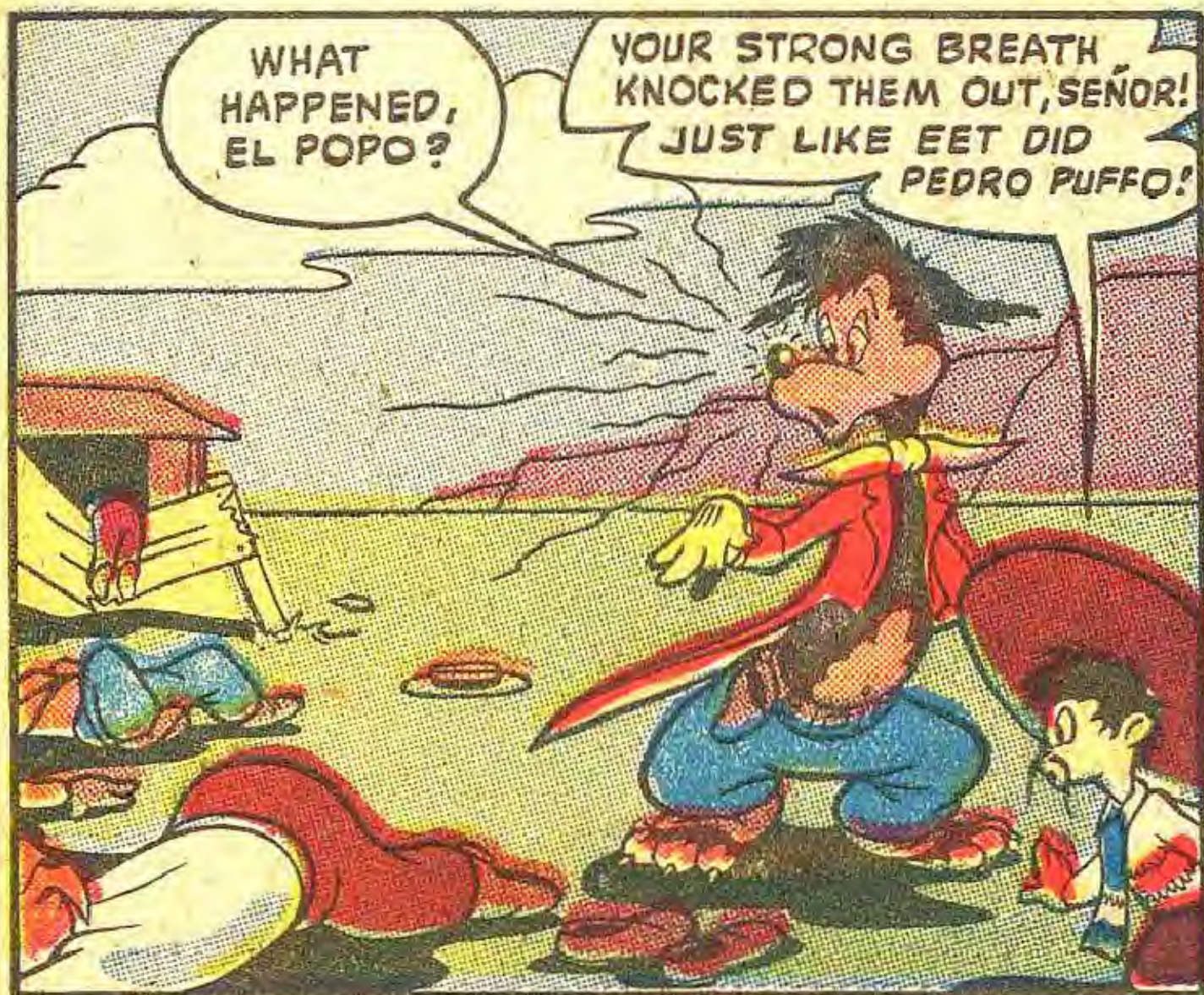
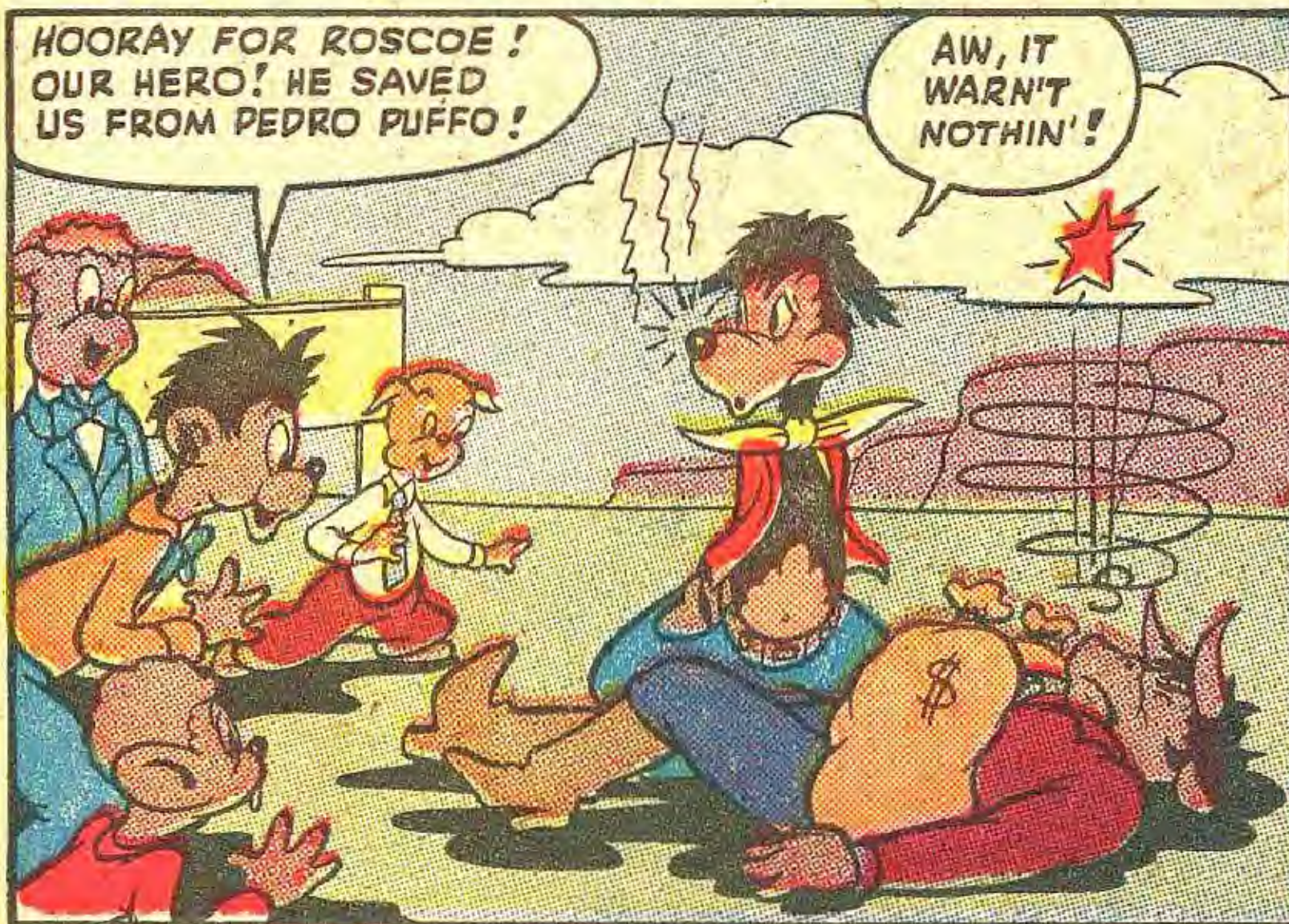
WAIT, SEÑOR ROSCOE!
SEE? THERE EES
NOT A CLOUD
EEN THE SKY!

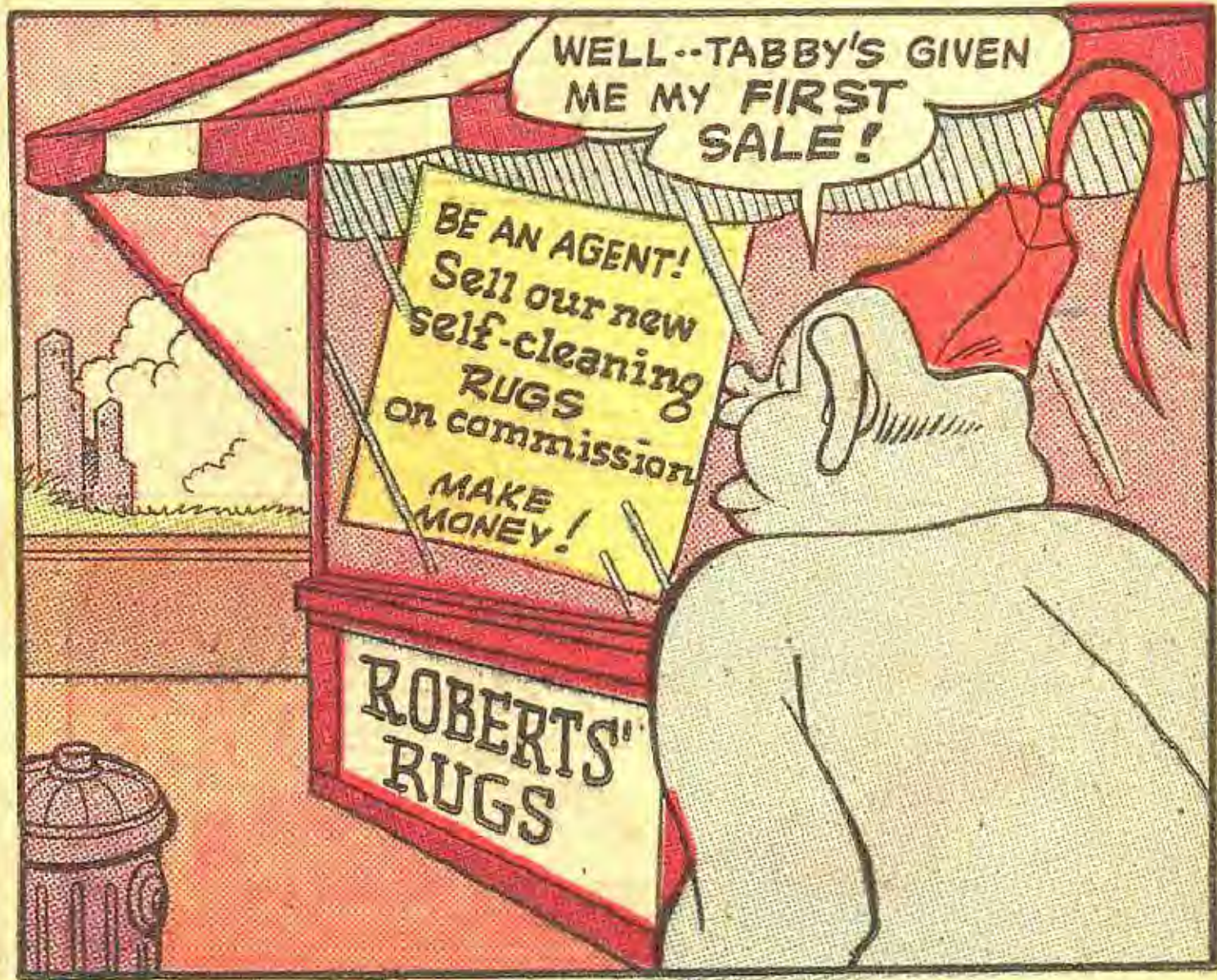
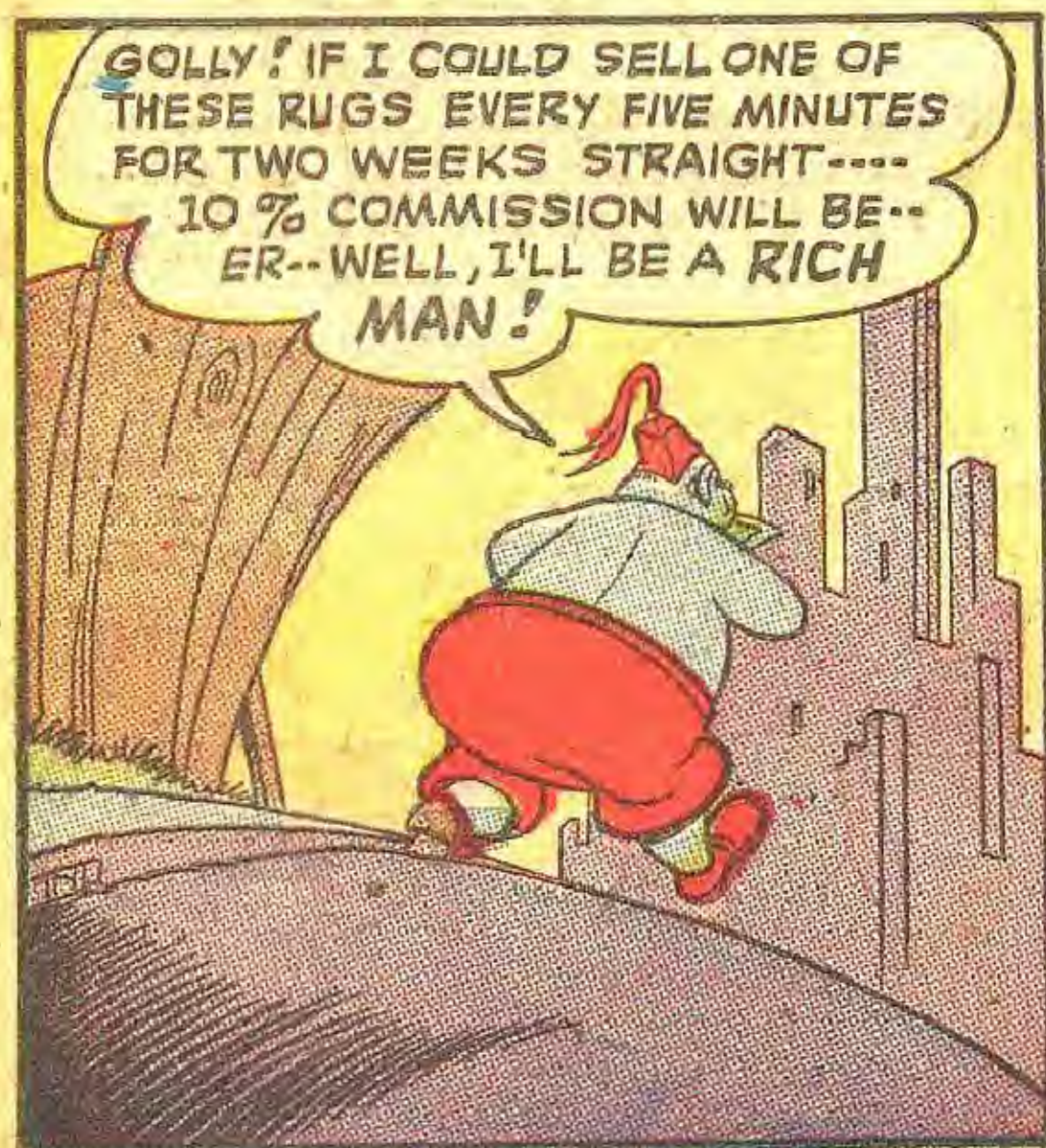
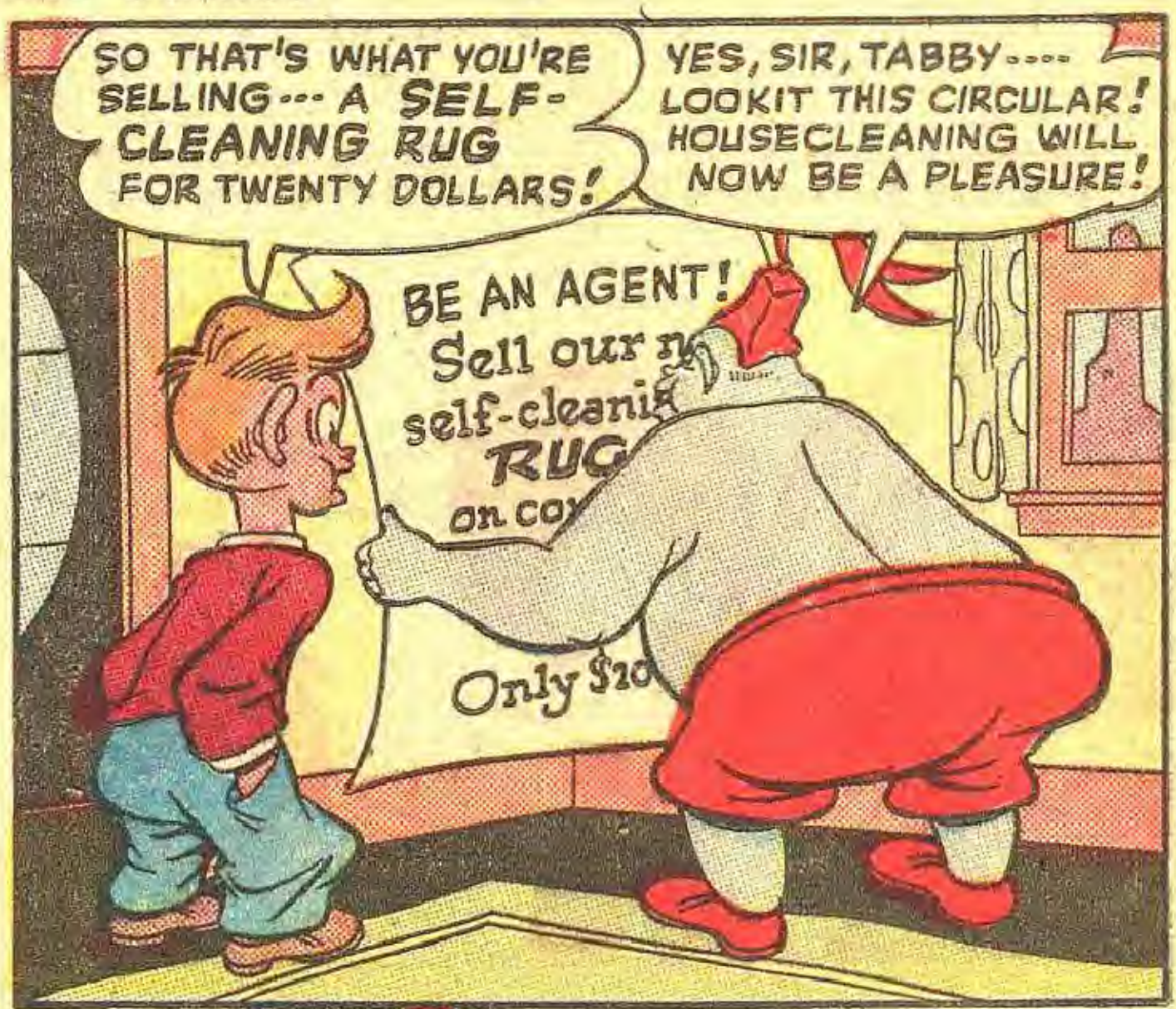
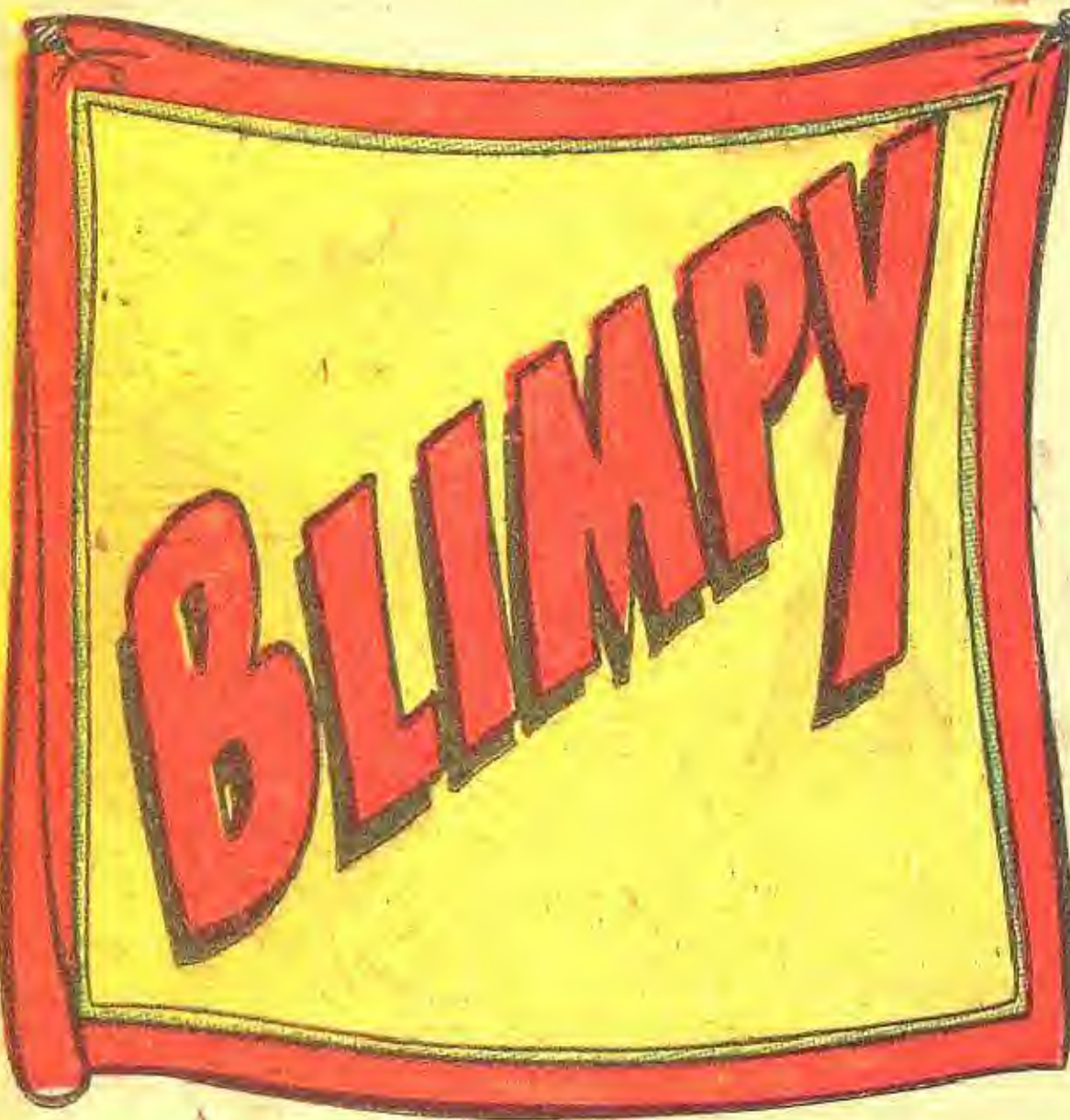


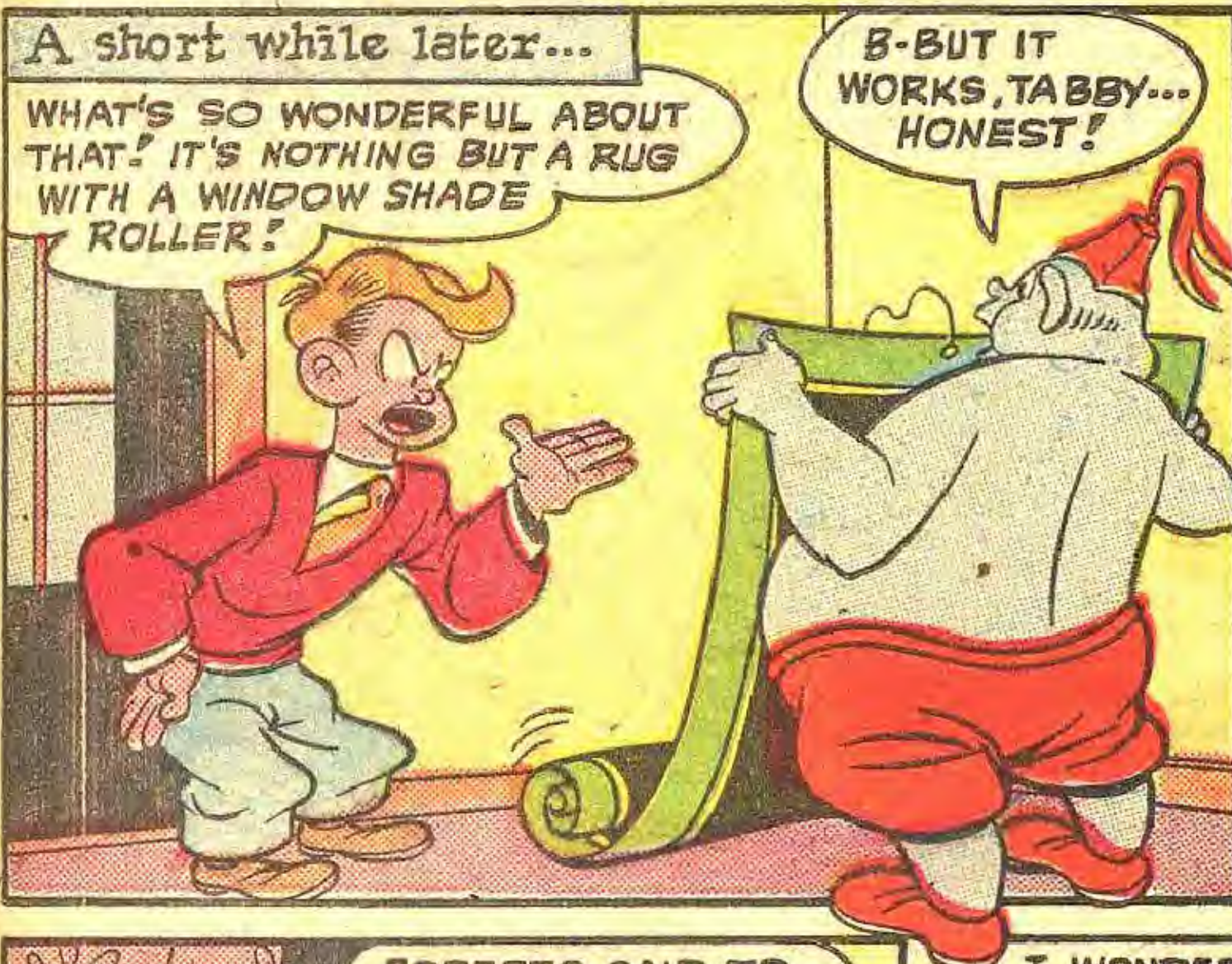
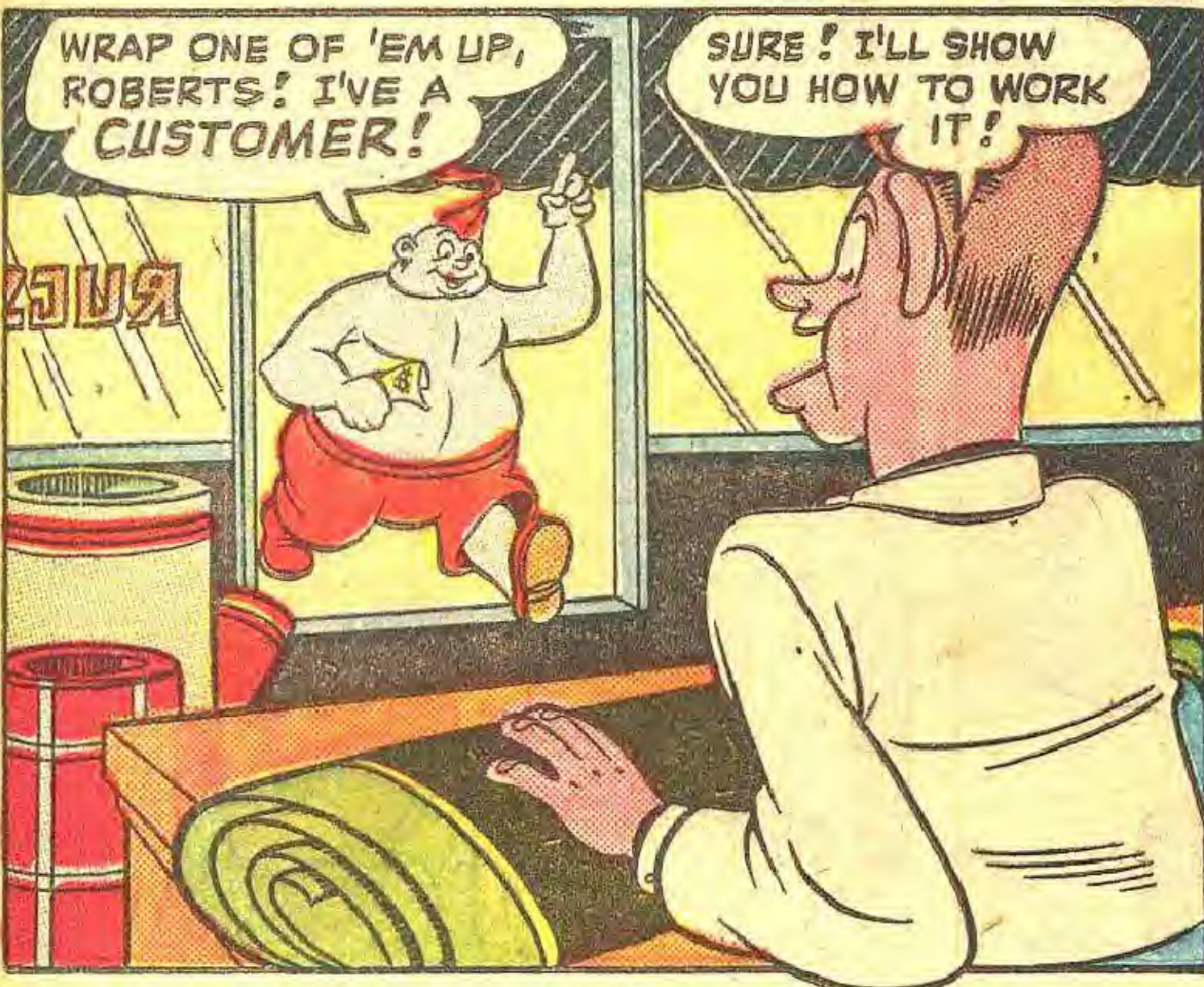


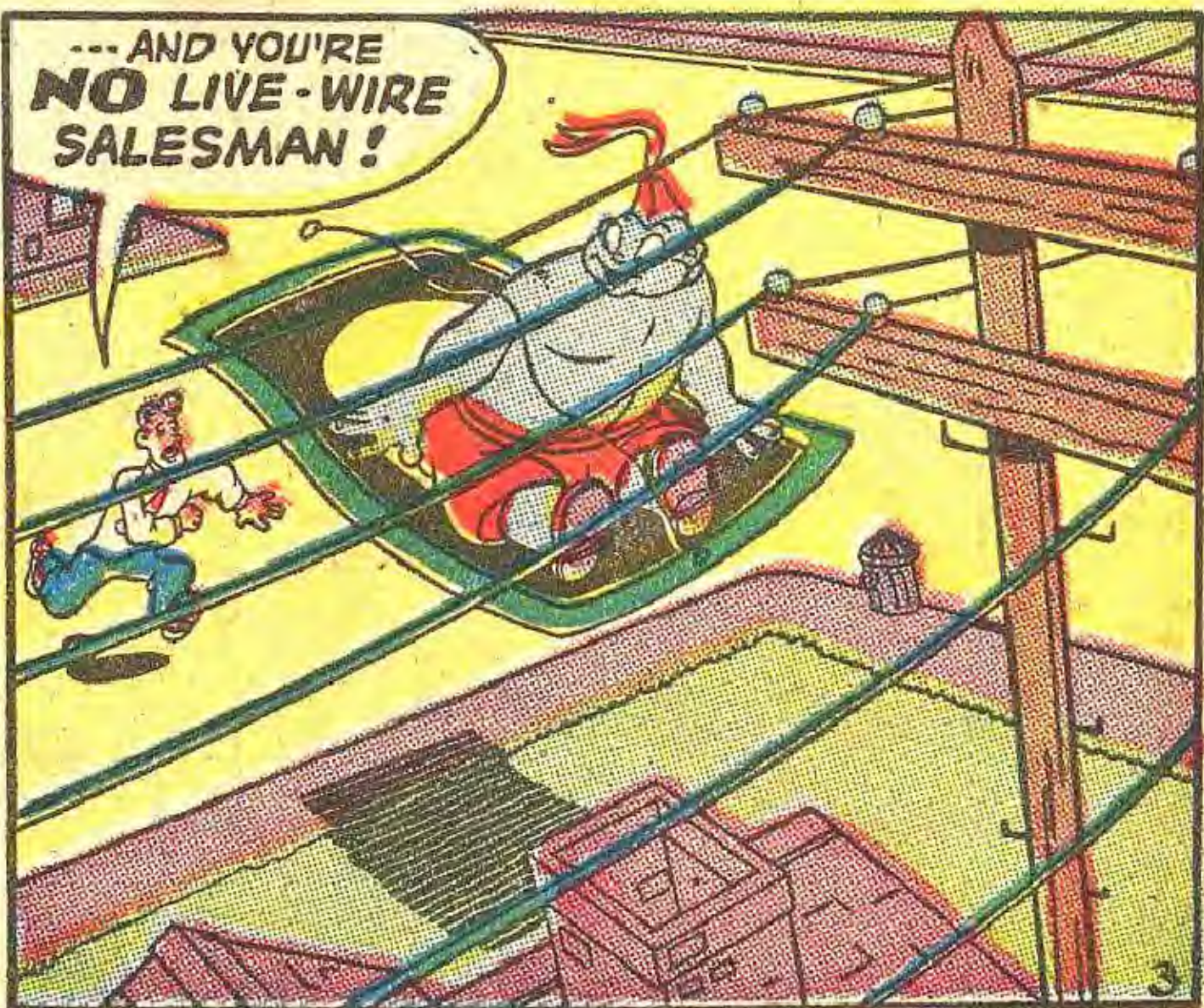
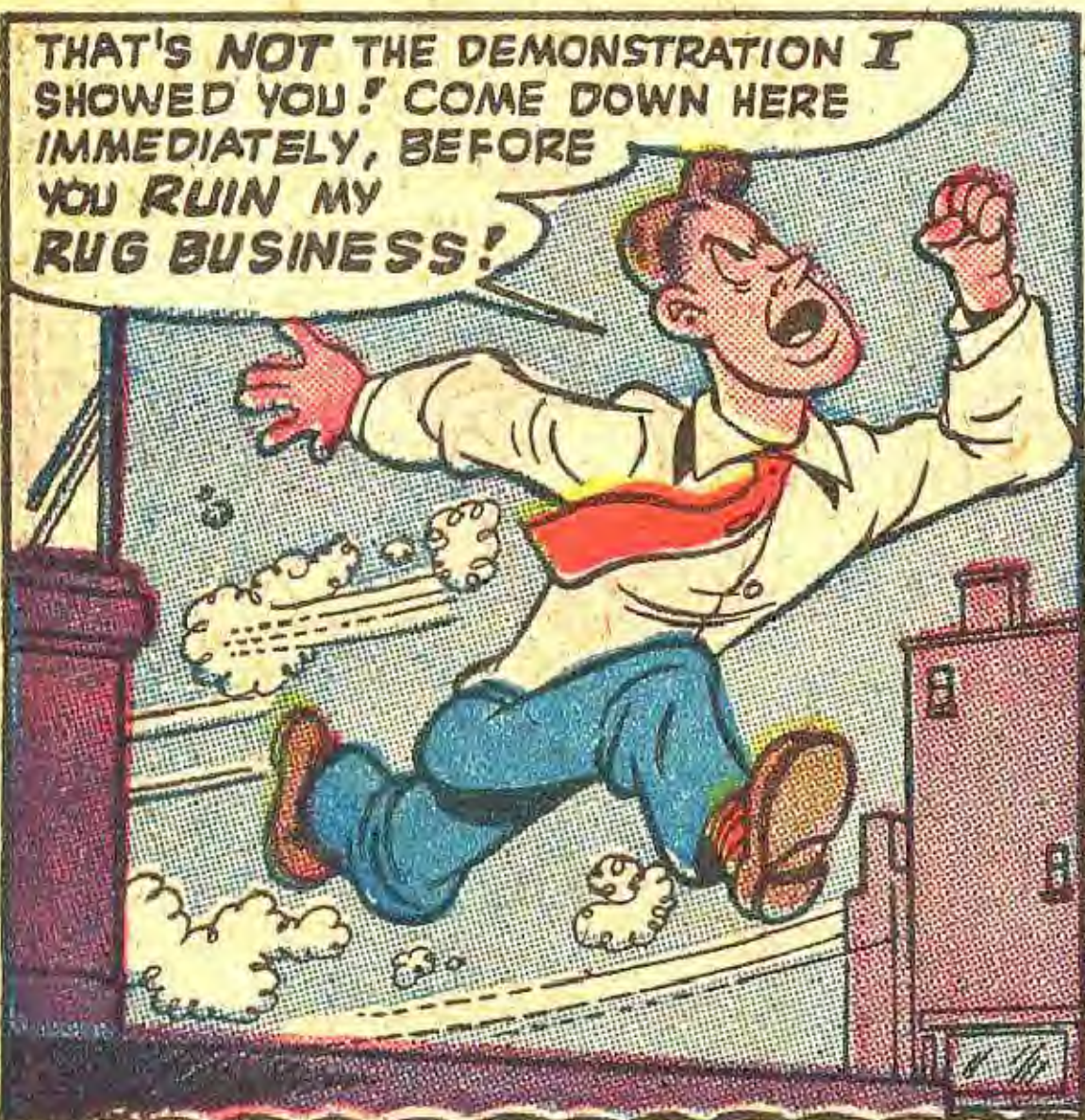
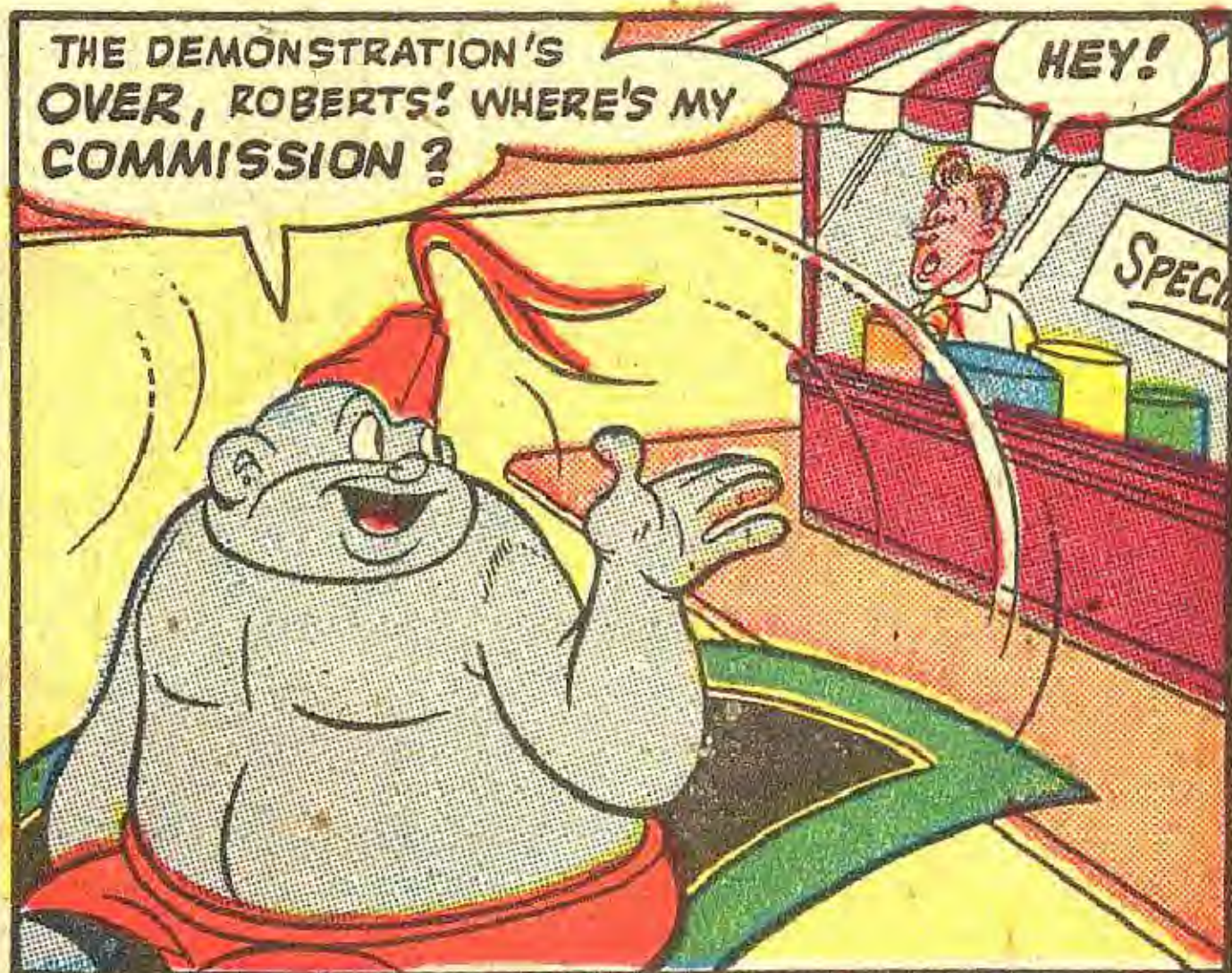
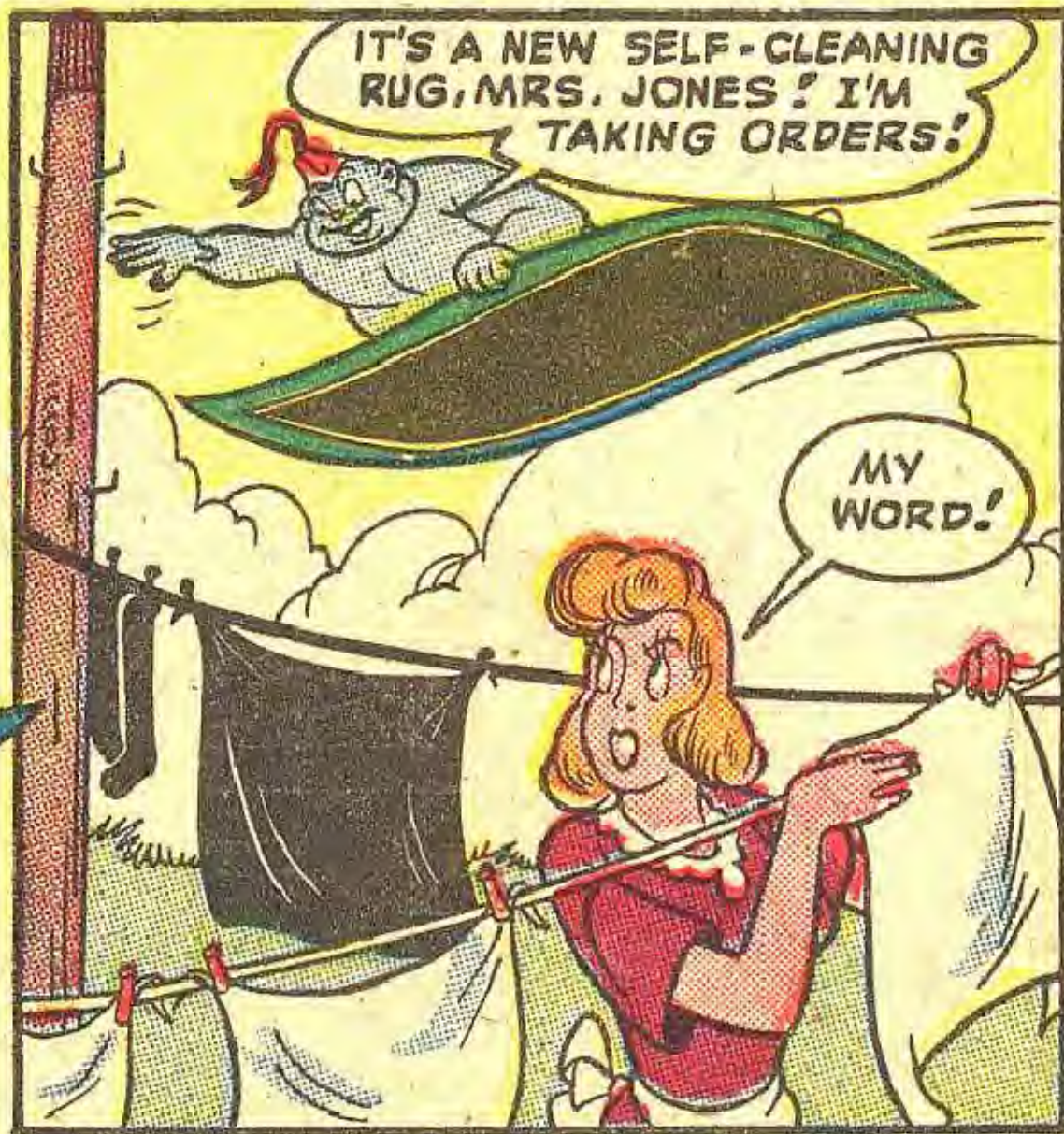


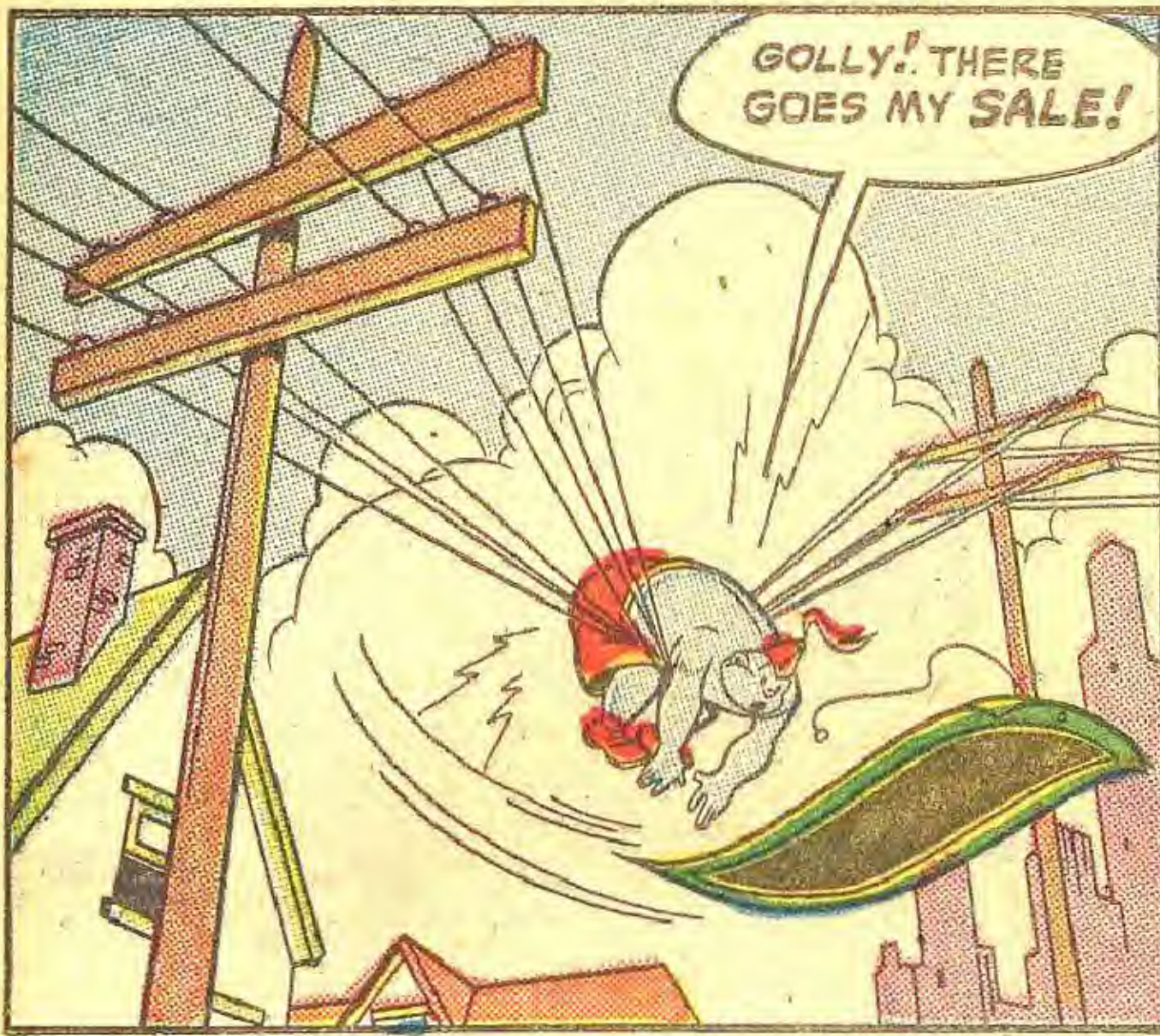












DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY, TABBY! HE HASN'T PAID ME MY COMMISSION!



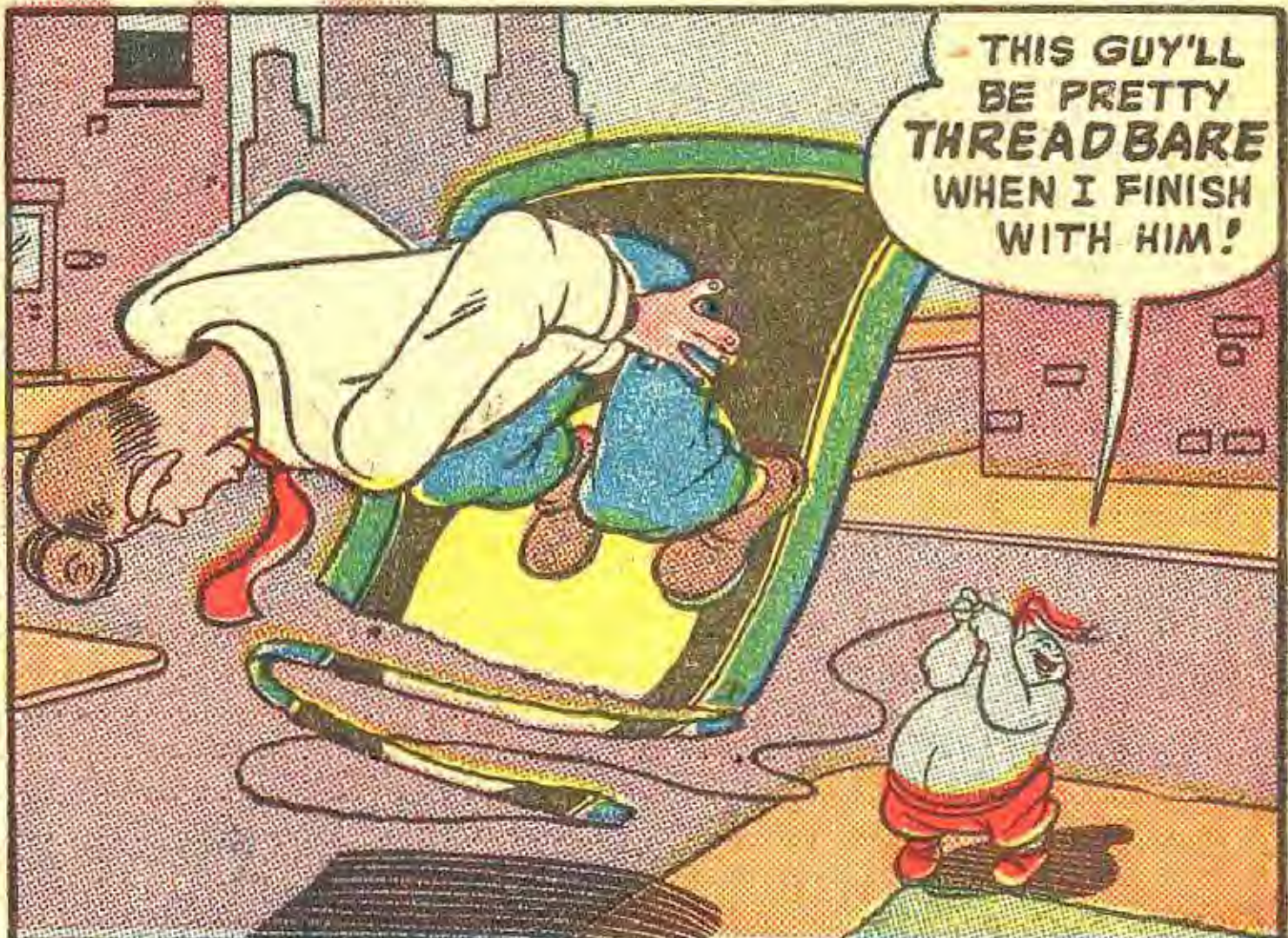
SO...YOU WERE JUST STRINGING ME ALONG, YOU CHEAT!



I'LL REALLY HAVE YOU ON THE CARPET FOR THIS!



THIS GUY'LL BE PRETTY THREADBARE WHEN I FINISH WITH HIM!



YOU BABOON --- YOU'VE UNRAVELED A MILLION BUCKS!



GOLLY... THAT'S RIGHT! I'VE LOST MY TWO-DOLLAR COMMISSION!

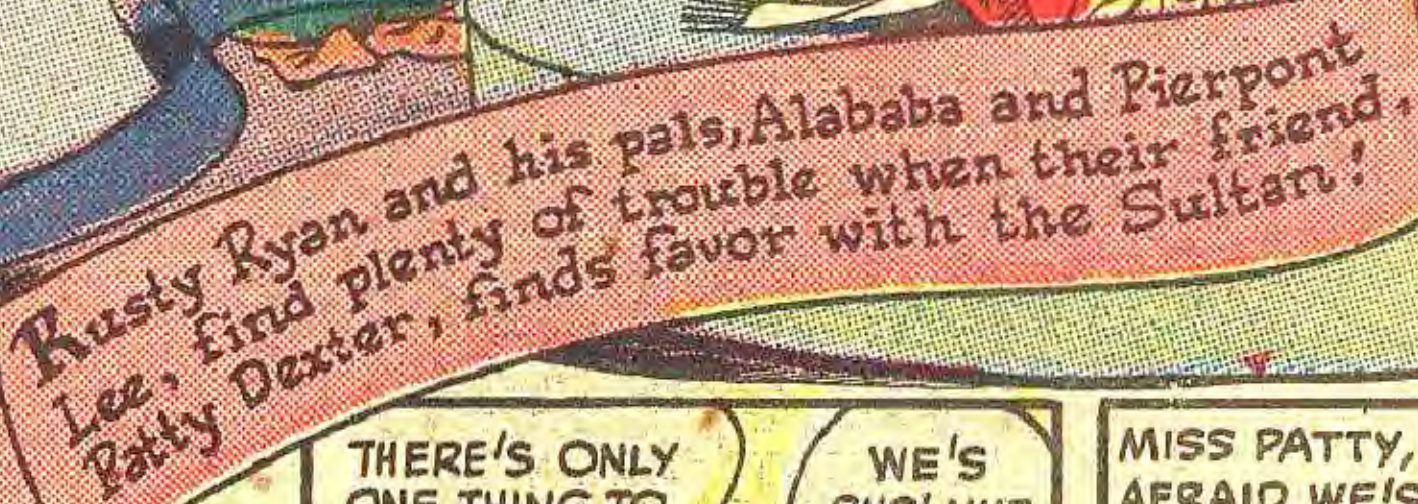


YEAH! BUT NOW, SUPER-SALESMAN, WE HAVE FIVE RUGS, THANKS TO A DEAL I MADE!

GOSH!



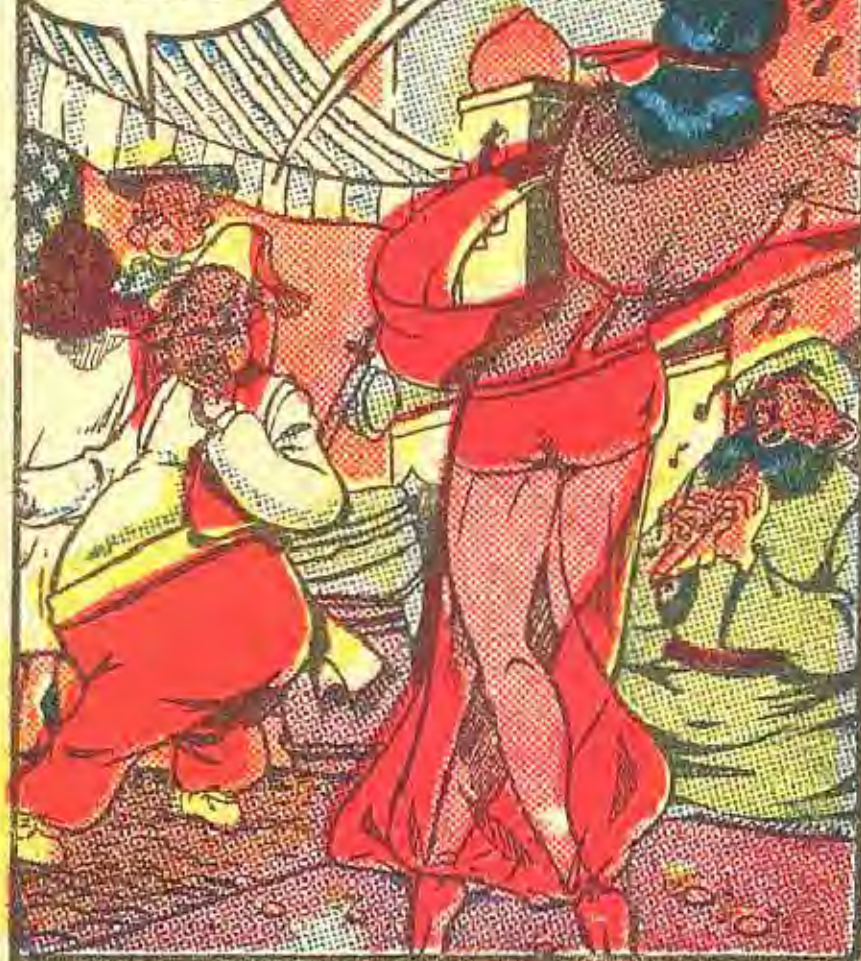
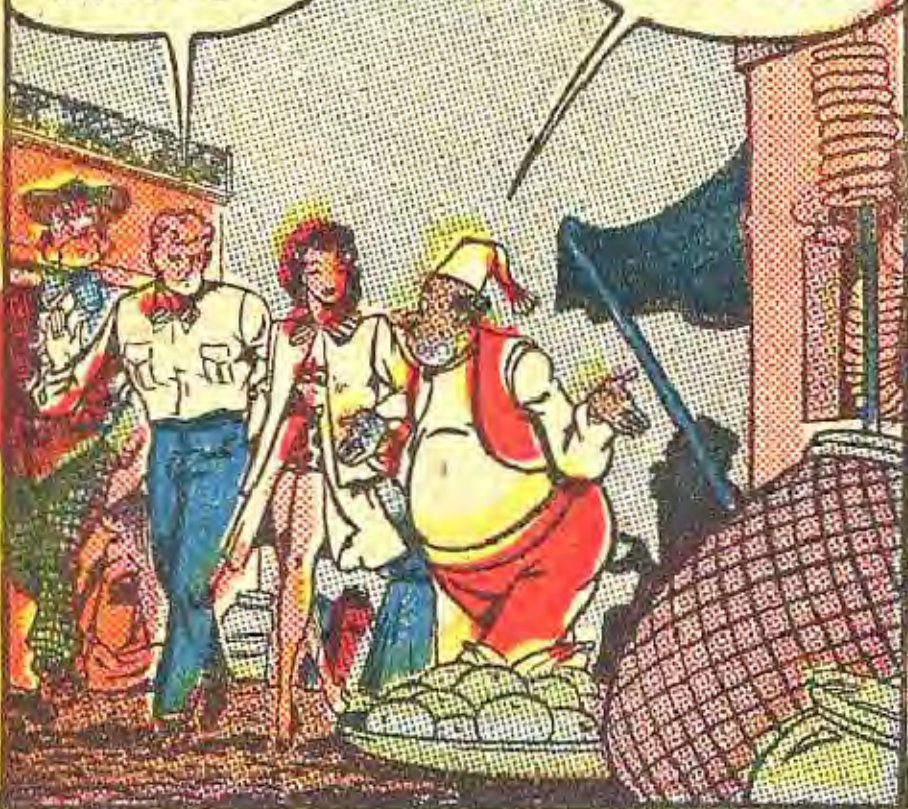
RYAN

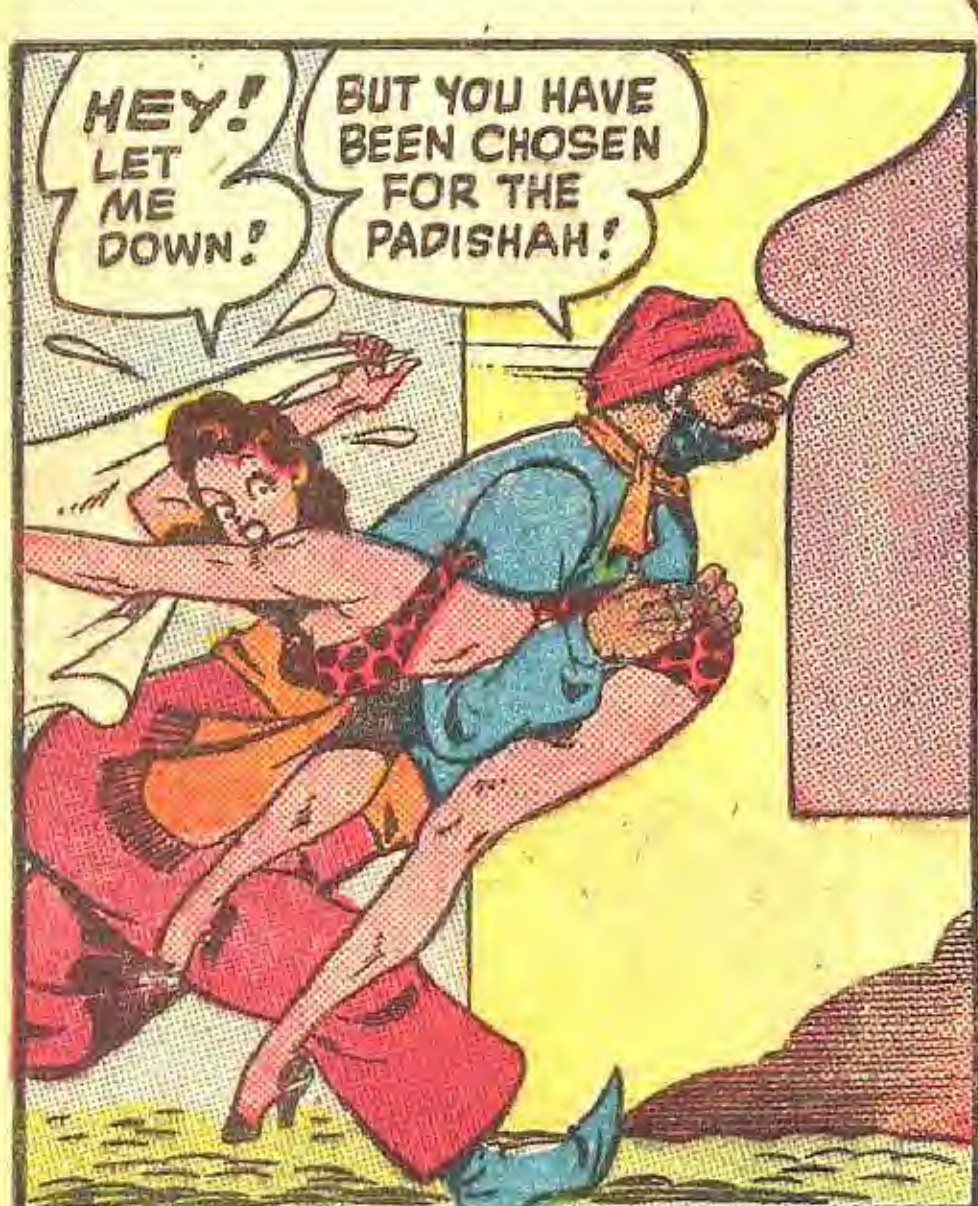
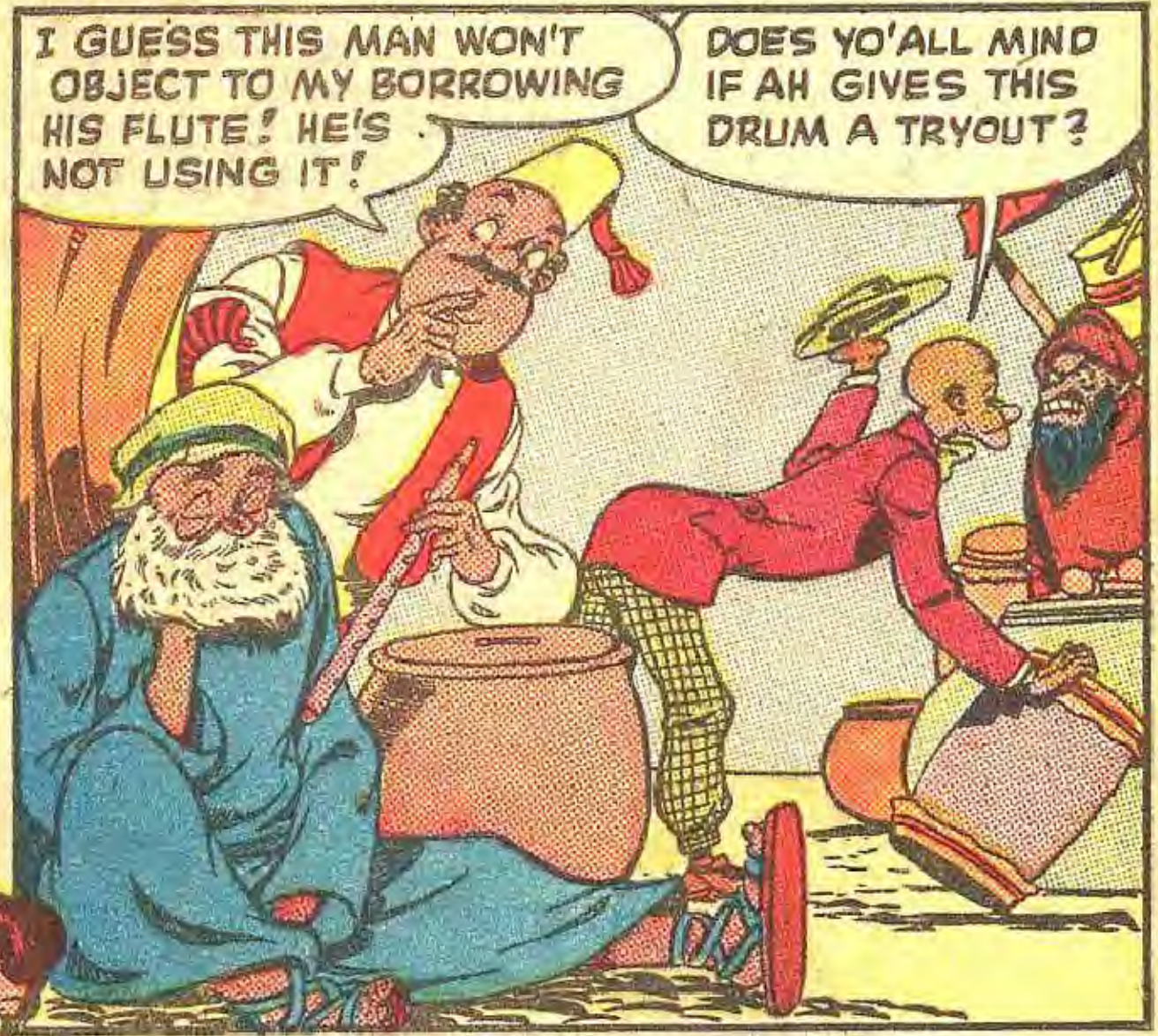
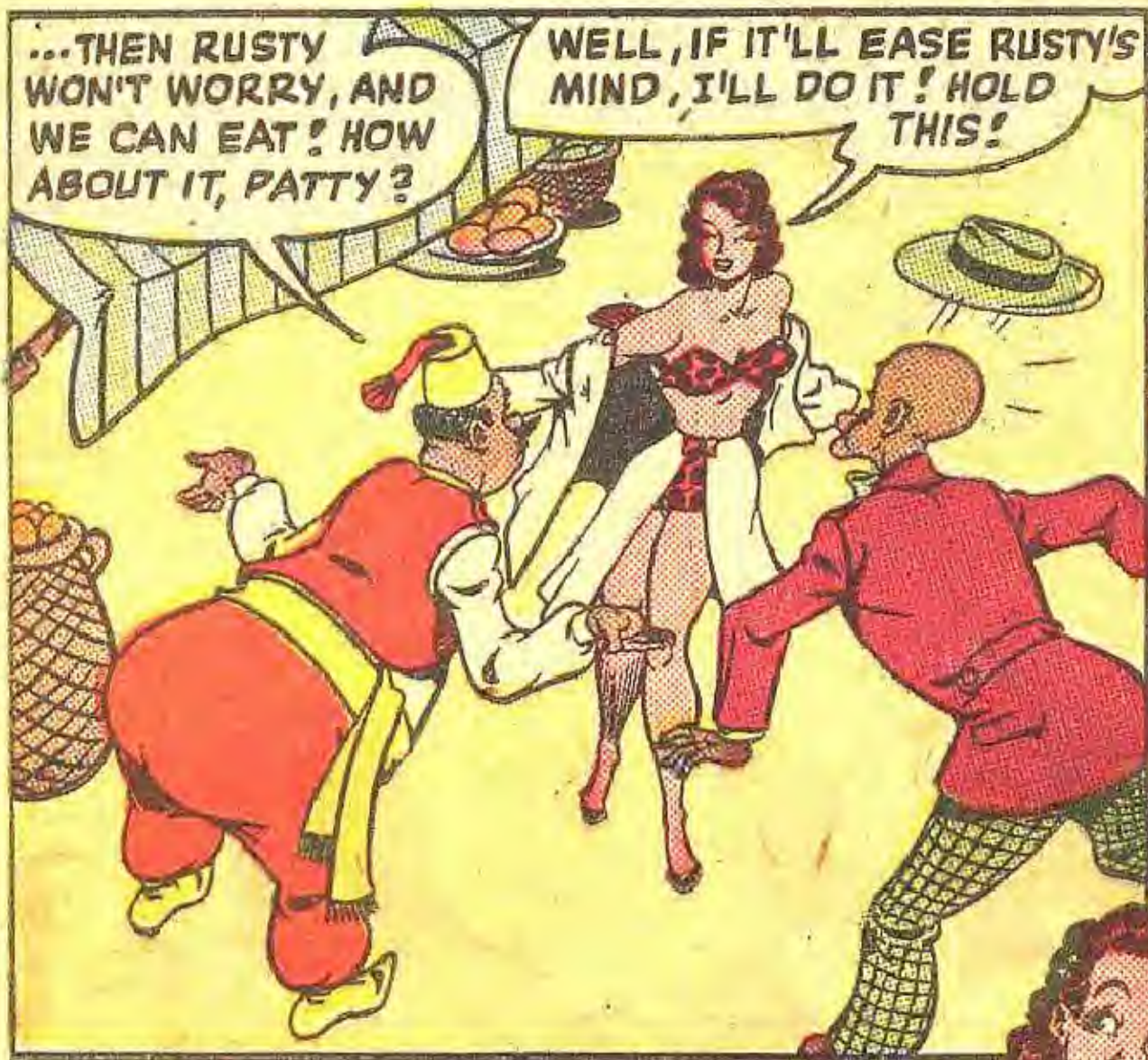


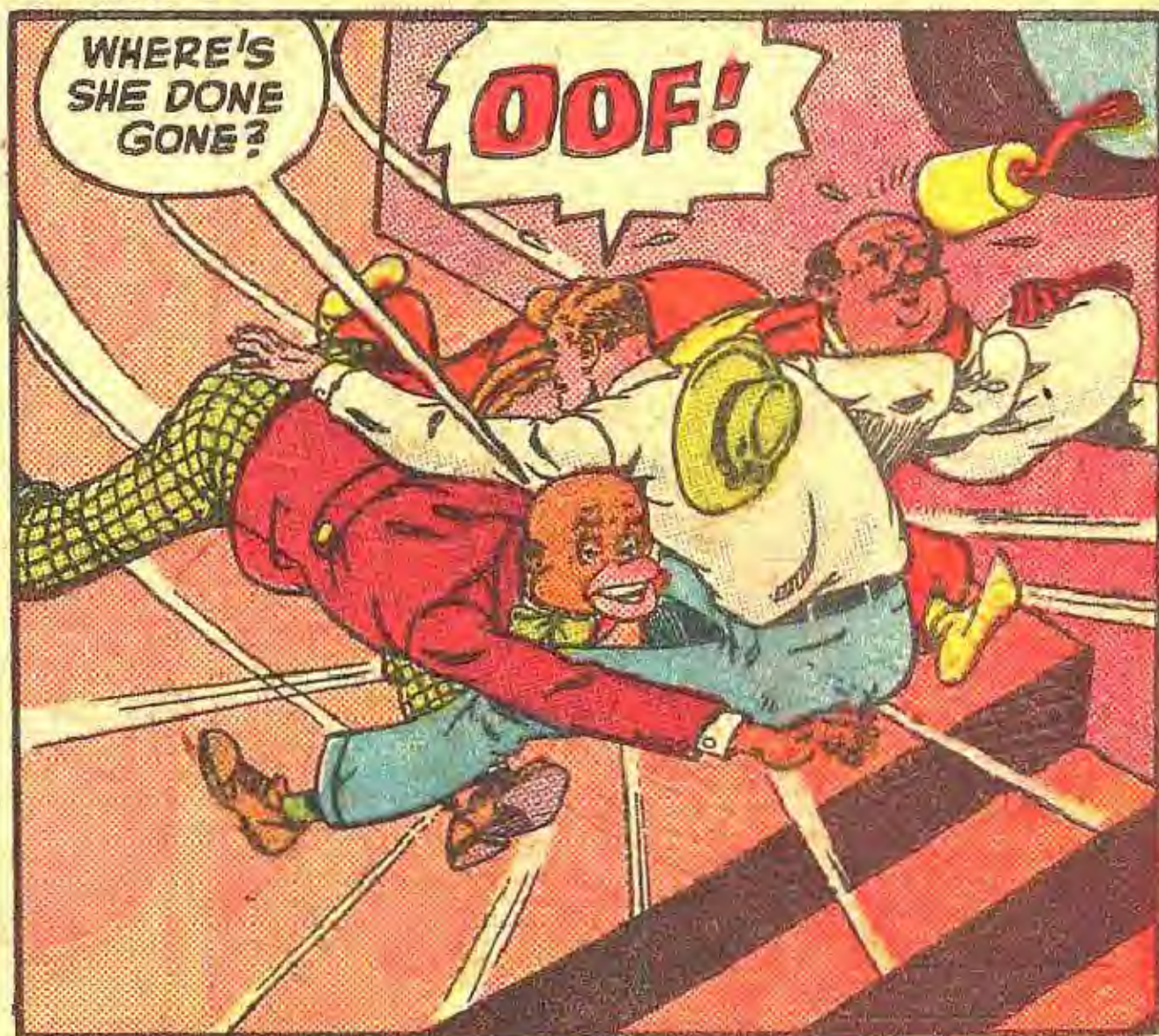
WHEN I ASK
FOR MONEY,
THEY'RE NO
LONGER
FRIENDS!

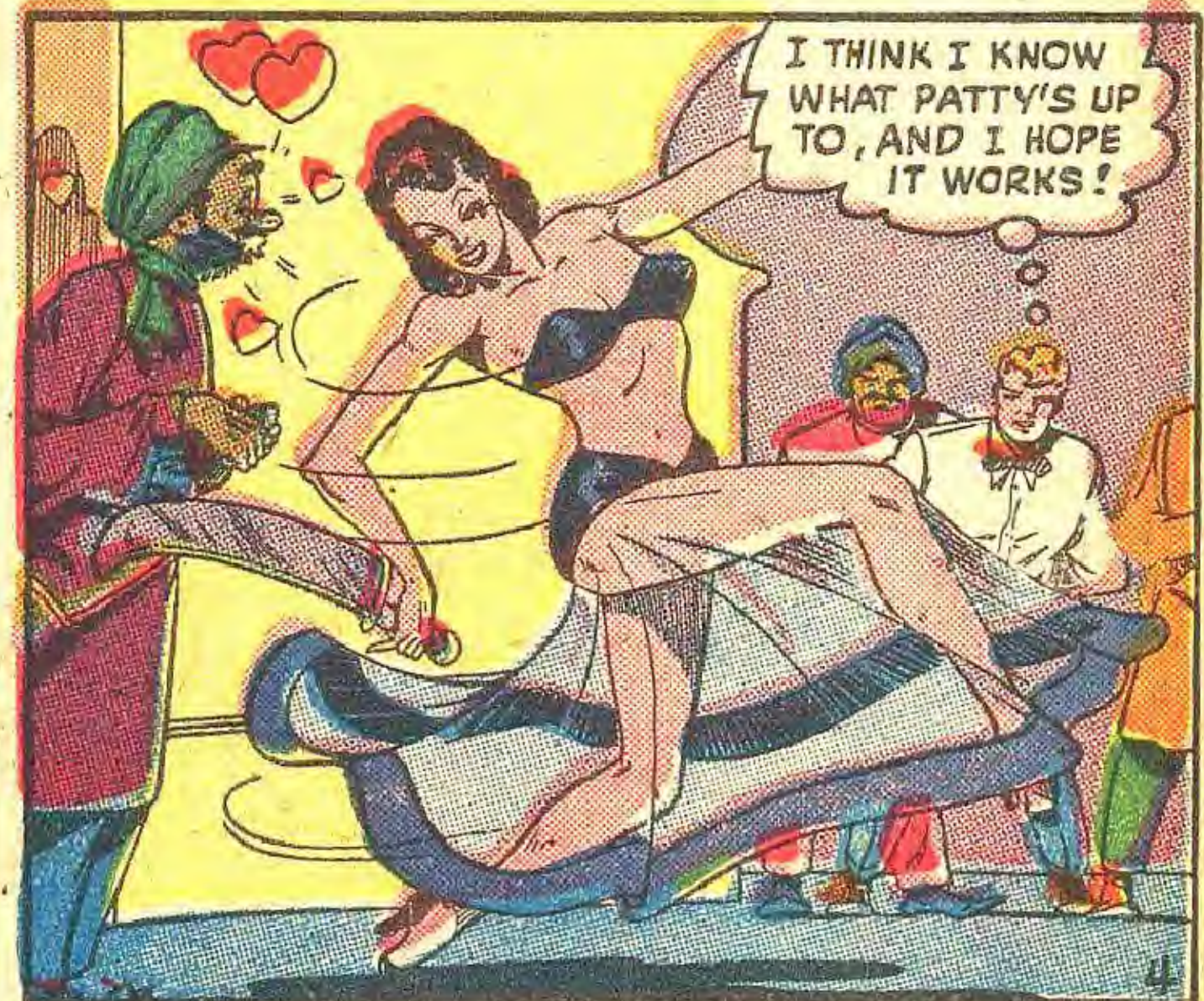
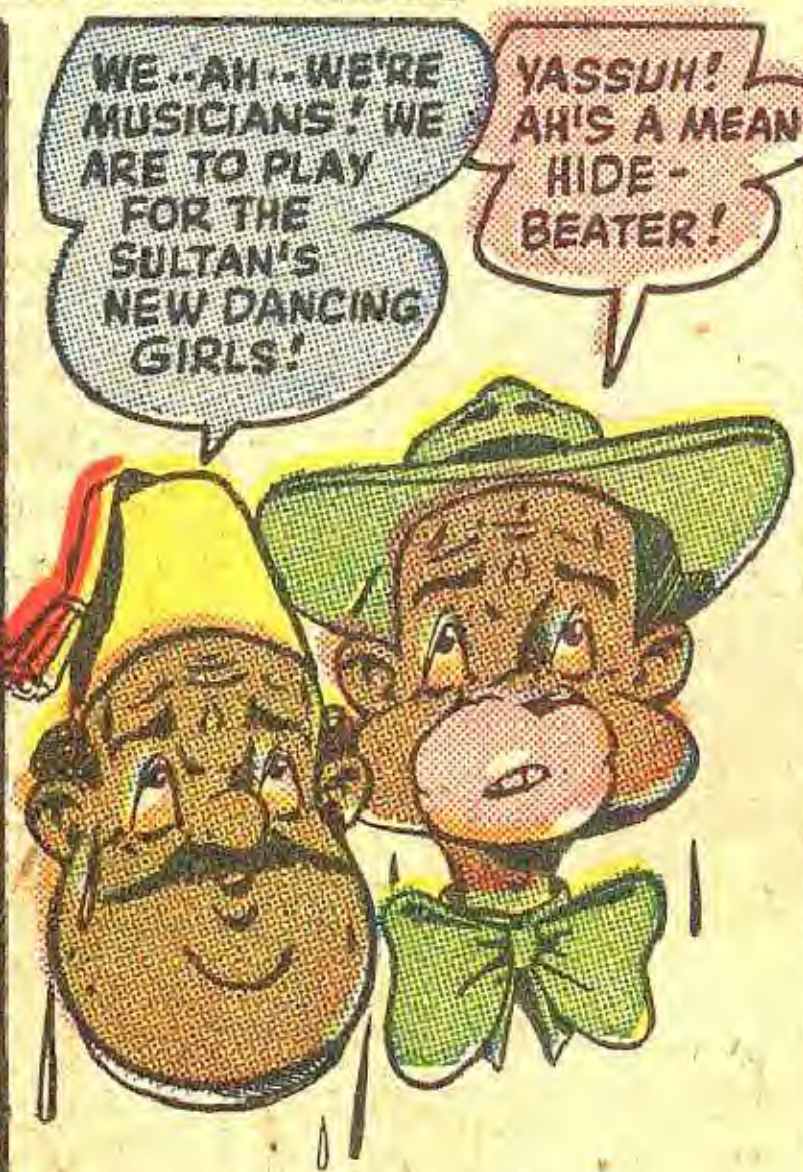
WE'S
SHO' NUF
BROKE!

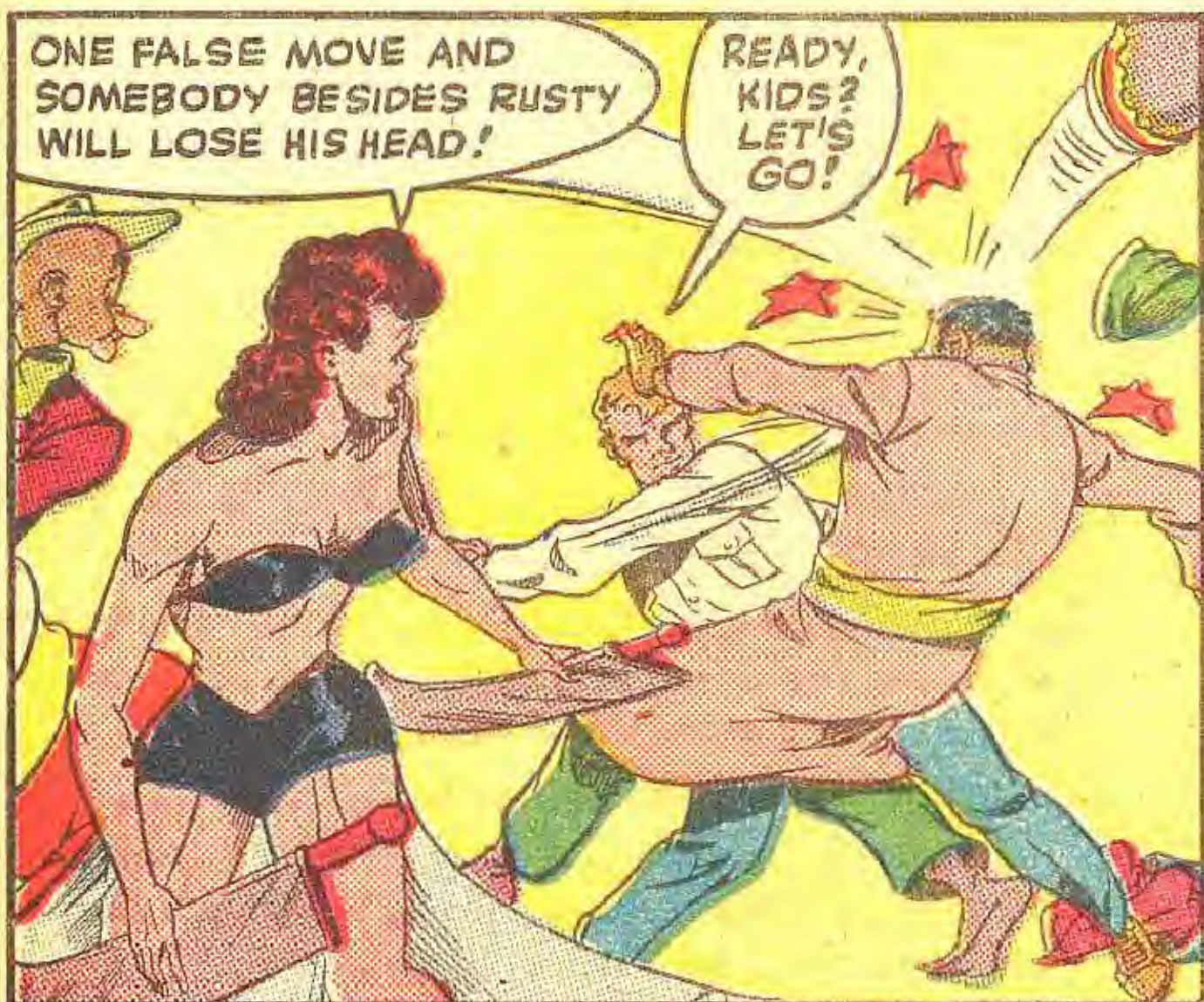
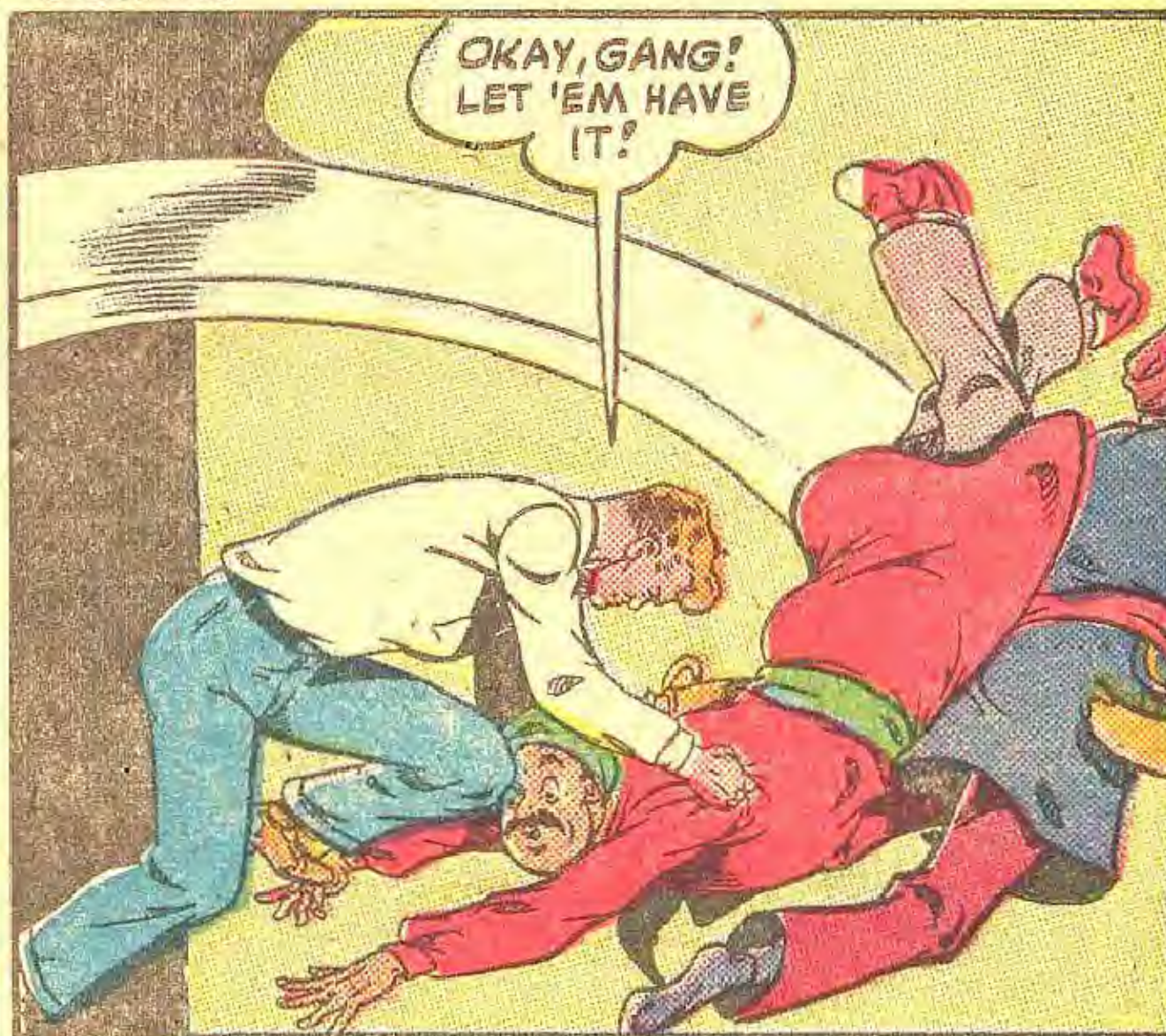
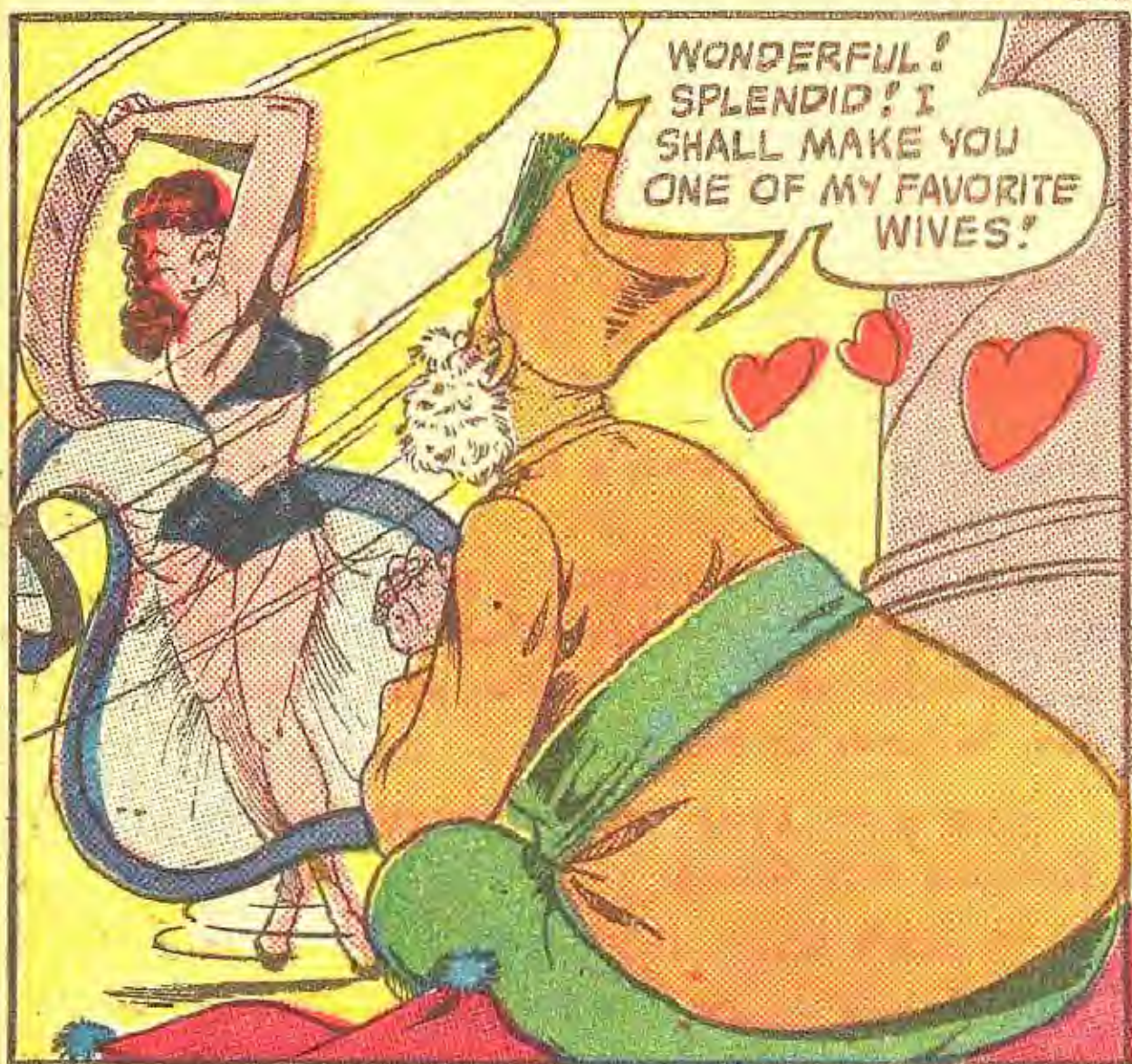
NOT WITH MY
EYE FOR
BUSINESS! I'VE
HIT UPON A
PLAN!











DARREL DANE'S



Double

THE man with the thick eyeglasses looked at Dr. Roberts soberly.

"Perhaps, Dr. Roberts," he said in an accented foreign voice, "you'll remember me as Prof. Gondo. You were working on a new theory at the Milan Institute when I saw you last."

Recognition flooded Dr. Roberts' face, and he jumped up, holding out his hand.

"Mike Gondo!" he almost yelled. "Why, you old vagabond! Of course I remember you. Those days at Milan! I often think of them, and the great hours we all spent together in that famous lab. But come, Mike, what brings you here?"

Gondo removed his glasses and polished the lenses with a silk handkerchief. He replaced them before answering.

"It is no secret, Dr. Roberts, that you are working on a great war weapon. Right?"

Dr. Roberts nodded. "It's true that such things leak out, Mike, but I trust it will go no further."

"You can trust me."

Dr. Roberts sat down again. "And you, Mike?"

"I too have been engaged on a similar project," said the foreigner. "I think I am close to a revelation. I believe I can help you, or we can combine our work. Like to hear about it?"

Dr. Roberts looked around quickly. "Walls, you know, Mike. No, come into my lab. It is soundproof."

The two men moved into the big laboratory where Dr. Roberts had devised numerous inventions to help his country, and to bring destruction to its enemies in time of war.

What the two scientists talked about is no concern of ours. Suffice it to say that they combined forces on a project that was soon to cast its shadow over the world.

Darrel Dane's private office on the top floor of the Tower Building was known to but few persons. His private telephone number was likewise a deep secret. Two persons only knew these secrets. They were Martha, Dr. Roberts'

daughter and Darrel's fiancée; and Tony Conley, member of the FBI.

At the moment, Tony was seated in Darrel's laboratory just off his office. Young Dane was a scientist of some repute, and often assisted Dr. Roberts in his work.

Just now Tony was interested in what Dr. Roberts was doing.

"I don't know the details, Tony," said Darrel. "I only know that it has something to do with an oxygen bomb—supposed to be many times more potent than the A-bomb."

"Whew!" exploded Tony. "That one! Seems to me I heard something in the Department concerning it. Then what's he doing with this old, goofy looking scientist from Italy who's been hanging around his lab for several days?"

Darrel looked startled. "What're you talking about? I don't know of anyone."

"Didn't Martha tell you, Darrel? If she didn't, maybe she doesn't know the score."

Darrel shook his head. "No. Martha has been up-state for a week. I don't think she's coming home for a couple of days."

Tony nodded. "That accounts for your ignorance then. Well, you'd better check into this guy. His papers seem all right, but that's nothing that can't be forged."

Tony stood up and yawned. "Well, old bloke, I guess I'll be shoving along. Might be needed for tailing some sinister character. See you."

"So long," replied Darrel in a more or less preoccupied manner. He was plainly worried about what Tony had told him. Who was this old scientist?

Sometime afterward Dr. Roberts was talking with Darrel Dane in the former's laboratory.

"Mike is a good sort, Darrel. Knew him for two years back at Milan. Worked together. He's engaged on a deal similar to mine, and I'm sure he can assist me a lot."

Darrel said, "I'm glad to hear it. The FBI seems to think he's okay, and that's something. I guess a phony couldn't fool you for long, eh?"

Dr. Roberts chuckled. "No, Darrel, not an old head like me, I spot 'em instantly. Mike

FEATURE COMICS

should be back here soon. He's down at the War Department."

Darrel got up. "I'll toddle along. When's Martha coming back? I miss her."

"She's due home today, Darrel."

An hour later, Darrel stepped into Dr. Roberts' laboratory with a cheery hello.

"Long time no see," he sang out.

Dr. Roberts turned from his bench with a funny look on his face. "Well, if you call an hour long," he replied. "Thought you had an appointment when you left me?"

Darrel looked funny now.

"Dr. Roberts, you're working too hard. When I saw you the last time I was taking off for Florida."

The scientist came across the room with a quick tread.

"One of us is definitely crazy," he said. "You were here an hour ago, and we discussed Prof. Mike Gondo. I think you're working too hard, Darrel."

Darrel Dane felt a cold shiver run down his back. He looked closely at Dr. Roberts, saw nothing but sanity in his face, and felt again a cold clutch at his spine.

"Yes, somebody might have been here, all right. But it wasn't me, Dr. Roberts. It must've been a mighty clever impostor. This looks bad."

Dr. Roberts' face turned pale. "Yes, there was something—some little thing—about that man that didn't ring a bell with me. Darrel, who in the world would want to impersonate you, and why?"

Darrel ran a hand across his eyes. "I'm afraid it isn't a matter of impersonating me, Doctor. This man wanted to talk to you. . . . What did you talk about? Tell me everything!"

Dr. Roberts sank into a chair and groaned.

"We talked about Mike Gondo and relative things only. I thought you were merely checking up on Mike."

Darrel jumped. "I did, and I still am! Listen, Dr. Roberts, that man was merely trying to find out if you trusted Gondo to the limit. Better call the FBI and have them hold Gondo until we know what's at the bottom of this."

It was dark when Darrel stepped out into the street before Dr. Roberts' house. A cab slid up and he climbed in. The cab had hardly started before a man's voice said, "Hold the pose, Dane! This is a gun you feel in your ribs. . . . You know where, driver, and make it snappy!"

Darrel said nothing; there wasn't any use.

He knew ways of foiling such plans. They rode on at a fast clip, turning a number of corners and ducking down narrow alleys. Then the cab pulled up before an ancient brick building.

The man said, "Get out, but keep close to me, Dane. Walk straight ahead and through that door."

Darrel did exactly as ordered. Inside, the hall was dark, but hands grasped his arm and led him forward. The gun still pressed into his back.

A door opened, showing a lighted room, and two men seated at a table. The man behind Darrel said, "Meet the real Darrel Dane, boys!"

Darrel turned to see a man who looked exactly like himself!

"Surprised?" grinned the phony Darrel.

"No, but you'll be!" The real Darrel Dane quickly called upon the secret powers of his body, the contracting molecules of which instantly caused him to shrink to less than a foot tall.

Now as the invincible Doll Man he went into action!

The three men in the room yelled as they saw Dane's body shrivel before their eyes, and they were so enthralled that the Doll Man caught them off guard. His tiny body hurtled here and there with the speed of a lightning bolt. He hit the phony Darrel Dane on the chin, and the man went out.

Now a gun cracked and a bullet thudded into the floor beside the Doll Man. His impish laughter rang out and again his doll-like body moved with incredible speed. He struck the man who held the smoking gun, and down he went.

There was only one man left now. The Doll Man hit him in the stomach with his head, and the battle was over. Assuming his normal size, Darrel ripped the mask off the face of his double.

"Mm," he said to himself. "I might've known it was an expert! Henry Bolt, one of the cleverest crooks who ever lived, and one of the best make-up artists. So he's been fooling Dr. Roberts along, masquerading as Prof. Gondo!"

The door swung open and several FBI boys, headed by Tony burst into the room.

"What's up, pal?" cried Tony. "Oh, I see the war is over. Who have we here?"

"Henry Bolt, none other," replied Darrel. "I wouldn't mind him faking some old professor, but I sure resent it that he stole my act for a while!"

BIG TOP

THIS ACT WE'RE REHEARSING WILL GET A BIG LAUGH, BOSS!

YOUR OLD COMIC GAGS PUT PEOPLE TO SLEEP!

1000

NOT THIS ONE, BOSS... Y'SEE, THAT BIG DUMBBELL'S A FAKE--- JUST BLOWN-UP BLACK BALLOONS!

SURE, I KNOW!

WHEN THE STRONG MAN TRIES TO LIFT IT, HE CAN'T... BUT THE LITTLE MONK, HERE, WALKS OVER AND LIFTS IT EASY!

SURE, BUT HOW ARE YOU TRAINING THE MONK TO DO IT?

OH, WE'VE GOT HIM USED TO HANDLING THIS REAL LITTLE IRON DUMBBELL!

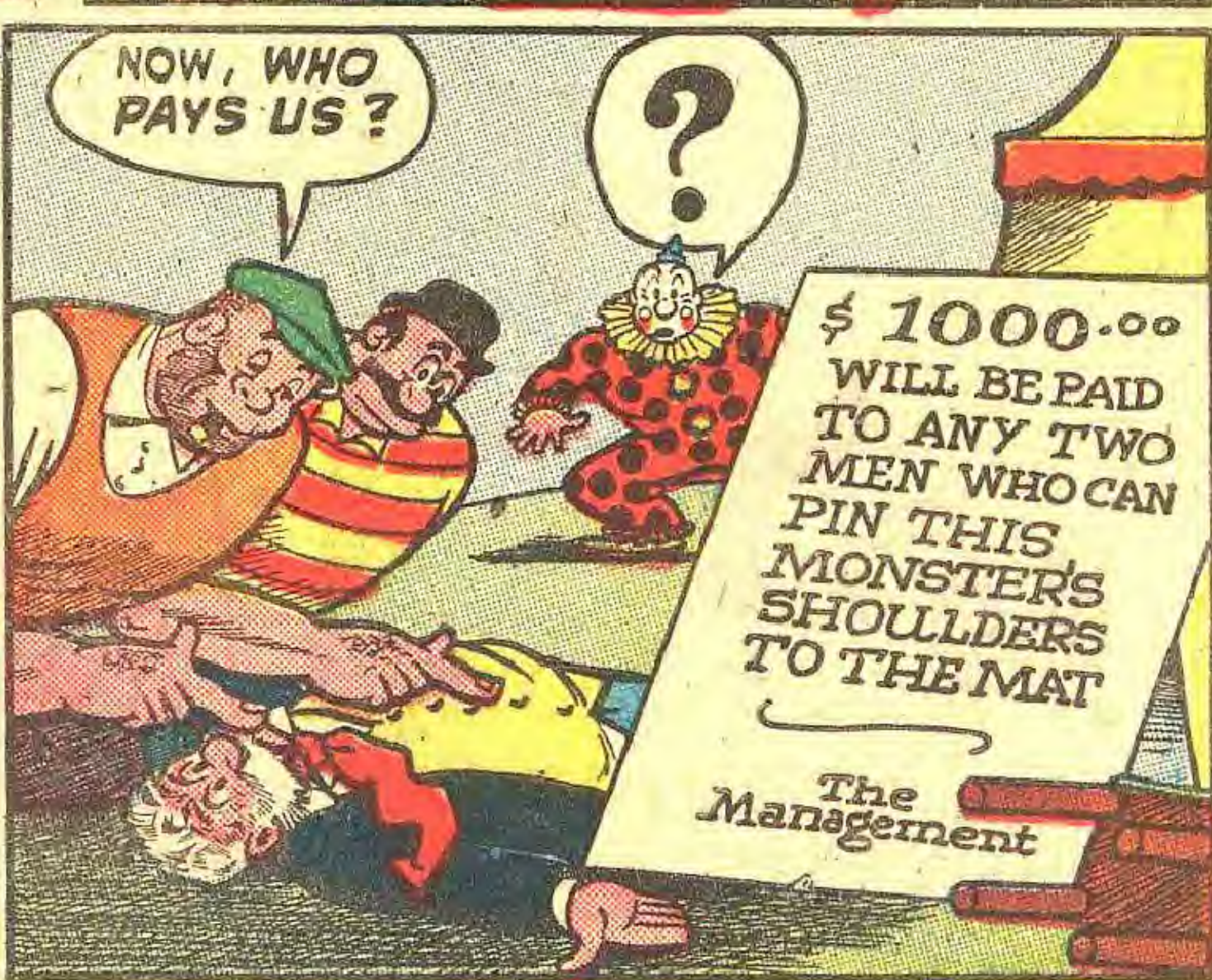
?

JUST AT THE RIGHT MOMENT, WE TAKE THIS LITTLE ONE AWAY, SO HE RUSHES OVER AND GRABS THE BIG ONE!

NOBODY'LL GO TO SLEEP OVER THIS ACT, BOSS!

BOSS! BOSS! WAKE UP!

BIG TOP



PERKY



Perky, who has been flying to lands of fantasy ever since he stepped into a magician's vanishing box, now embarks on his greatest adventure when he makes sense out of GARBLED NURSERY RHYMES!

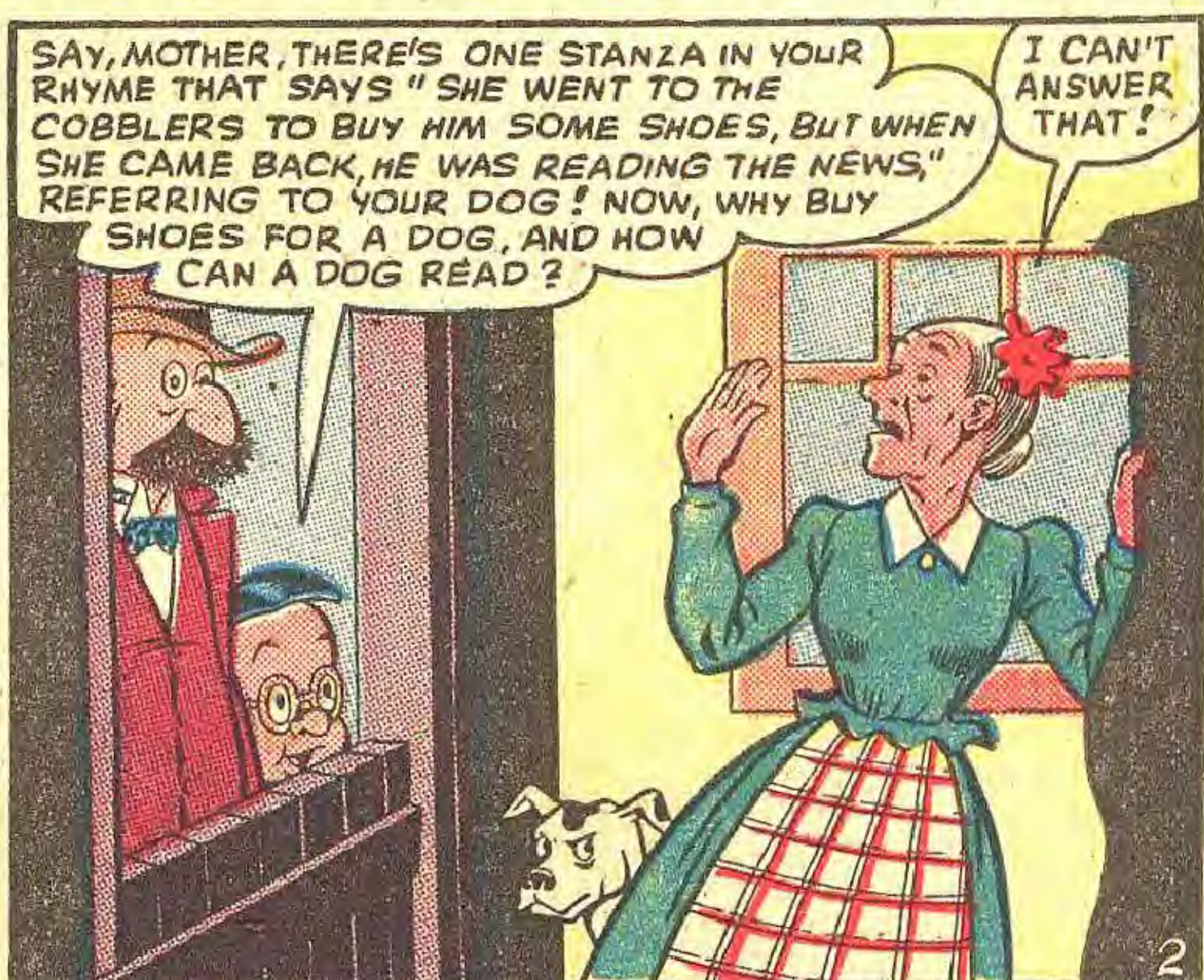
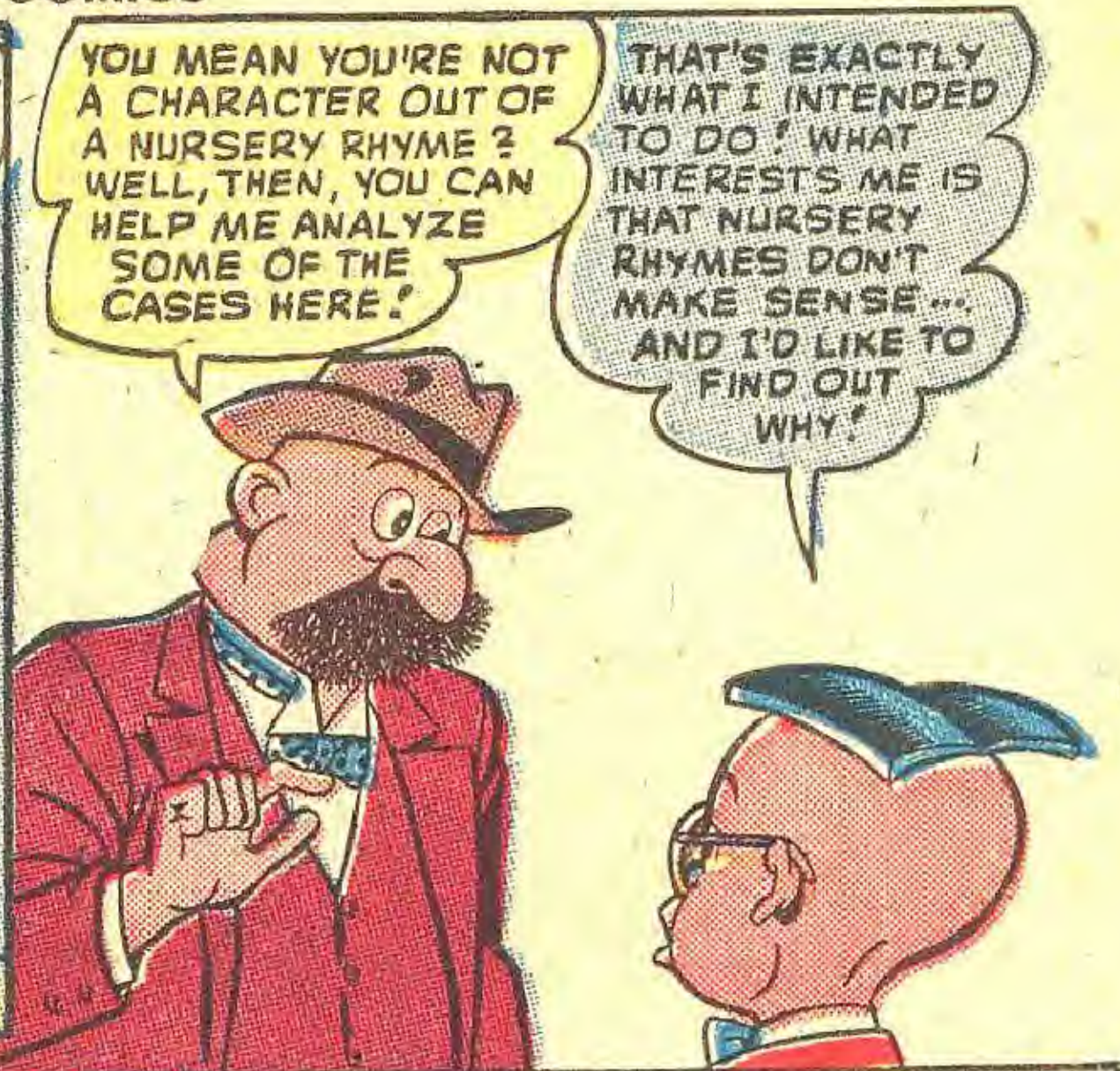
AH! NURSERY-RHyme LAND! GOOD! I'VE GOT SOME THEORIES ON NURSERY RHYMES THAT I'D LIKE TO TEST!

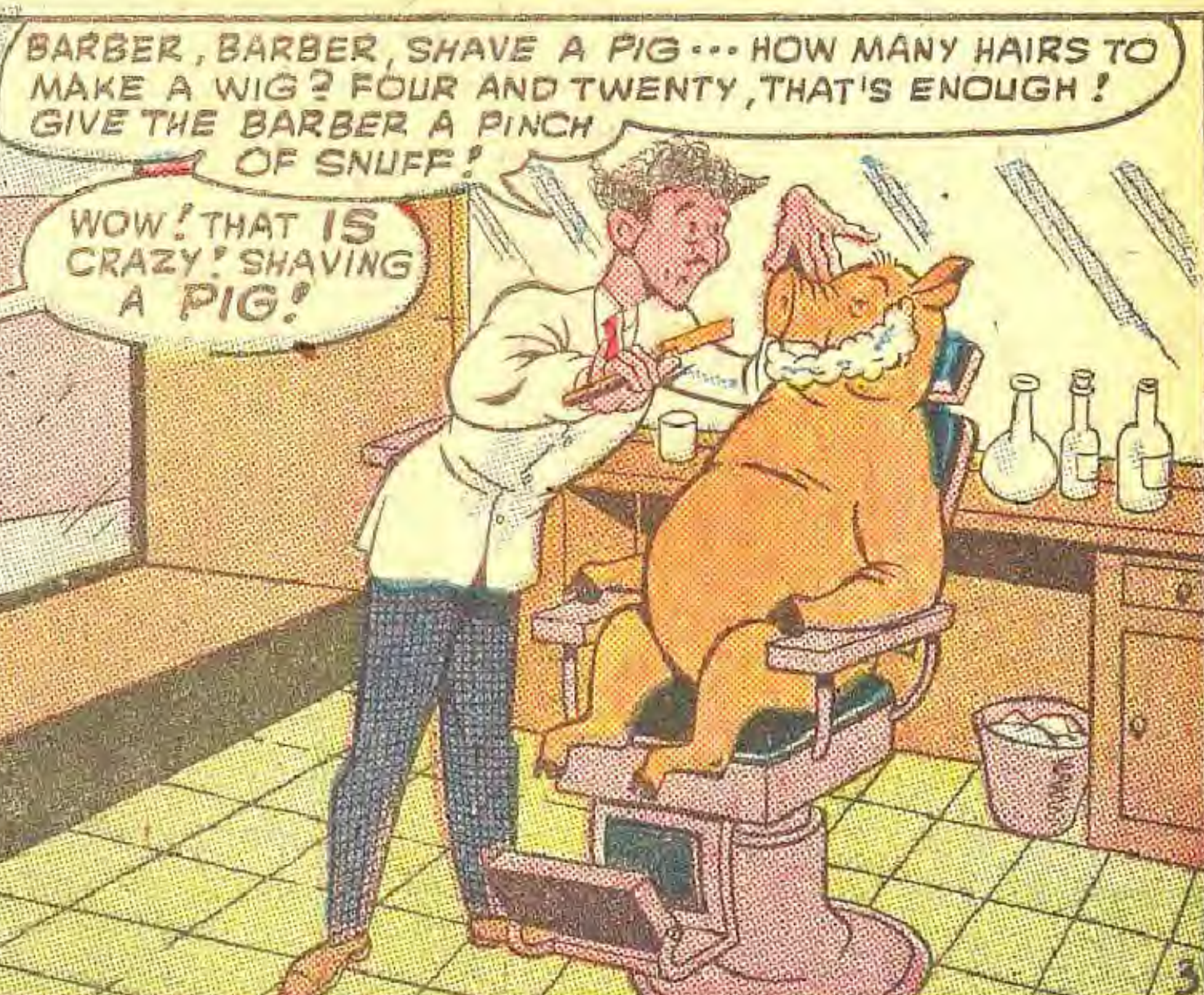
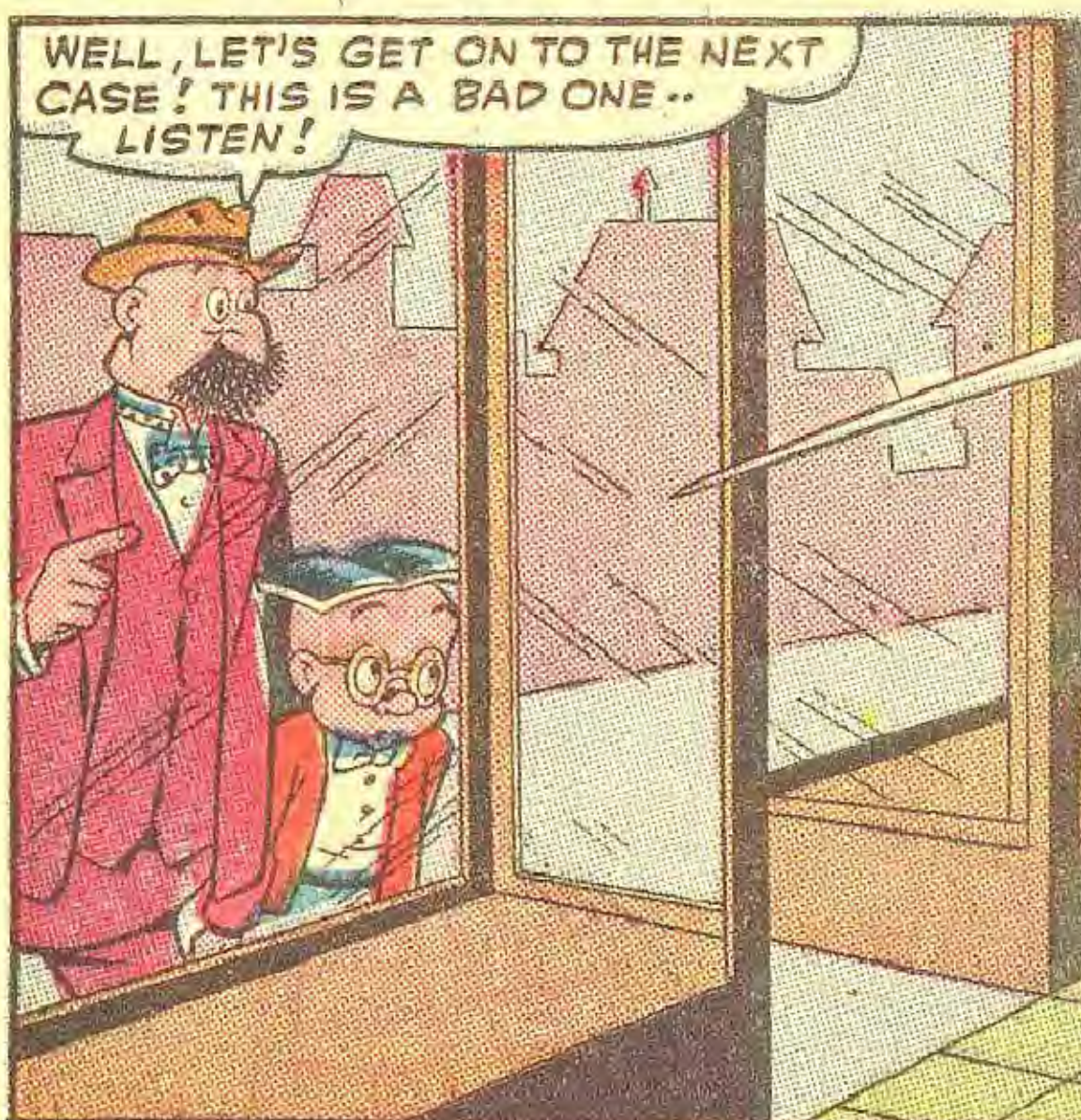
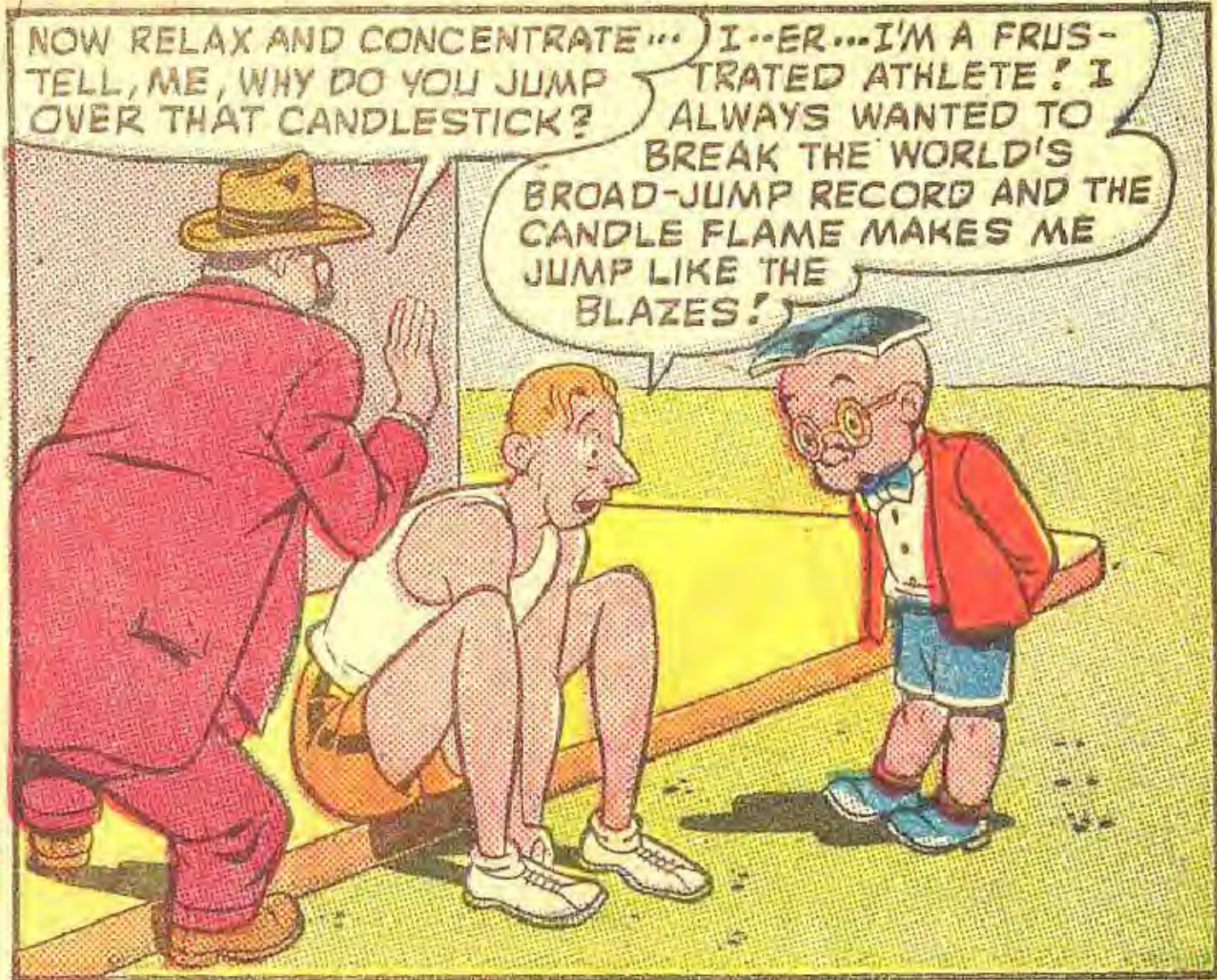
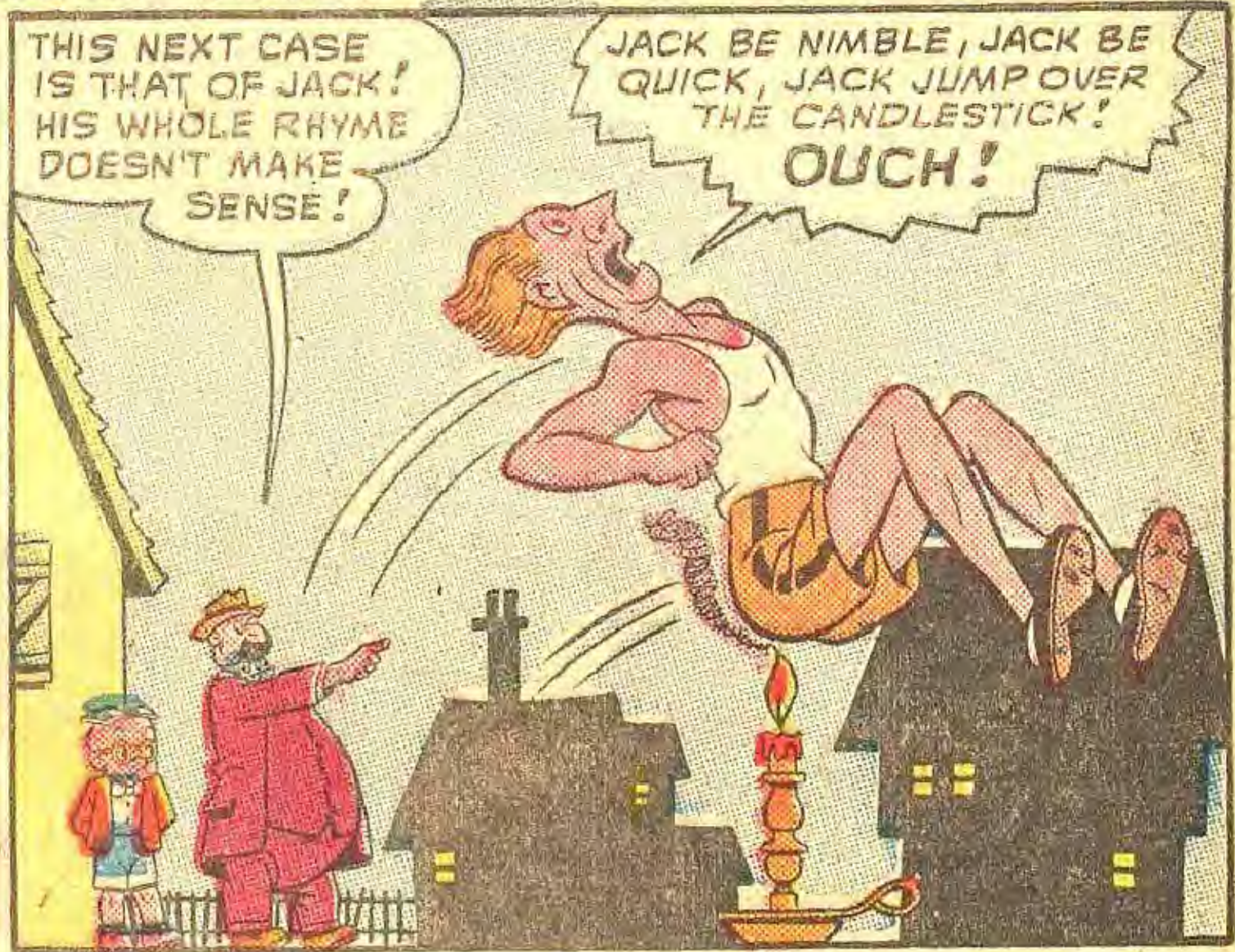


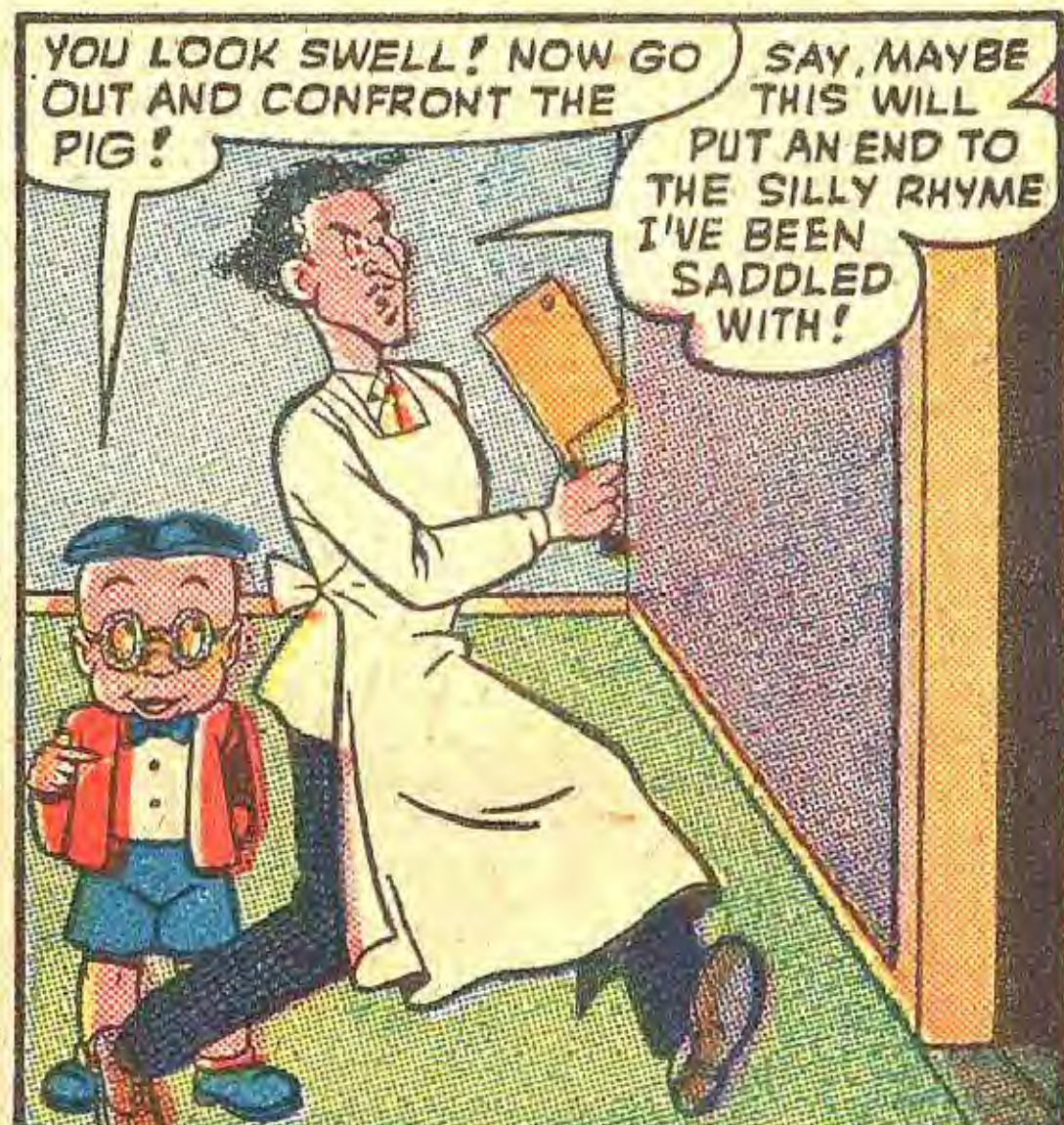
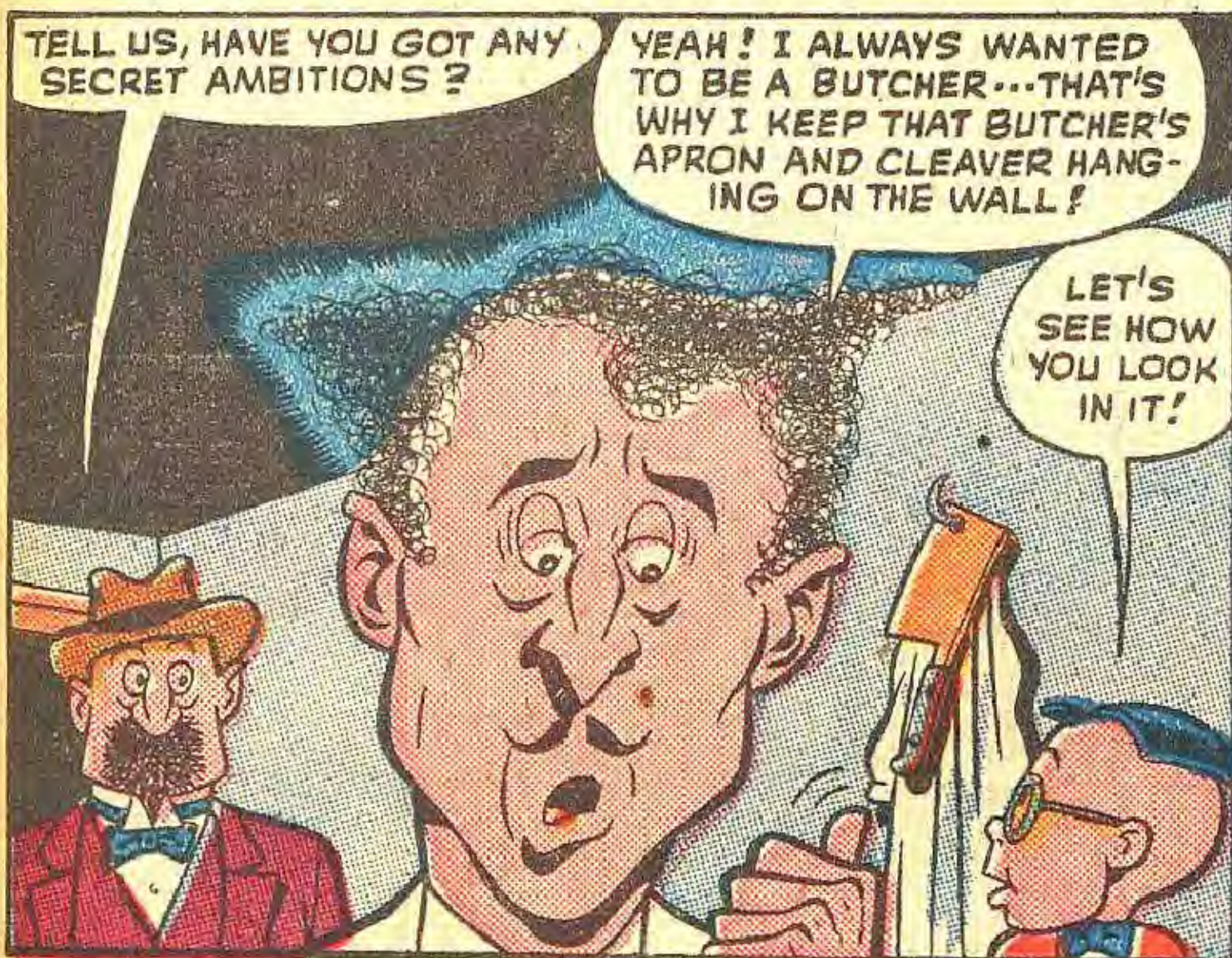
OH, DEAR... POSSIBLY ANOTHER RHYME CASE! I SUPPOSE HE'LL BE AS SILLY AS ALL THE REST!

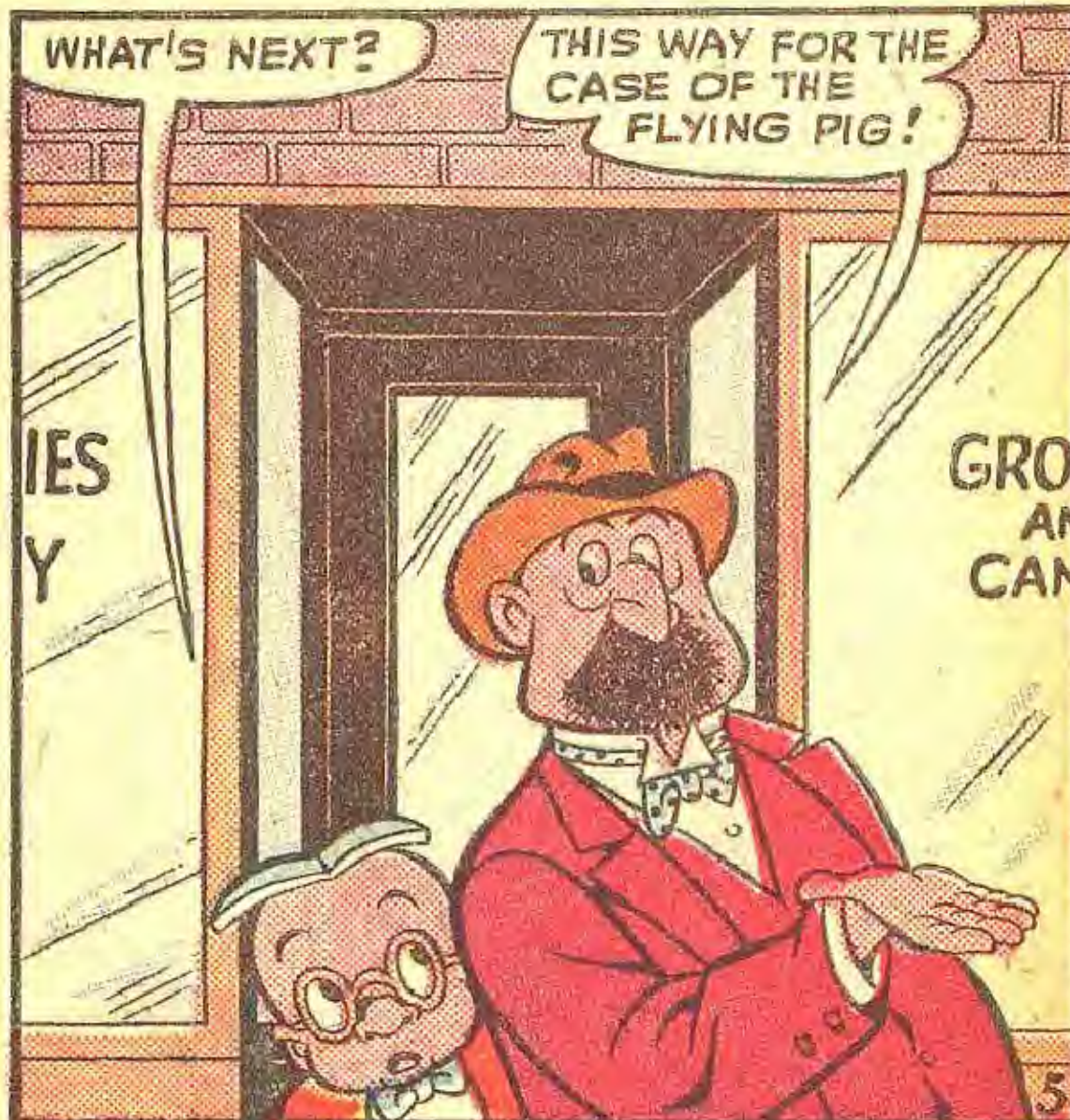
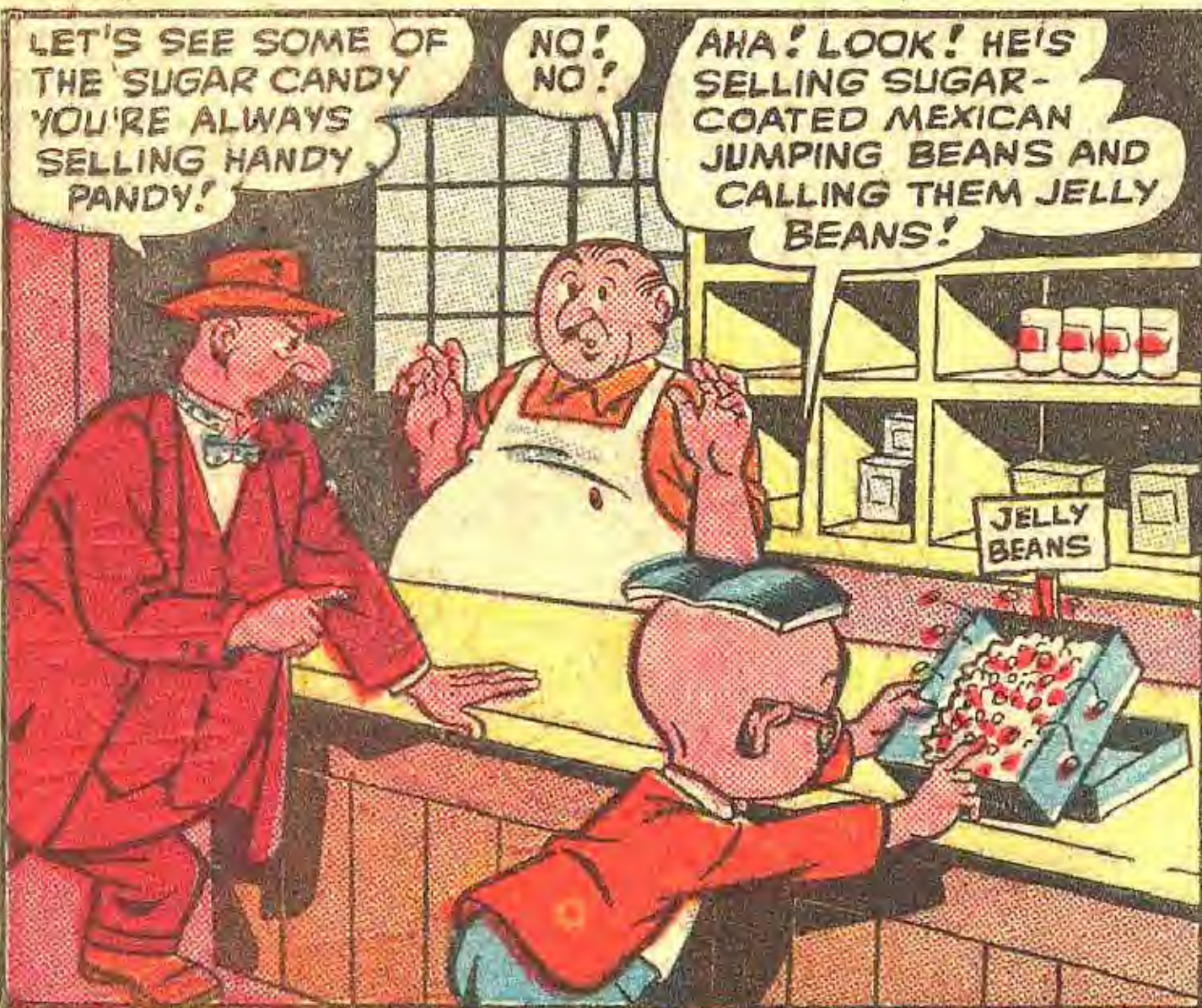
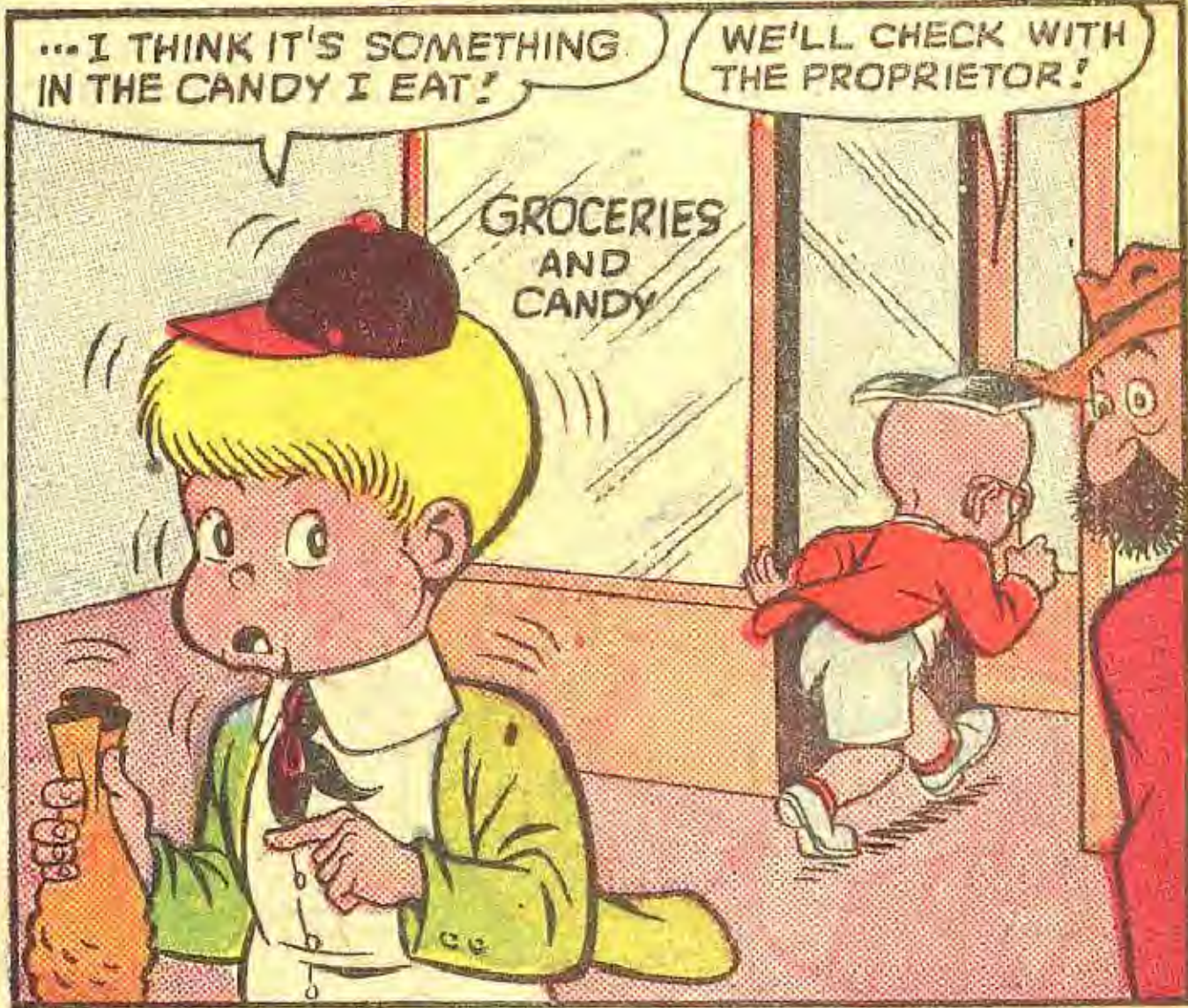
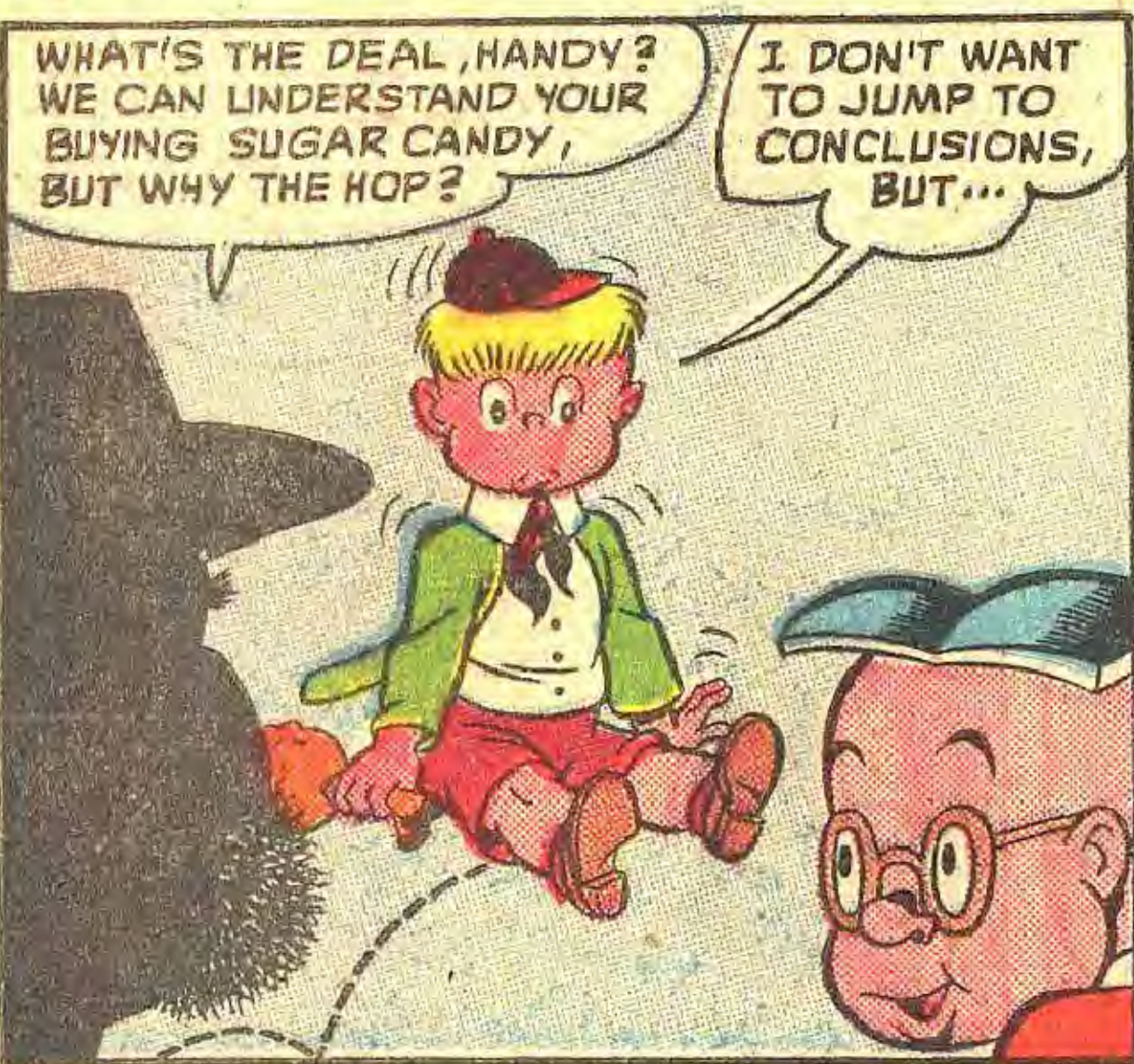
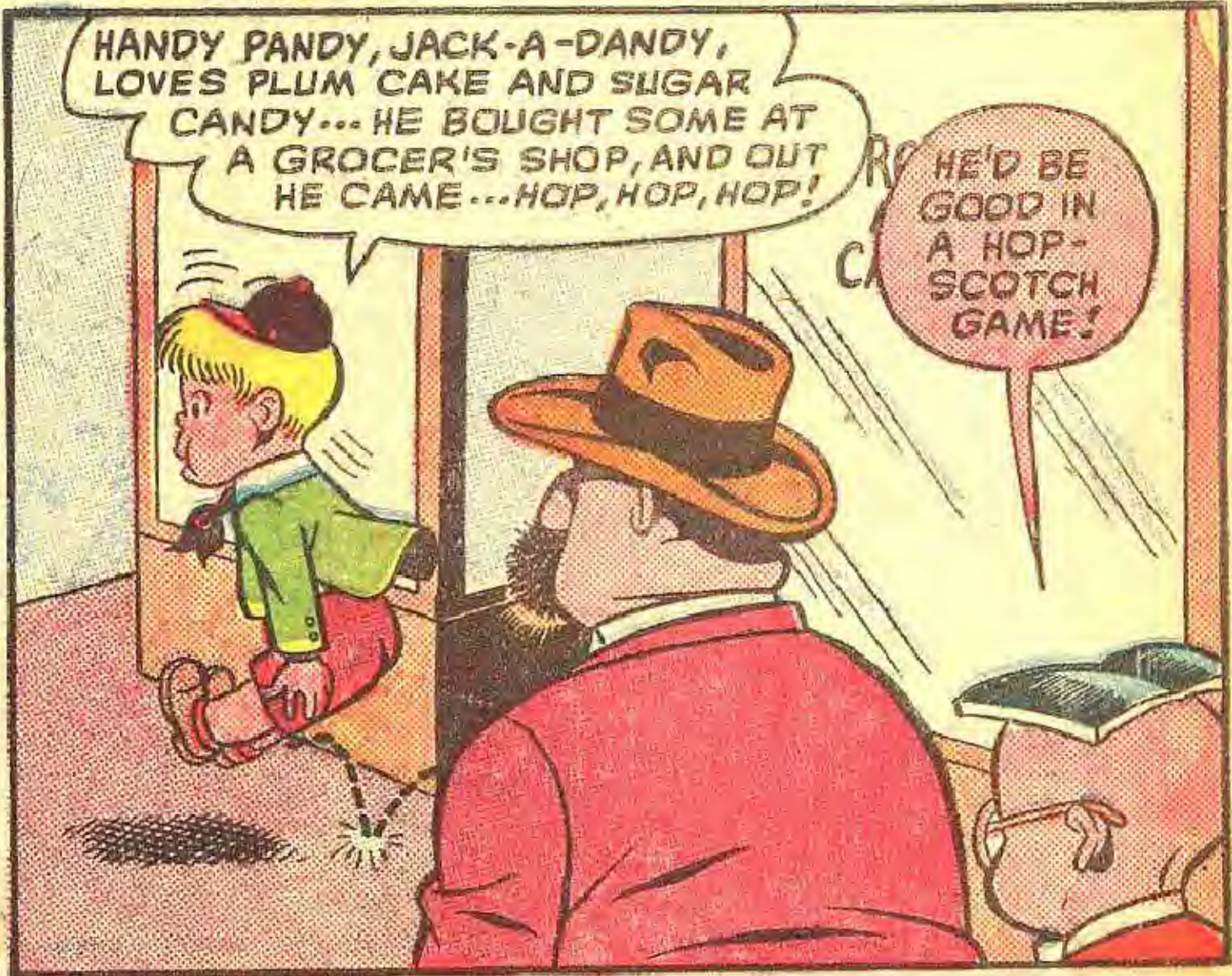
DR. ANNOLIES
PSYCHIATRIST

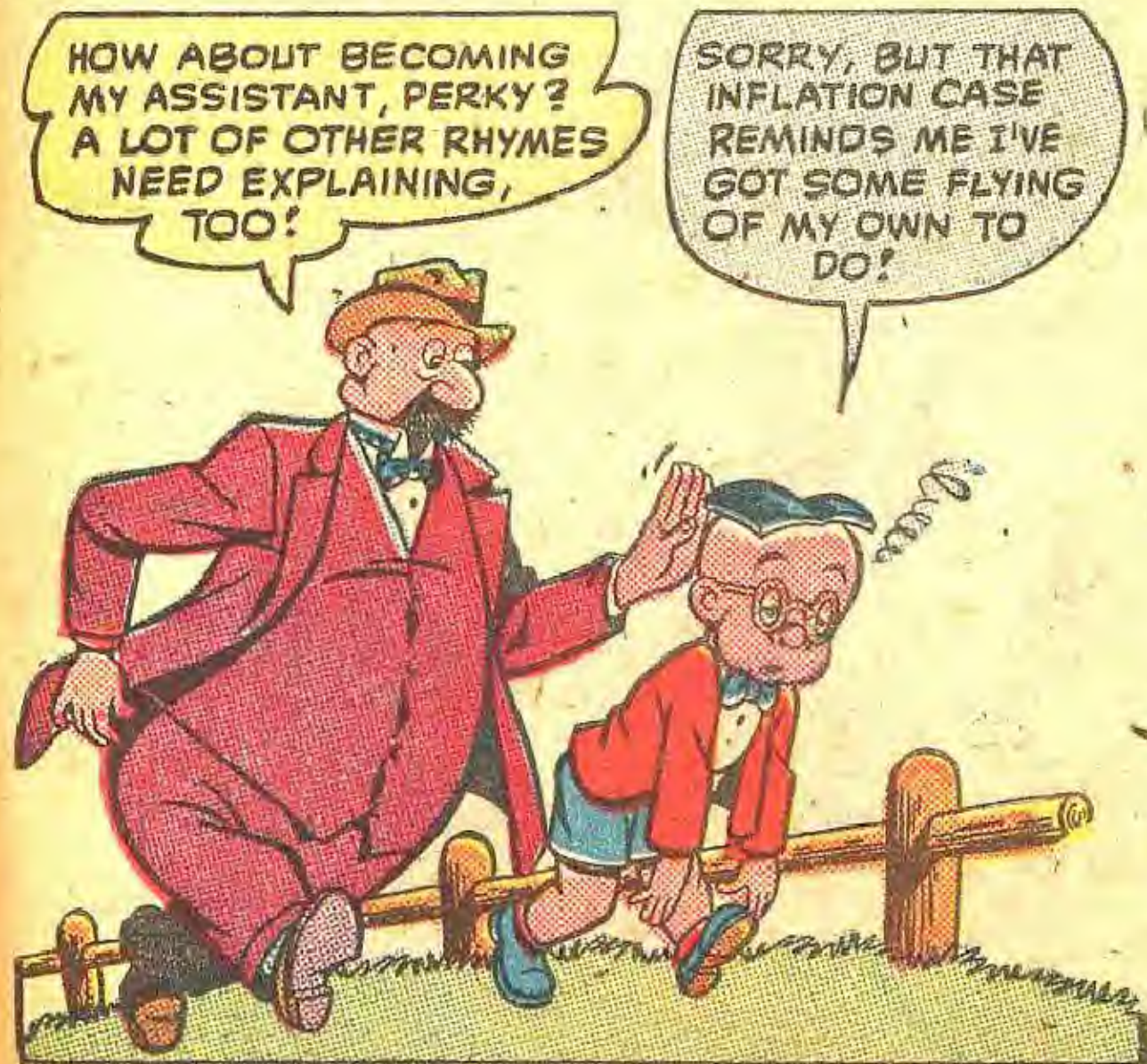
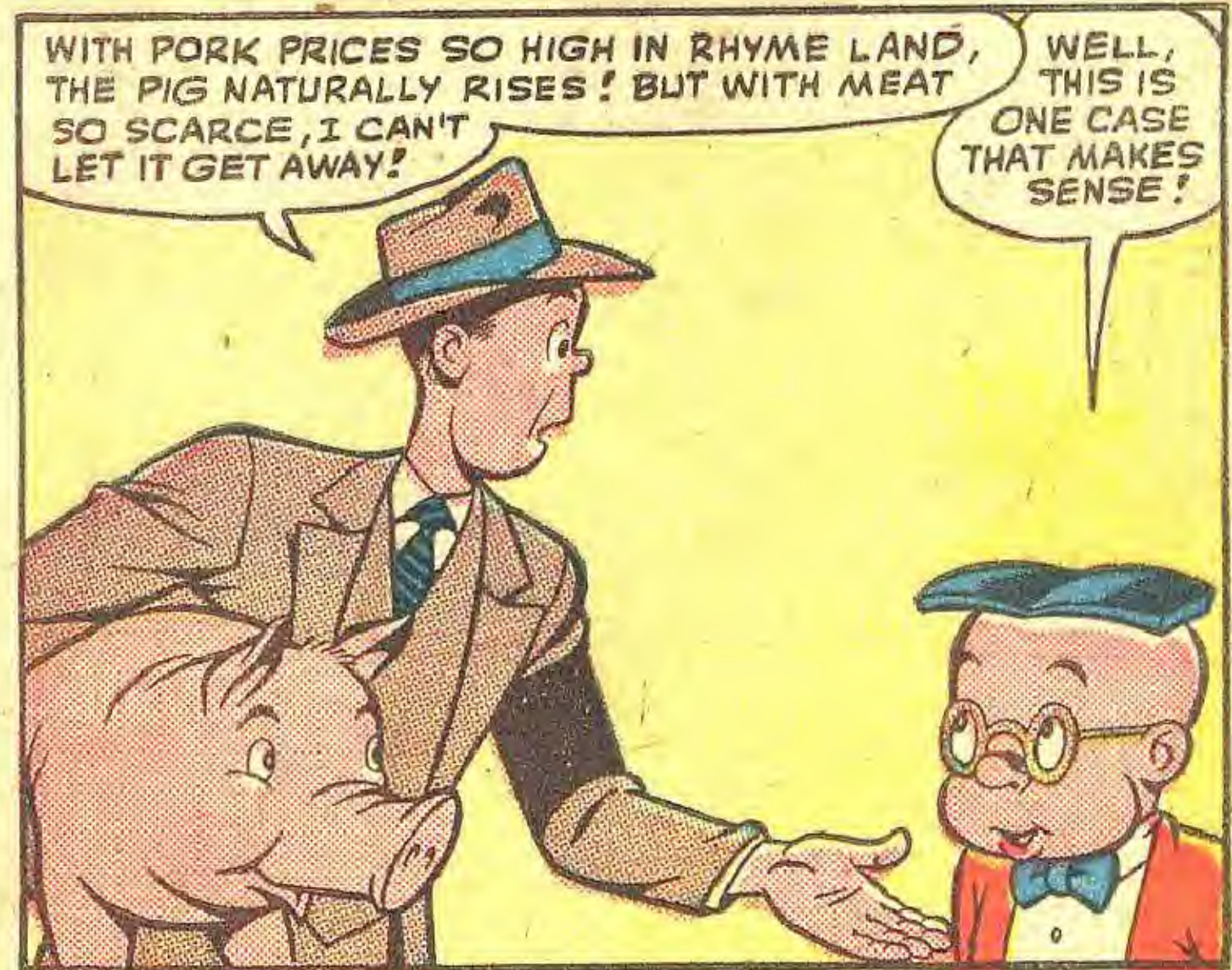
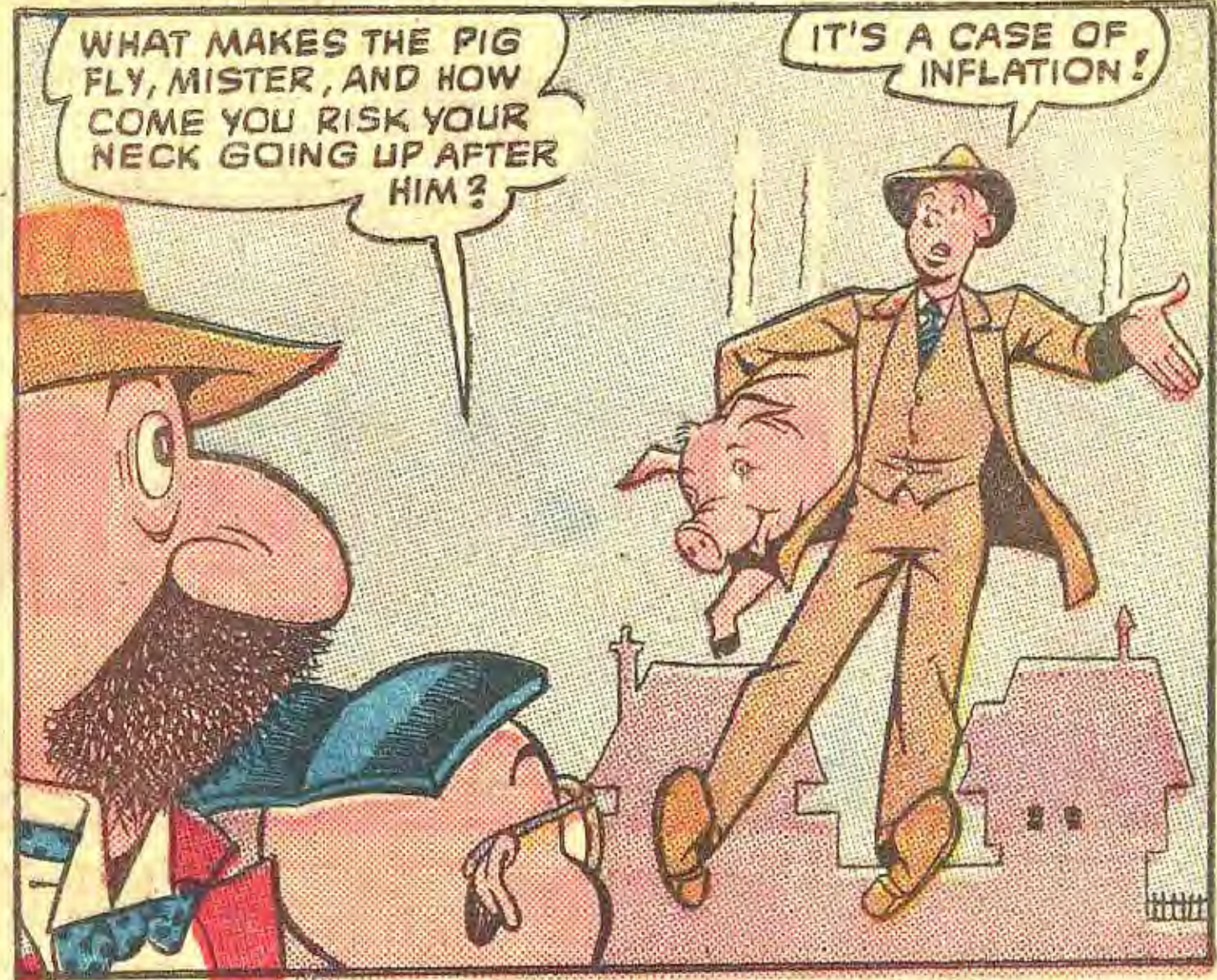




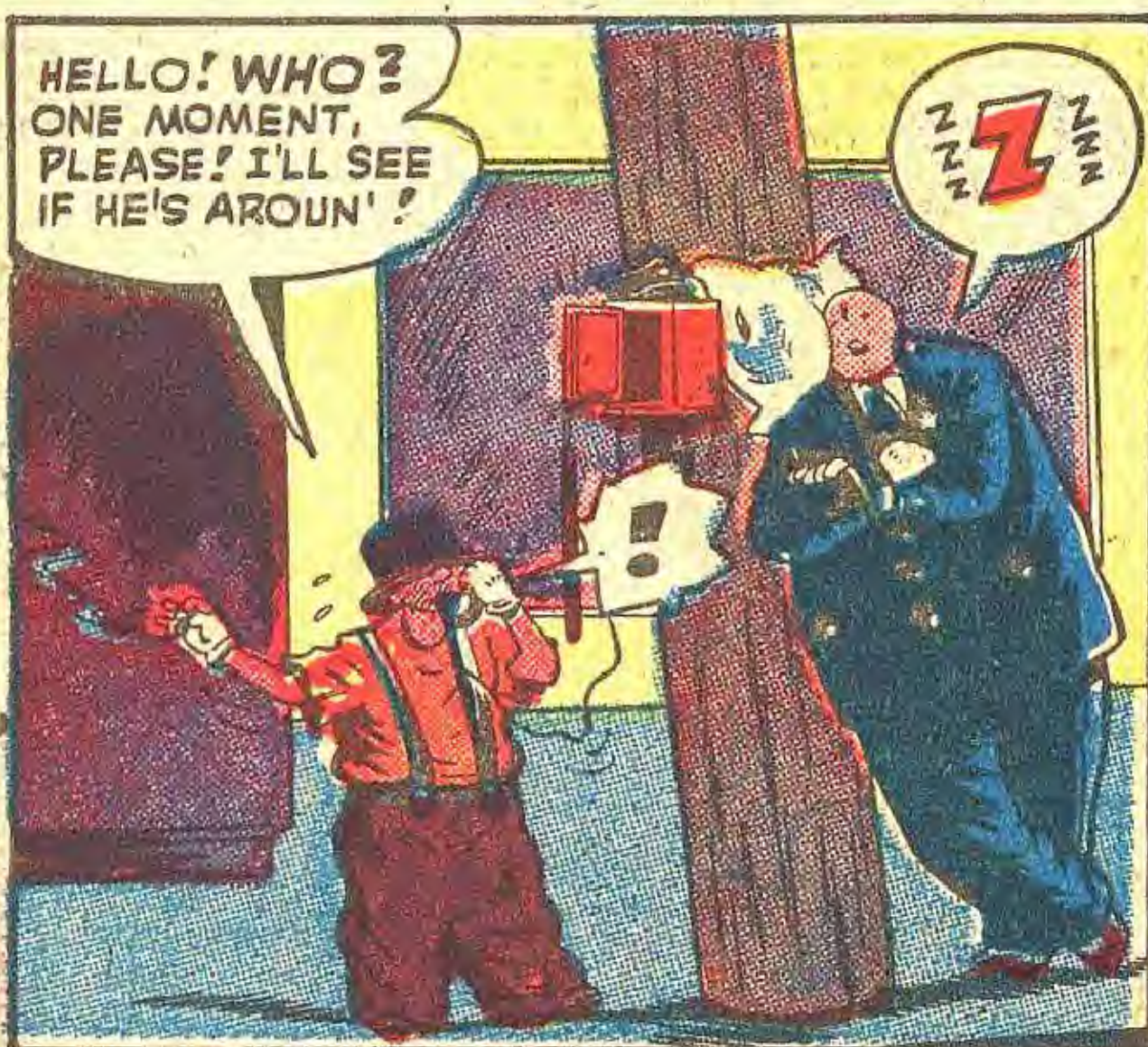
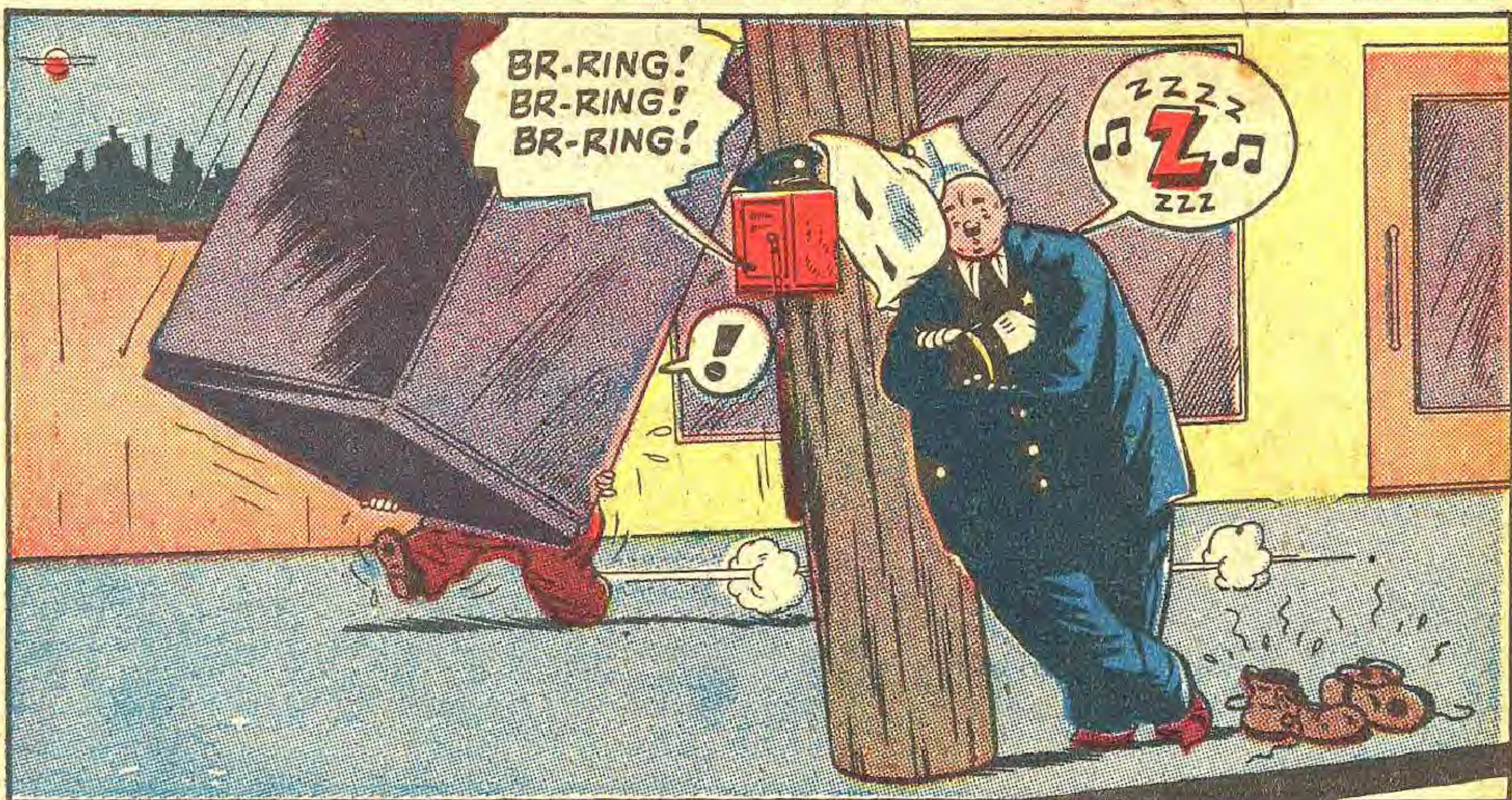








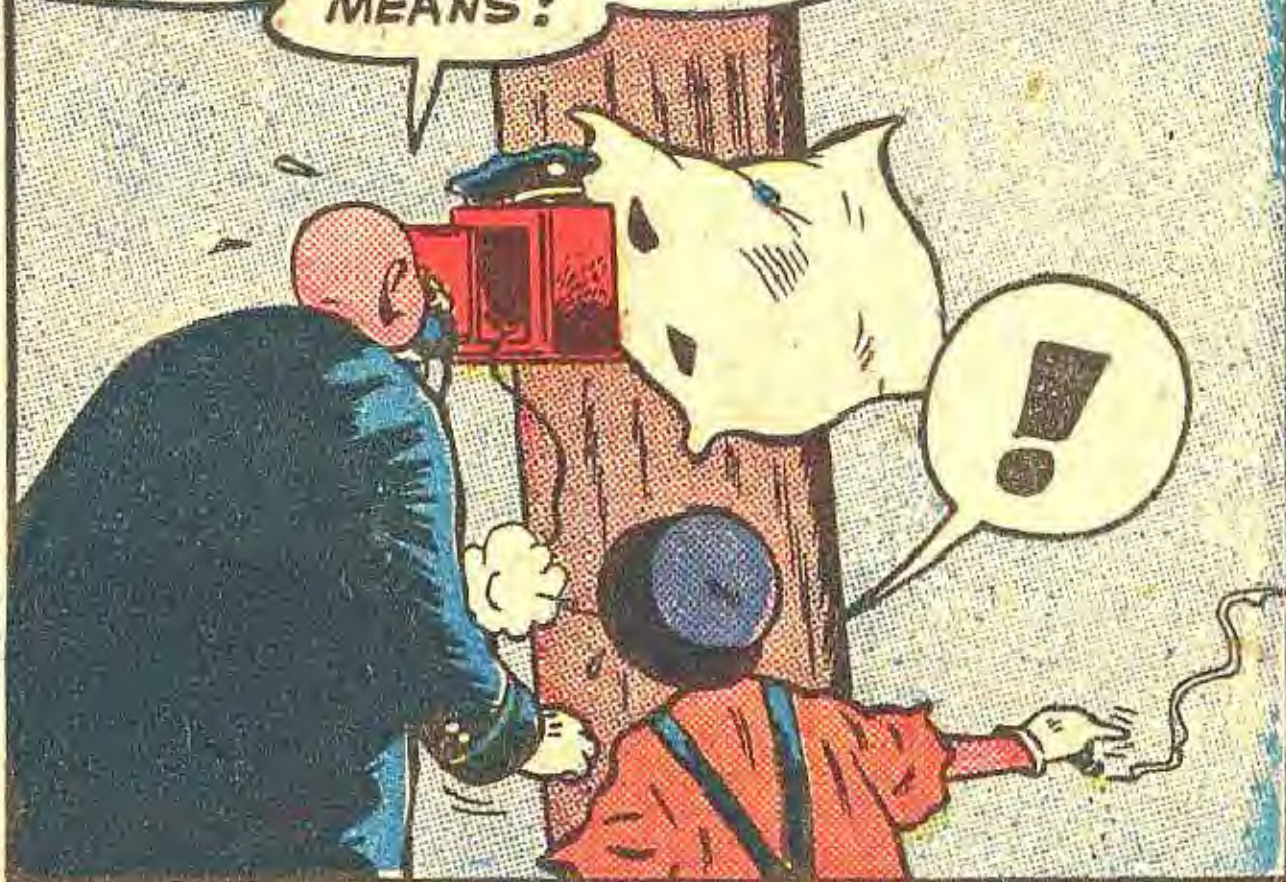
Officer SHENANIGAN



FORGIVE ME, OFFICER, IF I STARTLED
YOUSE --- BUT DO YOUSE KNOW AN
OFFICER SHENANIGAN? HE'S
WANTED ON THE
PHONE!



OFFICER SHENANIGAN SPEAKIN'? WOT?
WHOLLY CATS! WHEN DID IT ALL
HAPPEN? YUH DON'T SAY! YEH! YEH!
TSK! TSK! YEH, YEH... BY ALL
MEANS!



COLL#?!#*?! I NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A
THING! IT'S OUTRAGEOUS, I SAY! IF I EVER
GET ME PAWS ON HIM, I'LL --- I'LL ---
I'LL SLAP HIS NASTY FACE TIL
IT HURTS! *!*!* COLL#?!#*?!

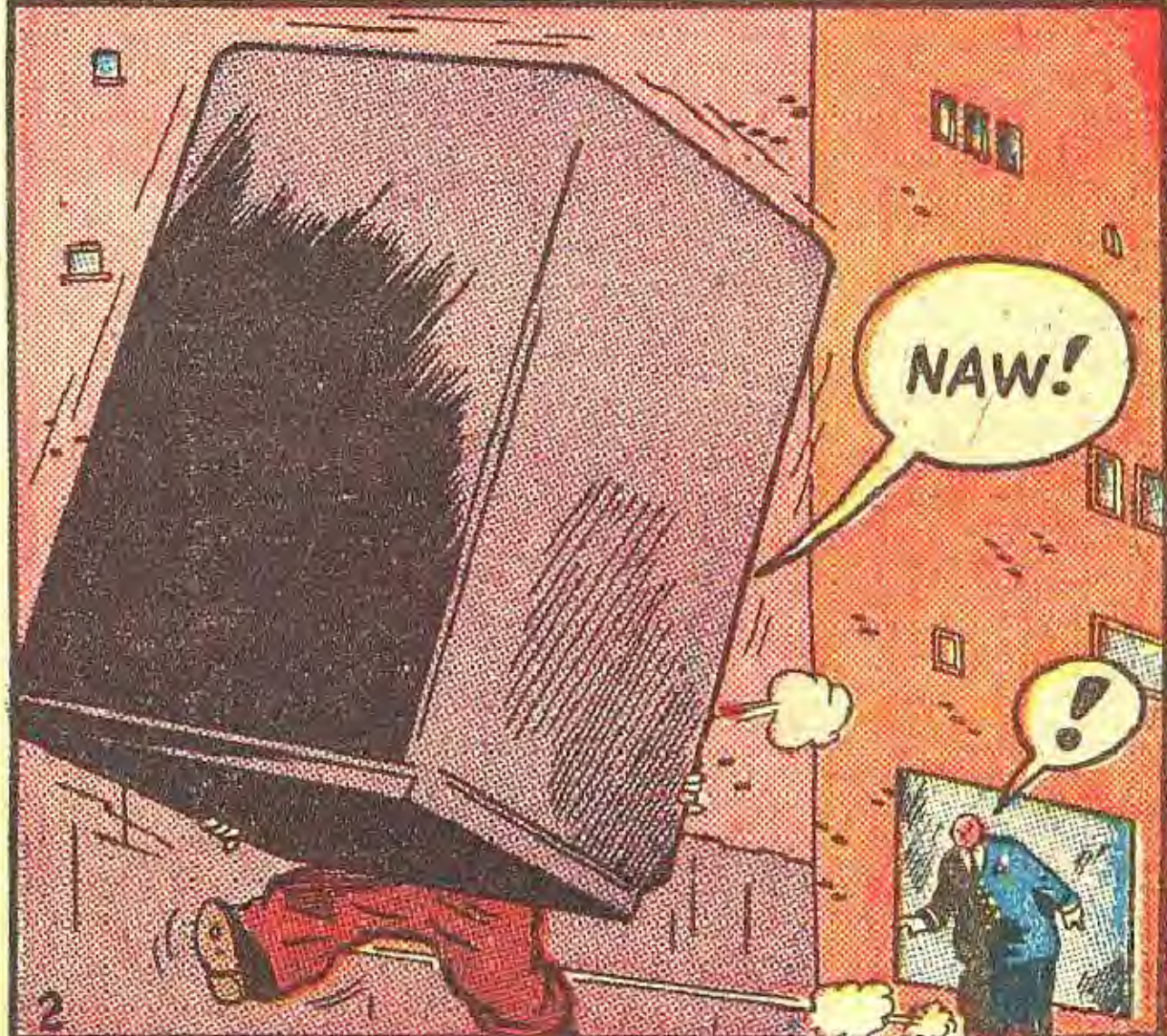


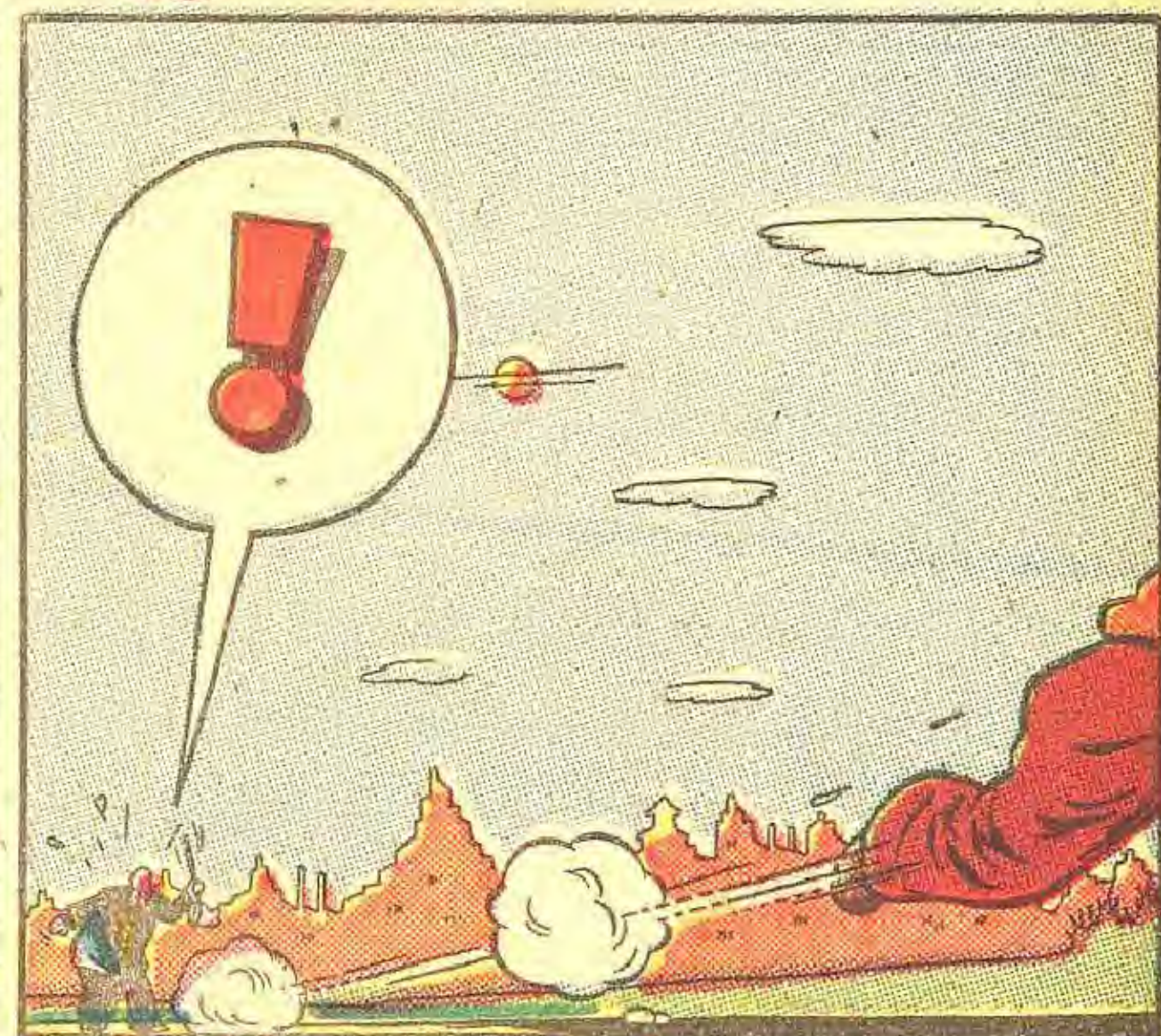
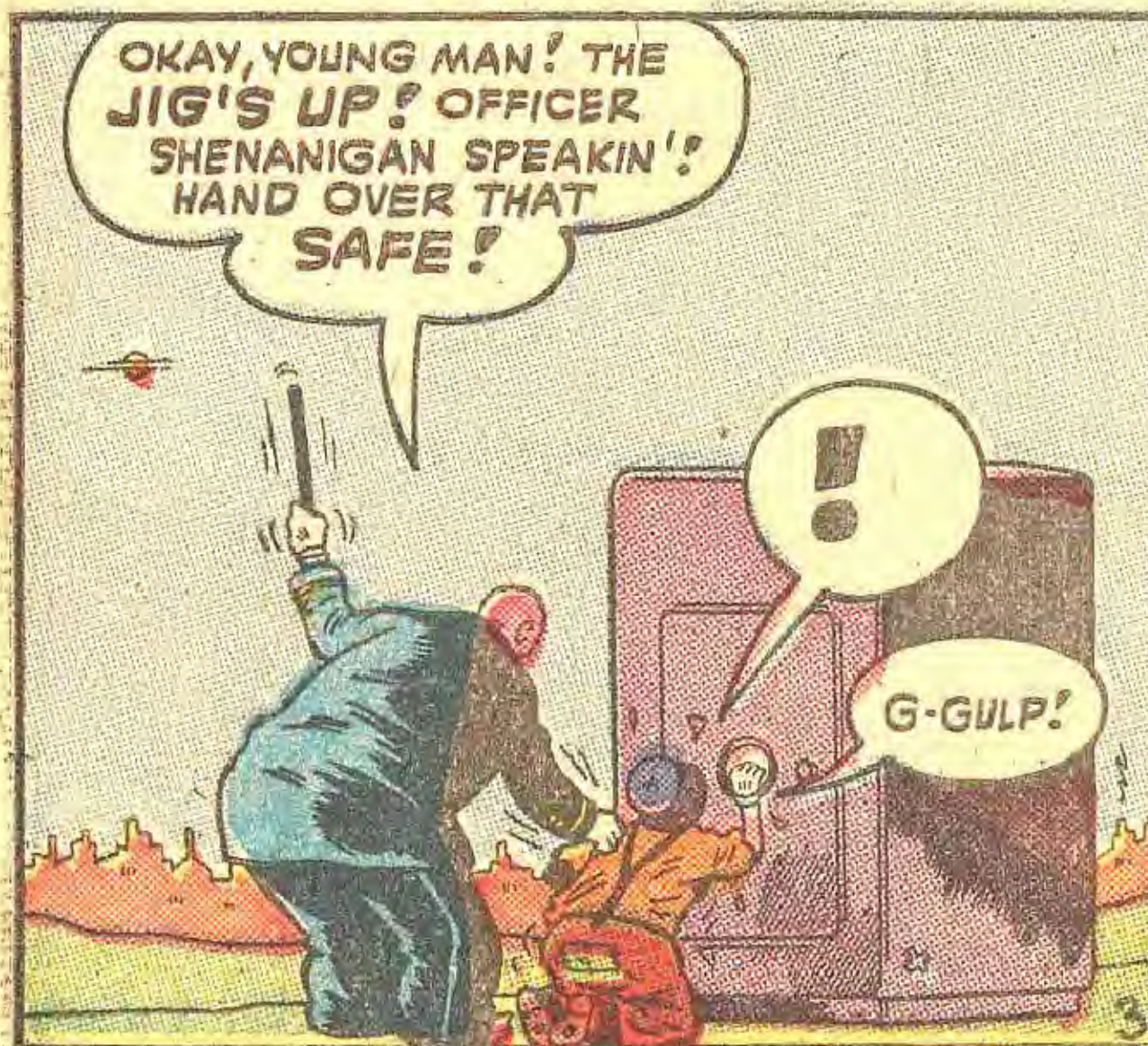
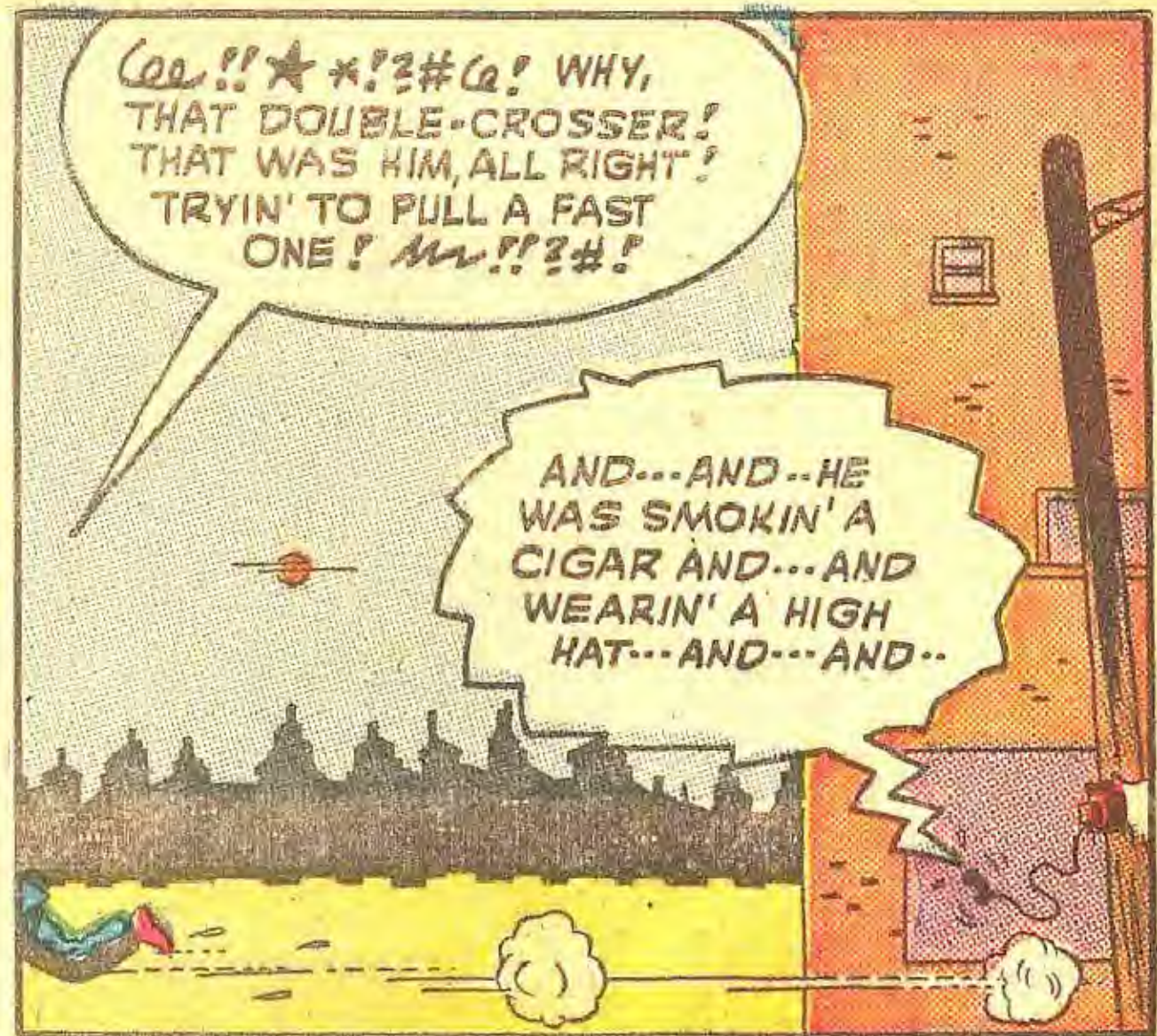
SOME DIRTY, LOW-DOWN SKUNK
WALKS RIGHT INTO **POLICE**
HEADQUARTERS AND
HOLDS UP THE JERNT... AND..
AND WALKS OFF WITH THE
POLICE PAYROLL... SAFE AN' ALL!
COLL#*!*!* TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE,
ME WEEK'S SALARY WAS IN IT,
TOO!

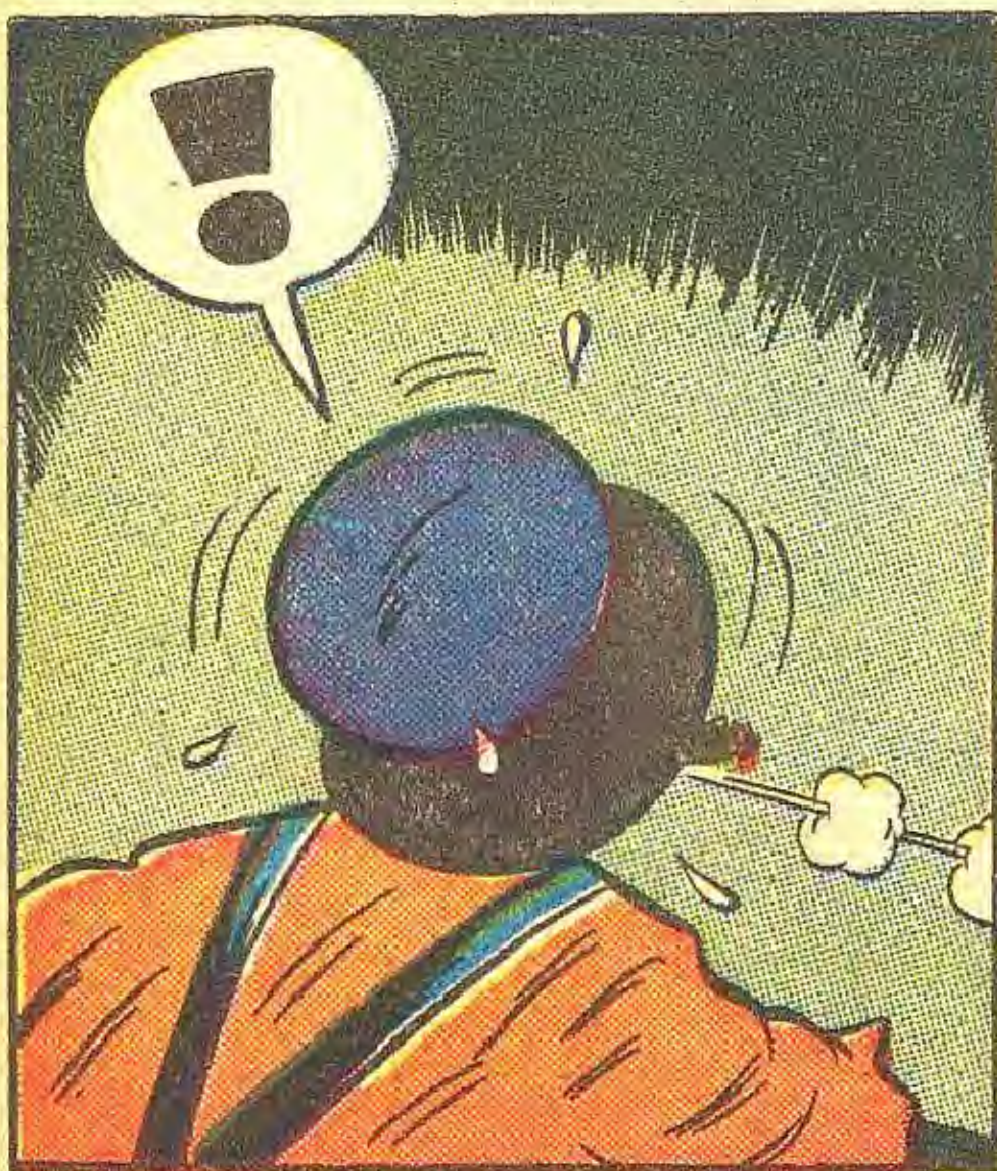
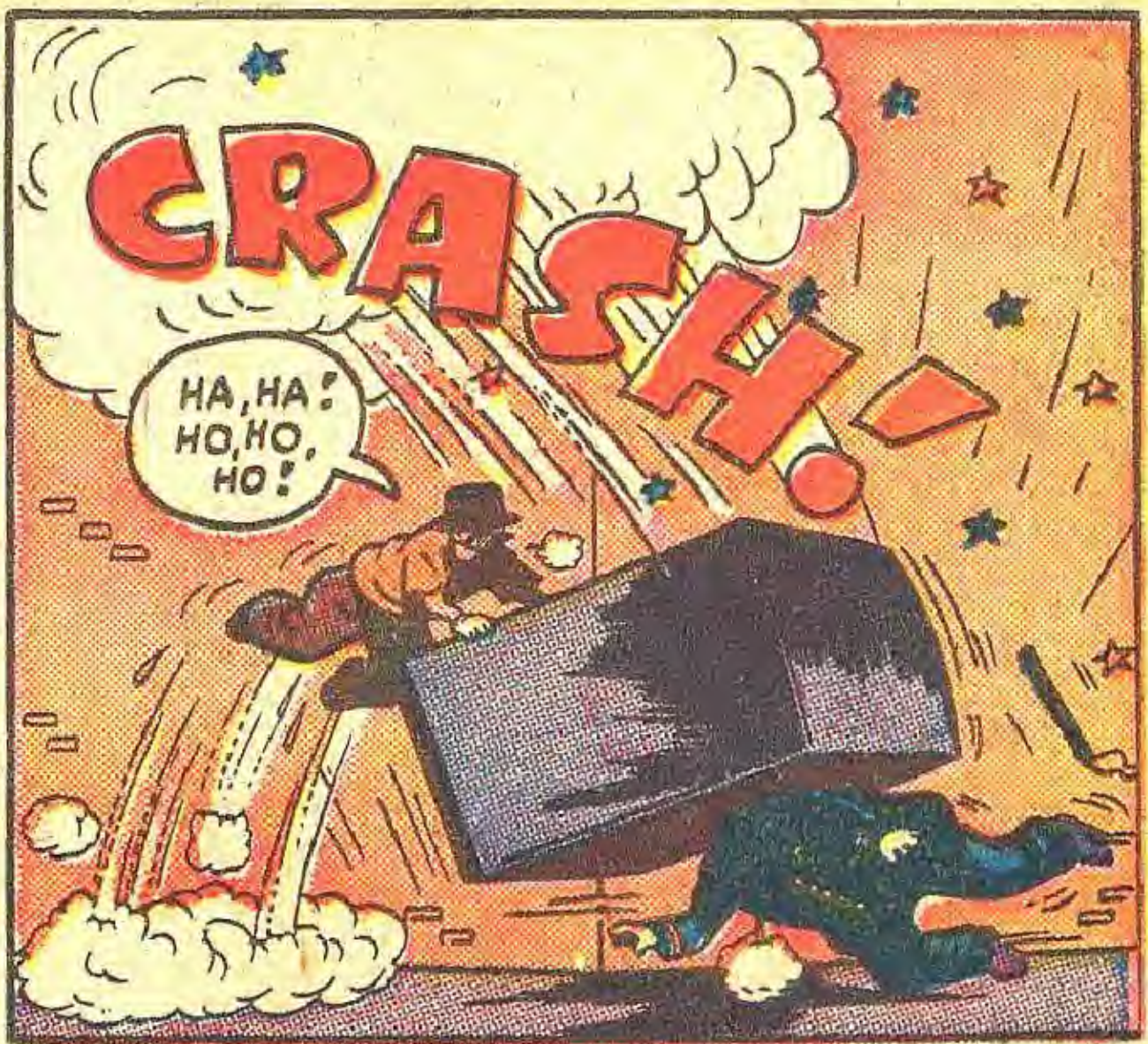
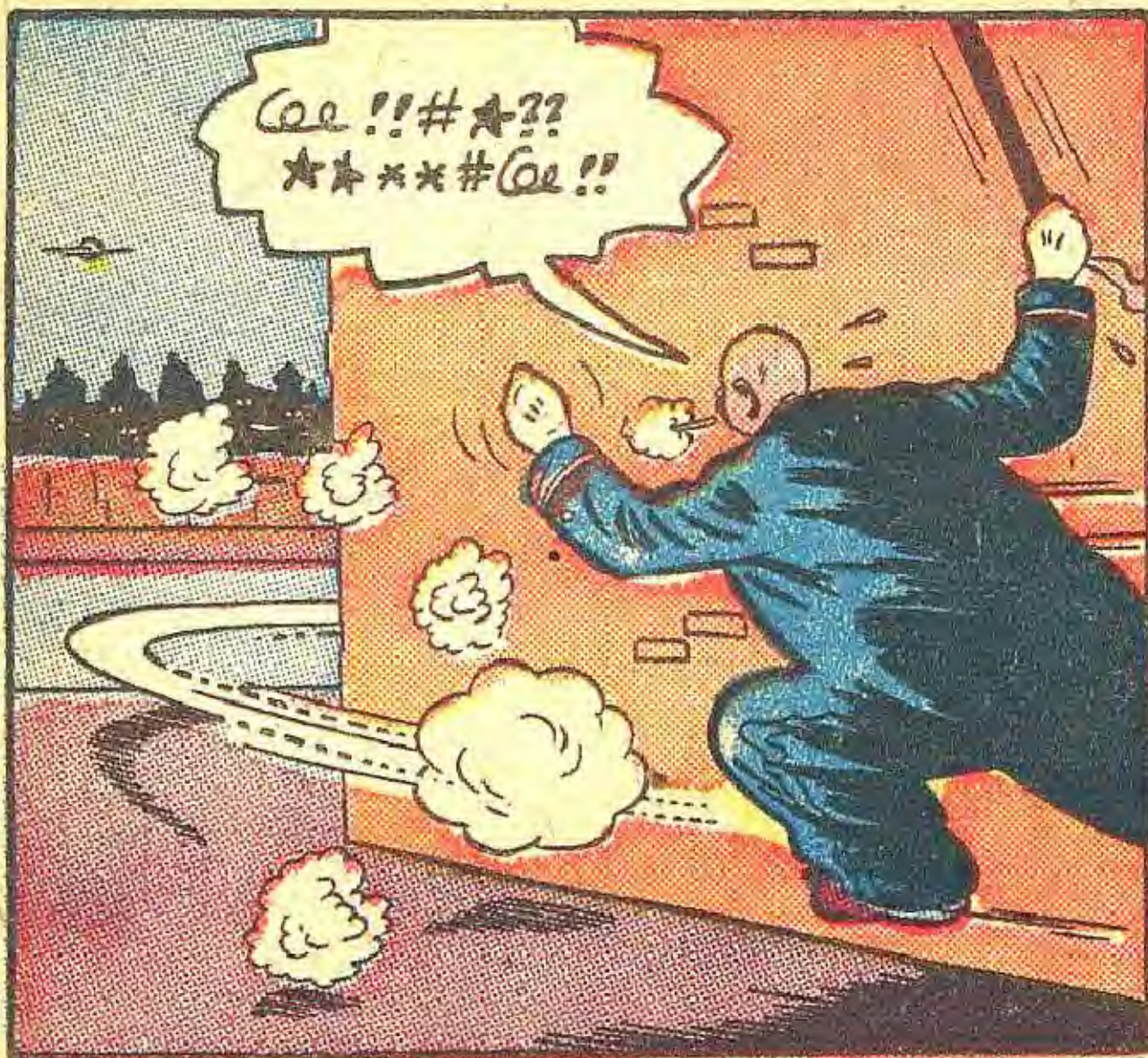


PARD' ME FOR INTERRUPTIN'.. BUT THIS
CHARACTER WHOM YOUSE SPEAK OF---
WAS HE A LITTLE RUNT--- IN A TRAMP
OUTFIT--- SORTA CUTE-LOOKIN', WEARIN'
A HIGH HAT--- AND---
AND--- SMOKIN' A
SEEGAR AND---
AND---

YEH! YEH!
THAT'S THE
CULPRIT!
DIDJA SEE
THE COLL#?!#*?!







WOW!

LOOK AT JOE GO ON
HIS NEW BIKE!



SURE,
IT'S GOT A NEW
Bendix
COASTER BRAKE!

DAD SAYS BENDIX MAKES
BRAKES FOR CARS, TRUCKS AND
PLANES, TOO!



NO WONDER JOE'S
BIKE PEDALS EASIER,
COASTS LONGER
AND STOPS
QUICKER!



If you want the latest and finest coaster brake, be sure that your new bike has a Bendix Coaster Brake. It is made by America's leading brake manufacturer and has all kinds of new features. You'll find bicycle riding a lot more fun with a Bendix Coaster Brake!

JUST LOOK AT THESE FEATURES

Longer life — Dependable performance —
Fewer parts — Easy to put together and
take apart — Sealed against dirt and water.

LOOK
for the
NAME



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION of
ELMIRA, NEW YORK

Bendix
AVIATION CORPORATION

NEW! *Jim Prentice* SENSATIONAL, NEW 1949 **ELECTRIC BASEBALL**

Made and Guaranteed by ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC., 482 Front St., Holyoke, Mass.

BOYS! NOW YOU CAN PLAY BASEBALL ANYTIME - DAY OR NIGHT, COME RAIN, SLEET OR SNOW!



SAYS DAD...
THE COACH

HEY, I COULD HARDLY SEE THAT LAST BALL. LET'S QUIT BEFORE SOMEBODY'S BEANED!

GAME CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS, BOYS!

AW, SHUCKS, COACH, DO WE HAVE TO QUIT, JUST AS I WAS GOING GOOD

HEY, FELLERS, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! C'MON FOLLOW ME TO MY HOUSE!



WE CAN CONTINUE PLAYING ON THIS INDOOR ELECTRIC BASEBALL GAME!

OH, BOY! LET'S GO!

HEY, THAT'S KEEN!



I LIKE THE WAY THE PITCHER CONTROLS THE SPEED OF THE BALL! THE BAT CONTACT IS TRIGGER FAST! EACH PLAYER MUST BE WIDE AWAKE. YES! THE AMAZING ELECTRIC "BRAIN" FLASHES ALL THE PLAYS! IT'S JUST LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL!

WE WANT A HOME RUN!

STRIKE HIM OUT!

I'LL PLAY THE WINNER, SON. THAT LOOKS LIKE THE BEST GAME I'VE EVER SEEN, AND IT CAN'T BE CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS!

WATCH MY FAST BALL!



Big 14 x 16 in.

STEEL BALL MOVES IN PLAY



Hi, Fellers!

This great invention brings you all the fun, fast action, and zooming enthusiasm of sandlot games. Let's play... It's the last of the 9th... score tied... bases loaded. You are the last man up with 3 balls and 2 strikes. The next pitch is it! Will you WHAM a homer or WHIFF the breeze? Hero or dud? Batter must be sharp to "contact" the steel ball as it zings through the slot at homeplate. He learns the fine points, when to hunt, smash it or sacrifice. The play of the game packs every minute full of spine-tingling thrills, breath-taking excitement, just like big league ball games. And, you will never get enough, though you play it 1000 times. Size 14 x 16 in. with big yellow frame, substantially built.

\$3.00 POSTPAID

Special Price! If you act today you can get your game at the special pre-season price of \$3.00, complete with new extra long-life (5-times) battery, ready to play. Or, if you prefer, pin \$1 to this ad and pay the postman the balance \$2.00 on delivery. WE PAY POSTAGE AND COLLECTION CHARGES.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE 5 DAYS TRIAL

ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC.
482 Front St., Holyoke, Mass.

\$3.00	\$2.50	
BASEBALL	FOOTBALL	AMOUNT ENCLOSED

C.O.D. Send \$1. Postman collects balance.

Name _____ Age _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

ALL GAMES POSTPAID

"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"ROUNDING UP
THE RUSTLERS"



WHILE VACATIONING OUT WEST, DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB ARE ENJOYING THE SIGHTS, WHEN SUDDENLY...

SAY, ROYAL, WHO'S KICKING UP ALL THAT DUST DOWN THERE IN THE VALLEY?

RUSTLERS! AND THE POSSE'S NOT FAR BEHIND!



AND AS ROYAL WATCHES THE CHASE THROUGH HIS GLASSES, HE SEES...

GOOD! THE POSSE CAN'T FIGURE WHICH WAY WE WENT!

WELL, KEEP RIDIN'... WE AIN'T SAFE TILL WE GET THROUGH THE GORGE UP AHEAD...



FELLAS, YOU TWO BIKE DOWN AND TELL THE POSSE TO HEAD FOR THE GORGE...I'LL HAVE A NICE SURPRISE THERE WAITING FOR THEM!



NOW IF I CAN JUST GET TO THE TOP OF THAT GORGE BEFORE THOSE CATTLE-THIEVES GET TO THE BOTTOM!



I MADE IT! THESE ROCKS WILL FORCE THEM TO TURN BACK...RIGHT INTO THE HANDS OF THE POSSE!



BOYS, LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE PUT AN END TO THIS RUSTLIN' RACKET...THAT WAS MIGHTY FAST WORK ON YOUR PART!

YOU MEAN MIGHTY FAST BIKING... THANKS TO OUR U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES!



FELLAS, SPEED AND SAFETY ARE REALLY "BUILT INTO" U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES-- WITH THEIR SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN.



"TAKE MY TIP ON BIKE TIRES-- TAKE THE TIRE WITH THE BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN"...SAYS U.S. ROYAL



IF YOU WANT TO BE SURE OF FIRM FOOTING... SAFE, QUICK STOPS...MAXIMUM MILEAGE... PERFECT CONTROL--BE SURE TO GET U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES. THAT SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN MAKES THEM TOPS IN TIRES.

U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science